

LEGACY.

A NOVEL.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF

"AURORA FLOYD," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

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CHAPTER I.

THE MAN WITH THE BANNER.

Christopher Arundel Dangerfield Arundel, of Dangerfield Park, Devonshire, began on a certain dark winter's night upon which the lad, still a? school-boy, went with his cousin, Martin Mostyn, to witness a blank-verse tragedy at one of the the Church, and was fain to content himself with

London theatres.

There are few men who, looking back at the long story of their lives, cannot point to one page in the record of the past at which the actual history of life began. The page may come in the very middle of the book perhaps; perhaps almost at the end. But let it come where it will, it is, after ail, only the actual commencement. At an appointed hour in man's existence the overture which has been going on ever since he was born, is brought to a sudden close by the sharp vibration of the prompler's signal-bell, the curtain rises, and the drama of life begins.

he was a light-hearted, heedless lad of seventeen, newly escaped for a brief interval from the care

of his pastors and masters.

The lad had come to London on a Christmas visit to his father's sister, a good-natured widow, with a great many sons and daughters, and an income only large enough to enable her to keep the appearances of wealthe essential to the family pride of one of the Arundels of Dangerfield.

Laura Arundel had married a Colonel Mostyn, of the East India Company's service, and had returned from India after a wandering life of some years, leaving her dead husband behind her, and bringing away with her five daughters and three sons, most of whom had been born under canvas

Mrs. Mostyn bore her troubles bravely, and contrived to do more with her pension, and an additional income of three hundred a year from a small fortune of her own, than the most consummate womanly management can often achieve. Her house in Montague Square was splendidly furnished, her daughters were exquisitely dressed, her sons sensibly educated, her dinners well cooked. She was not an agreeable woman; she was, perhaps, if anything, too sensible—so very sensible as to be obviously intolerant of any thing like folly in others. She was a good mother, but by no means an indulgent one. She expected her sons to succeed in life, and her daughters to marry rich men; and would have had little patience with any disappointment in either of these reasonable expectations. She was attached to her brother, Christopher Arundel, and she was very well pleased to spend the autumn months at Dangerfield, where the hunting breakfasts gave her daughters an excellent platform for the exhibition of charming demi-toilets and social and domestic graces, perhaps more dangerous to the sus-

But the same.Mrs. Mostyn, who never forgot to keep up her correspondence with the owner of Dangerfield Park, utterly ignored the existence Turnistory of Edward Arundel, second son of, of another brother, a certain Hubert Arundel, who had, perhaps, much more need of her sisterly friendship than the wealthy Devonshire squire. Heaven knows, the world seemed a lonely place to this younger son, who had been educated for a scanty living in one of the dullest and dampest towns in fenny Lincolnshire. His sister might have very easily made life much more pleasant to the Rector of Swampington and his only daughter; but Hubert Arundel was a great deal too proud to remind her of this. If Mrs. Mostyn chose to forget him-the brother and sister had been loving friends and dear companions long ago under the beeches at Dangerfield-she was welcome to do so. She was better off than him; and it is to be remarked that if A's income is three hundred a year, and B's a thousand, the chances are as seven to three that is will forget any old The story of young Arundel's life began when intimacy that may have existed between himself and A. Hubert Arundel had been wild at college, and had put his autograph across so many oblong slips of blue paper, acknowledging value received that 'had been only half received, that by the time the claims of all the holders of these portentous morsels of stamped paper had been satisfied, the younger son's fortune had melted away, leaving its sometime possessor the happy owner of a pair of pointers, a couple of guns by crack makers, a good many foils, single-sticks, boxinggloves, wire masks, basket-helmets, leathern legguards, and other paraphernalia, a complete set of the old Sporting Magazine from 1792 to the current year, bound in scarlet morocco, several boxes of very bad cigars, a Scotch terrier, and a pipe of undrinkable port.

Of all these possessions only the undrinkable port now remained to show that Hubert Arundel had once had a decent younger son's fortune, and had succeeded most admirably in making ducks and drakes of it. The poor about Swampington believed in the sweet red wine, which had been specially concocted for Israelitish dealers in jewelry, cigars, picture, wines and specie. smacked their lips over the mysterious liquid, and confidently affirmed that it did them more good than all the doctor's stuff the parish apothecary could send them. Poor Hubert Arundel was well content to find that at least this scanty crop of corn had grown up from the wild oats he had sown at Cambridge.

I have no doubt that Hubert Arundel felt the sting of his only sister's neglect, as only a poor and proud man can feel such an insult; but he never let any confession of this sentiment escape his lips; and when Mrs. Mostyn, being seized with a fancy for doing this forgotten brother a service, wrote him a letter of insolent advice, winding up mestic graces, perhaps more dangerous to the sus-ceptible hearts of rich young squires than the fascinations of a valse à deux temps or an Italian ton only crushed the missive in his strong hand,

and flung it into his study fire, with a muttered tion of the audience. exclamation that sounded terribly like an oath.

'A nursery-governess!' he repeated savagely; their A BC, and mend their frocks and make their eyes beamed with a more radiant sparkle than any I should like Mcs. Mostyn to talk to my little Livy for half an hour. I think my girl

He laughed bitterly as he repeated the obnoxious phrase; but his laugh changed to a sigh.

Was it strange that the father should sigh as he remembered how he had seen the awful hand of Death fall suddenly upon younger and stronger men than himself? What if he were to die, and leave his only child unmarried? What would become of her, with her dangerous gifts, with her fatal dowry of beauty, and intellect, and pride?

'But she would never do any thing wrong,' the father thought. "Her religious principles are strong enough to keep her right under any circumstances, in spite of any temptation. Her sense of duty is more powerful than any other sentiment. She would never be false to that; she would never

be false to that.

In return for the hospitality of Dangerfield Park, \langle Mrs. Mostyn was in the habit of opening her doors to either Christopher Arundei or his sons whenever any of the three came to London. course, she infinitely preferred seeing Arthur Arundel, the elder son and heir, seated at her well-spread table, and flirting with one of his pretty cousins, than to be bored with his rackety younger brother, a noisy lad of seventeen, with no better prospects than a commission in her Majesty's service, and a hundred and fifty pounds a year to eke out his pay; but she was, notwithstanding, graciously pleased to invite Edward to spend his Christmas holidays in her comfortable household; and it was thus it came to pass that a twitch of his light eyebrows; and Edward Arunon the 29th of December, in the year 1838, the story of Edward Arundel's life began in a stagebox at Drury Lane Theatre.

fashionable editor of a fashionable newspaper; but that lady and her daughters being previously engaged, had permitted the two boys to avail

themselves of the editorial privilege.

The tragedy was the dull production of a distinguished literary amateur, and even the great actor who played the principal character could not make the performance particularly enlivening. He certainly failed in impressing Mr. Edward Arundel; 'I can't be mistaken—yes—poor fellow, Arundel, who flung himself back in his chair and to think that he should come to this! you haven't yawned dolefully during the earlier part of the forgotten him, Martin, surely. entertainment.

'It ain't particularly jolly, is it, Martin?' he Edward, what do you mean?' said, naively. 'Let's go out and have some oys- 'John Marchmont, the po

begins.'

'Mamma made me promise that we wouldn't leave the theatre till we left for good, Ned,' his cousin answered; 'and then we're to go straight

home in a cab.'

Edward Arundel sighed. 'I wish we hadn't come till half-price, old fellow.' he said, drearily. 'If I'd known it was to be a tragedy, I ily. 'If I'd known it was to be a tragedy, I constitutional cough, and wasn't strong enough wouldn't have come away from the Square in for his work.' such a hurry. I wonder why people write trage-dies, when nobody likes them?'

He turned his back to the stage, and folded his arms upon the velvet cushion of the box preparaory to indulging himself in a deliberate inspec-

Perhaps no brighter face looked upward that night toward the glare and ghtter of the great chandelier than that of the 'yes; an under-paid drudge, to teach children fair-haired lad in the stage-box. His candid blue of the myriad lights in the theatre; a nimbus of golden hair shone about his broad white forehead; would have put the lady down so completely by glowing health, careless happiness, truth, good the end of that time, that we should never hear nature, honesty, boyish vivacity, and the courage any more about nursery-governesses.' less smile, the frank, yet half-defiant gaze. Above ail, this lad of seventeen looked especially what he was—a thorough gentleman. Martin Mostyn was prim and effeminate, precociously tired of life, precociously indifferent to every thing but his own advantage; but the Devonshire boy's talk was still fragrant with the fresh perfume of youth and innocence, still gay with the joyous recklessness of early boyhood. He was as impatient for the noisy pantomime overture, and the bright troops of fairies in petticoats of spangled muslin, as the most inveterate cockney cooling his snub nose against the iron railing of the gallery. He was as ready to fall in love with the painted beauty of the ill-paid ballet girls, as the veriest child in the wide circle of humanity about him. Fresh, untainted, unsuspicious, he looked out at the world ready to believe in every thing and every body.

'How you do fidget, Edward!' whispered Martin Mostyn, peevishly; 'why don't you look at the stage? It's capital fun.'

'Fun!'

'Yes; I don't mean the tragedy, you know; but the supernumeraries. Did you ever see such an Awkward set of fellows in all your life? There's a man there with weak legs and a heavy banner that I've been watching all the evening. He's more fun than all the rest of it put together.

Mr. Mostyn being of course much too polite to point out the man in question, indicated him with del, following that indication, singled out the banner-holder from a group of soldiers in medieval dress, who had been standing wearily enough The box had been sent to Mrs. Mostyn by the upon one side of the stage during a long strictly private and confidential dialogue between the princely hero of the tragedy and one of his accommodating satellites. The lad uttered a cry of surprise as he looked at the weak-legged bannerholder.

Mr. Mostyn turned upon his cousin with some

'I can't help it, Martin,' exclaimed young to think that he should come to this! you haven't

'Forgotten what-forgotten whom? My dear

'John Marchmont, the poor fellow who used ters, and come in again just before the pantomime to teach us mathematics at Vernon's; the fellow the governor sacked because-

'Well, what of him?'

'The poor chap with the banner,' exclaimed the boy, in a breathless whisper; 'don't you see, Martin' didn't you recognize him? It's Marchmont, poor old Marchmont, that we used to chaff, and that the governor sacked because he had a

or his work.'

'Oh yes, I remember him well enough,' Mr.

'Nobody could Mostyn answered, indifferently. Nobody could stand his cough, you know; and he was a vulgar fellow, into the bargain.

How, into the pargar fellow, said Edward, in-

dignantly: 'there, there's the curtain down again; there's a good fellow. I tell you he's a friend of he belonged to a good family in Lincolnshire, and was heir-presumptive to a stunning fortune. I've heard him say so twenty times.

'Oh, I dare say you've heard him say so, my

dear boy,' he murmured, superciliously. wasn't a fellow to tell lies; perhaps he'd have } suited Mr. Vernon better if he had been. He had bad health, and was weak, and all that sort of thing; but he wasn't a snob. He showed me a signet-ring once that he used to wear on his watchchain-

'A silver watch-chain,' simpered Mr. Mostyn, 'just like a carpenter's.'

'Don't be such a supercilious cad, Martin. He was very kind to me, poor Marchmont, and I know I was always a nuisance to him, poor old fellow; for you know I never could get on with Euclid. I'm sorry to see him here. Think, Martin, what an occupation for him! I don't suppose he gets more than nine or ten shillings a week for it.

'A shilling a night is, I believe, the ordinary remuneration for a stage-soldier. They pay as much for the real thing as for the sham, you see; the defenders of our country risk their lives for about the same consideration. Where are you going, Ned?'

Edward Arundel had left his place, and was trying to undo the door of the box.

'To see if I can get at this poor fellow.'

'You persist in declaring, then, that the man with the weak legs is our old mathematical drudge? Well, I shouldn't wonder. The fellow was coughing all through the five acts, and that's uncommonly like Marchmont. You're surely not going

to renew your acquaintance with him?

But young Arundel had just succeeded in opening the door, and he left the box without waiting to answer his cousin's question. He made his way very rapidly out of the theatre, and fought manfully through the crowds who were waiting about the pit and gallery doors, until he found himself at the stage-entrance. He had often looked with reverent wonder at the dark portal; but he had never before essayed to cross the sacred threshhold. But the guardian of the gate to this theatrical paradise, inhabited by fairies at a guinea a week, and baronial retainers at a shilling a night, is ordinarily a very inflexible individual, not to be corrupted by any mortal persuasion, and scarcely corruptible by the more potent influence of gold or silver. Poor Edward's half a crown had no effect whatever upon the stern door-keeper, who thanked him for his donation, but told him that it was agen his orders to let any body go up stairs.

'But I want to see some one so particularly,' the boy said, eagerly. 'Don't you think you could manage it for me, you know? He's an old friend of mine-one of the supernu-what's-its-names?' added Edward, stumbling over the word. carried a banner in the tragedy, you know; and he's got such an awful cough, poor chap.

'The man as carried the banner with a awful cough,' said the door-keeper, reflectively; 'why,

I'm blest if it ain't Barking Jeremiah.'

Barking Jeremiah!'
'Yes, Sir. They calls him Barking because he's allers coughin' his poor weak head off; and they calls him Jeremiah because he's allers doleful .-And I never did see such a doleful chap, cer-} tainly.

'Oh, do let me see him,' cried Mr. Edward asked, bluntly. Arundel. 'I know you can manage it; so do, ?

mine, and quite a gentleman too. Bless you, thera isn't a move in mathematics he isn't up to; and he'll come into a fortune some of these days-

'Yes,' interrupted the door-keeper, sarcastical ly, 'I've heerd that. They chaffs him about that up stairs. He's allers talking about bein' a gentieman and belongin' to gentlemen, and all that; but you're the first gentleman as have ever as't after him.

'And can I see him?'

'I'll do my best, Sir. Here, you Jim,' said the door-keeper, addressing a dirty youth, who had just nailed an official announcement of the next morning's rehearsal upon the back of a stonyhearted swing-door, which was apt to jam the fingers of the uninitiated, 'what's the name of that super with the jolly bad cough, the one they call Barking-

'Oh, that's Morti-more.'

'Do you know if he's on in the first scene?' 'Yes. He's one of the demons; but the scene's just over. Do you want him?'

'You can take up this young gentleman's card to him, and tell him to slip down here if he's got

a wait,' said the door-keeper.

Mr. Arundel handed his card to the dirty boy. He'll come to me fast enough, poor fellow!' he muttered. 'I usen't to chaff him as the others did,

and I'm glad I didn't now.

Edward Arundel could not easily forget that one brief scrutiny in which he had recognized the wasted face of the schoolmaster's hack who had taught him mathematics only two years before .-Could there be any thing more piteous than that legrading spectacle? The feeble frame scarcely able to sustain that paltry one-sided banner of calico and tinsel; the two rude daubs of coarse vermilion upon the hollow cheeks; the black smudges that were meant for eyebrows; the wretched scrap of horse-hair glued upon the pinched chin in dismal mockery of a beard; and through all this the pathetic pleading of large hazel eyes, bright with the unnatural lustre of disease, and saying perpetually, more plainly than words can speak, 'Do not look at me; do not despise me; do not even pity me. It won't last long.'

The fresh-hearted school-boy was still thinking of this, when a wasted hand was laid lightly and tremulously on his arm, and looking up he saw a man in a hideous mask and a tight-fitting suit of

scarlet and gold standing by his side.

'I'll take off my mask in a minute, Arundel,' said a faint voice, that sounded hollow and muffled within a cavern of pasteboard and wickerwork. 'It was very good of you to come round' very, very good!'

I was so sorry to see you here, Marchmont; knew you in a moment, in spite of the disguise.

The supernumerary had struggled out of his huge head-gear by this time, and laid the fabric of papier-mâché and tinsel carefully aside upon a shelf. He had washed his face before putting on the mask, for he was not called upon to appear before a British public in martial semblance any more upon that evening. The pale wasted face was interesting and gentlemanly, not by any means handsome, but almost womanly in its softness of expression. It was the face of a man who had not yet seen his thirtieth birth-day; who might never live to see it, Edward thought, mournfully

'Why do you do this, Marchmont?' the boy

Because there was nothing else left for me to

do,' the stage-demon answered, with a sad smile world, I shall never again boast of my successes won't suffer me to take one; or it won't suffer any low? employer to take me, for fear of my falling iil { upon his hands, which comes to the same thing; so I do a little copying for the law-stationers, and this helps out that, and I get on as well as I can. I wouldn't so much mind if it wasn't for-

He stopped suddenly, interrupted by a parox-

ysm of coughing.

'If it wasn't for whom, old fellow?'

'My poor little girl; my poor little motherless Mary.

little ashamed of himself. He had forgotten un-} til this moment that his old tutor had been left a

ter to support out of his scanty stipend.

'Don't be down-hearted, old fellow,' the lad { take care of her, and will keep her there till you { laughed in my face when they heard me cough.get strong and well. And then you might start a? fencing-room, or a shooting-gallery, or something of that sort, at the West End; and I'd come to Edward Arundel's face. get on capitally, you know.

to be kind to her, wouldn't you, Arundel?'

descend to see the child, the poor pale neglected pantaloon: and all for-a shilling a night! flower, the fragile lily, the frail exotic blossom, that was so cruelly out of place upon the bleak pathways of life!

'If that's all that troubles you,' young Arundel? cried, eagerly, 'you may make your mind easy,' and come and have some oysters. We'll take care of the child. I'll adopt her, and my mother shall ? educate her, and she shall marry a duke. away now, old fellow, and change your clothes, and come and have oysters, and stout out of the

pewter.'

Mr. Marchmont shook his head.

I'll come to see you the first thing to-morrow to expect a visitor to breakfast with him.

Enorping, and you'll introduce me to little Mary;

How was he to entertain the dashing, high-spianorning, and you'll introduce me to friends in the rited young school-boy, whose lot was cast in the

'I can't get a situation in a school, for my health with lovely woman. What's the number, old fel-

Mr. Arundel had pulled out a smart morocco

pocket-book and a gold pencil-case.

'Twenty-seven Oakley Street, Lambeth. I'd rather you wouldn't come, Arundel; your friends wouldn't like it.'

'My friends may go hang themselves. ' I shall do as I like, and I'll be with you to breakfast,

The supernumerary had no time to remonstrate. The progress of the music, faintly audible from Edward Arundel looked grave, and perhaps a the lobby in which this conversation had taken place, told him that his scene was nearly on.

'I can't stop another moment. Go back to your widower at four-and-twenty, with a little daugh- friends, Arundel. Good-night. God bless you! ·Stay; one word. The Lincolnshire property-'

'Will never come to me, my boy' the demon whispered, tenderly; 'perhaps I shall be able to answered sadty, through his mask; for he had been help you, you know. And the little girl can go busy reinvesting himself in that demoniac guise. down to Dangerfield; I know my mother would 'I tried to sell my reversion, but the Jews almost Good-night.

He was gone, and the swing-door slammed in The boy hurried back you, and bring lots of fellows to you, and you'd to his cousin, who was cross and dissatisfied at his absence. Martin Mostyn had discovered that the Poor John Marchmont, the asthmatic supernu- ballet-girls were all either old or ugly, the music merary, looked perhaps the very last person in badly chosen, the pantomime stupid, the scenery a the world whom it could be possible to associate failure. He asked a few supercitious questions with a pair of foils or a pistol and a target; but he about his old tutor, but scarcely listened to Edsmiled faintly at his old pupil's enthusiastic talk. ward's answers; and was intensely aggravated 'You were always a good fellow, Arundel,' he with his companion's pertinacity in sitting out the said, gravely. 'I don't suppose I shall ever ask comic business—in which poor John Marchmont you to do me a service; but if, by-and-by, this appeared and re-appeared; now as a well-dressed cough makes me knock under, and my little Polly passenger carrying a parcel, which he deliberately should be left-I-I think you'd get your mother sacrificed to the felonious propensities of the clown, now as a policeman, now as a barber, now A picture rose before the supernumerary's wea- as a chemist, now as a ghost; but always buffeted, ry eyes as he said this; the picture of a pleasant or cajoled, or bonneted, or imposed upon; allady whose description he had often heard from ways pitcous, miserable, and long-suffering; with the lips of a loving son, a rambling old mansion, arms that ached from carrying a banner through wide-spreading lawns, and long areades of oak five acts of blank-verse weariness, with a head and beeches leading away to the blue distance. If that had throbbed under the weight of a ponderous this Mrs. Arundel, who was so tender and com-{edifice of pasteboard and wicker, with eyes that passionate and gentle to every red-cheeked cot- were sore with the evil influence of blue-fire and tage girl who crossed her pathway—Edward had gunpowder smoke, with a throat that had been told him this very often—would take compassion poisoned by sulphurous vapors, with bones that also upon this little one! If she would only con- were stiff with playful pommeling of clown and

CHAPTER II.

LITTLE MARY.

Poor John Marchmont had given his address unwillingly enough to his old pupil. The lodging in Oakley Street was a wretched back-room upon the second floor of a house whose lower regions were devoted to that species of establishment 'My time's just up,' he said; 'I'm on in the next commonly called a 'ladies' wardrolfe.' The poor ene. It was very kind of you to come round, gentleman, the teacher of mathematics, the law-Arundel, but this isn't exactly the best place for writer, the Drury Lane supernumerary, had Arundel, but this isn t exactly any dear boy, and shrunk from any exposure of his poverty; but his you. Go back to your friends, my dear boy, and shrunk from any exposure of his poverty; but his you shink any more of me. I'll write to you pupit's imperious good nature had overridden evdon't think any more of me. I'll write to you pupil's imperious good nature had overridden evsome day about little Mary.

You'll do nothing of the kind,' exclaimed the boy. You'll give me year address instanter, and the rather embarrassing recollection that he was

pleasant pathways of life, and who was no doubt; bate—it would have been about as easy for him accustomed to see at his matutinal meal such lux-{ to become either as to burst at once, and without uries as John Marchmont had only beheld in the an hour's practice, into a full-blown Léotard or fairy-like realms of comestible beauty exhibited Olmar-his daughter's influence would have held to hungry foot-passengers behind the plate-glass) him back as securely as if the slender arms twined windows of Italian warehouses?

He has hams stewed in Madeira, and Perigord forged by an enchanter's power. pies, I dare say, at his Aunt Mostyn's, John How could be be false to his little one, his help-thought, despairingly. 'What can I give him to less child, who had been confided to him in the

eat?

of the rich. If he could have seen the Mostyn breakfast then preparing in the lower regions of { little girl? Montague Square, he might have been considerainfusions of tea and coffee, in silver ressels, cer- as he finished his careful toilet. 'Heaven knows tainly, four French rolls hidden under a glisten- I have no right to ask or expect such a thing; but ing damask napkin, six triangular fragments of she will be rich by-and-by, perhaps, and will be dry toast, cut from a stale half-quartern, four new able to repay them. laid eggs, and about half a pound of bacon cut { into rashers of transcendental delicacy. Widow room while he was thinking this, and a childish ladies who have daughters to marry do not plunge voice said: very deep into the books of Messrs. Fortnum and May I co Mason.

non's,' John thought, rather more hopefully; '1 ed the door and let her in. The pale wintry sunwonder whether he likes hot rolls still?

never abandoned the habits which had been pediaper pinafore as neatly as her father wore his
culiar to him from his childhood. He was as neat
and orderly in his second-floor back as he had
been seven or eight years before in his simple
impossible to look at her without a vague feeling
apartments of Combuidge. He did not be to be the property of t apartments at Cambridge. He did not recognize of pain that was difficult to understand. that association which most men perceive be- knew by-and-by why you were sorry for this little tween poverty and shirt-sleeves, or poverty and girl. She had never been a child. That divine beer. He was content to wear threadbare cloth, period of perfect innocence—innocence of all sorbut adhered most about a better the state of t but adhered most obstinately to a prejudice in favor row and trouble, falsehood and wrong—that bright of clean linen. He never acquired those lounging holiday-time of the soul had never been hers. vagabond habits peculiar to some men in the day The ruthless hand of poverty had snatched away of trouble. Even among the supernumeraries from her the gift which God had given her in her of Drury Lane he contrived to preserve his self-cradle; and at eight years old she was a woman respect; if they nicknamed him Barking Jeremiah, a woman invested with all that is most beautithey took care only to pronounce that playful ful among womanly attributes—love, tendempess, sobriquet when the gentleman-super was safely compassion, carefulness tor others, unserned out of hearing. He was so polite in the midst of the work a woman by reason of all these virtues; his reserve, that the person who could wilfully She was a woman by reason of all these virtues; have offended him must have been more unkindly; but she was no longer a child. At three years old than any of her Majesty's servants. that the great tragedian on more than one occasion apostrophized the weak-kneed banner-holder and had learned what it was to be sorry for poor as 'BEAST's when the super's cough had peculiarly papa and mamma; and from that first time of disturbed his composure; but the same great man awakening to the sense of pity and love, she had not not been as the hall the gave poor John Marchmont a letter to a distinguished physician, compassionately desiring the relief of the same pulmonary affection. If John Marchmont had not been prompted by his own instincts to struggle against the evil influences of poverty, he would have done battle sturdily for hard service of Mr. Laurence Vernon, the princi-

tenderly about him had been chains of adamant

How could he be false to his little one, his helpdarkest hour of his existence; the hour in which But John Marchmont, after the manner of the his consumptive wife had yielded to the many poor, was apt to overestimate the extravagance forces arrayed against her in life's battle, and had left him alone in the world to fight for his

'If I were to die I think Arundel's mother bly relieved; for he would only have beheld mild would be kind to her,' John Marchmont thought,

A little hand knocked lightly at the door of his

'May I come in, papa?'

The little girl slept with one of the landlady's 'He used to like hot rolls when I was at Ver- children in a room above her father's. John open-Pondering thus, Mr. Marchmont dressed himwhich Mr. Marchmont sat, shone full upon the self—very neatly, very carefully; for he was one child's face as she came toward him. It was a of those men whom even poverty cannot rob of small, pale face, with singularly delicate features, man's proudest attribute, his individuality. He a tiny straight nose, a pensive mouth, and large made no noisy protest against the humiliations to thoughtful hazel eyes. The child's hair fell loose-which he was competed to submit; he uttered no ly upon her shoulders; not in those corkscrew boisterous assertions of his own merit; he urged curls so much affected by mothers in the numbler no clamorous demand to be treated as a gentle-walks of life, nor yet in those crisp undulations man in his day of misfortune; but in his own mild, lately adopted in Belgravian nurseries, but in soft undemonstrative way he did assert himself, quite silken masses, only curling at the extreme end of shine, creeping in at the curtainless window, near undemonstrative way he did assert himself, quite silken masses, only curling at the extreme end of as effectually as if he had raved all day upon the each tress. Miss Marchmont—she was always hardship of his lot; and drunk himself mad and called Miss Marchmont in that Oakley street blind under the pressure of his calamities. He household—wore her brown stuff frock and scanty It is true she had bidden farewell forever to the ignorant selfishness, the animal enjoyment of childhood. never ceased to be the comforter of the helpless young husband who was so soon to be left wifeless.

John had been compelled to leave his child, in order to get a living for her and for himself in the the sake of one who was ten times dearer to him pal of the highly select and expensive academ than himself.

To be added to the highly select and expensive academ at which Edward Arundel and Martin Mostyn h If he sould have become a swindler or a repro- been educated. But he had left her in good har

little Mary. It is impossible for any words & She laid flaming Brussels carpets upon the pol-mine to tell how much he loved the child; but ished oaken floors which her father had described take into consideration his hopeless poverty, his to her, and hung cheap satin damask of gorgeous sensitive and reserved nature, his utter loneli- colors before the great oriel windows. She put ness, the bereavement that had cast a shadow up- gilded vases of gaudy artificial flowers on the high on his youth, and you will perhaps understand an carved mantle-pieces in the old rooms, and hung affection that was almost morbid in its intensity, a disreputable gray parrot—for sale at a green and which was reciprocated most fully by its ob-{grocer's, and given to the use of bad language—inch. The little will be a little and which was reciprocated most fully by its object. The little girl loved her father too much.—
When he was with her, she was content to sit by his side, watching him as he wrote; proud to help him, if even by so much as wiping his pens, or handing him his blotting-paper; happy to wait his scanty meals, to make his tea, and arrange and re-arrange every object in the slenderly furnaished second-floor back-room. They talked sometimes of the Lincolnshire fortune—the fortune which might come to Mr. Marchmont, if three people, whose lives were each worth three three people, whose lives were each worth three the considerate butcher who never cut more than times John's feeble existence, would be so oblighther three-quarters of a pound of rump-steak, ging as to clear the way for the heir-at-law, by which made an excellent dinner for Mr. Marchtaking an early departure to the church-yard. A mont and his little girl. Yes, all these people more practical man than John Marchmont would should be rewarded when the Lincolnshire prohave kept a sharp eye upon these three lives, and perty came to Mary's papa. Miss Marchmont had by some means or other contrived to find out when the some thoughts of building a shop close to Marchmont pumber one was consumptive, or number mont Towers for the accommodating butcher, and ther number one was consumptive, or number mont Towers for the accommodating butcher, and two dropsical, or number three apoplectic; but of adopting the green-grocer's eldest daughter for John was utterly incapable of any such Machia-her confidante and companion. Heaven knows vellian proceeding. I think he sometimes beguiled how many times the little girl narrowly escaped his weary walks between Oakley Street and Dru-being run over while walking the material streets ry Lane by the dreaming of such childish day in some eestatic reverie such as this! but Providreams as I should be almost ashamed to set dence was very careful of the motherless girl; down upon this sober page. The three lives might, and she always returned to Oakley street with her all happen to be riding in the same express upon pitiful little purchases of tea and sugar, butter the occasion of a terrible collision; but the poor and meat. You will say, perhaps, that at least the occasion of a terrible collision; but the poor and meat. You will say, perhaps, that at least fellow's gentle nature shrank appalled before the these foolish day-dreams were childish; but I vision he had invoked. He could not sacrifice a maintain still that Mary's soul had long ago bade whole trainful of victims even for little Mary .with the announcement that by applying some-should have been so soon after her eighth birth-where he might hear of something to his advanday. At times, too, an awful horror would quick-tage. He contented himself with this, and with the pulses of her loving heart as she heard the

their supernal radiance. Her imagination ran meeting with great pleasure, though it must be riot in a vision of a happy future, in which her owned she looked a little grave when she was told father would be rich and powerful. I am sorry that the generous-hearted school-boy was coming to say that she derived most of her ideas of gran- to breakfast; but her gravity was only that of a

and when the bitter day of his dismissal came, deur from the New Cut. She furnished the draw-he was scarcely as sorry as he ought to have been ing-room at Marchmont Towers from the splen-for the calamity which brought him back to his did stores of an upholsterer in that thoroughfare. adieu to infancy, and that even in these visions He contented himself with borrowing a Times she was womanly; for she was always thoughtful newspaper now and then, and looking at the top of others rather than of herself, and there was a of the second column, with the faint hope that he great deal more of the practical business of life should see his own name in large capitals, coupled mingled with the silver web of fancies than there talking about the future to little Mary in the dim hacking sound of her father's cough; and a territalking about the future to little Mary in the dim hacking sound of her father's cough; and a terrificelight. They spent long hours in the shadowy ble dread would seize her—the fear that John room, only lighted by the faint flicker of a pitiful handful of coals; for the commonest dip-candles colnshire fortune. The child never said her prayare sevenpence half-penny a pound, and were dearer, I dare say, in the year '38. Heaven knows what splendid castles in the air these two simple-hearted creatures built for each other's pleasure by that comfortless hearth. I believe that, though the father made a pretense of talking of these had created her to doom her to many desolate. the father made a pretense of talking of these had created her to doom her to many desolate the father made a process of the state of th only when he left that he it from, and went back, against his divine will. I think if the Arendisnop into the hard, reasonable, commonplace world, of Canterbury had driven from Lambeth Palace that he remembered how foolish the talk was, to Oakley Street to tell little Mary this, he would and how it was impossible—yes, impossible—that have taught her in vain; and that she would have and how it was impossible—yes, impossible—that a nave taught her in vain; and that she would have he, the law-writer and supernumerary, could ever fallen asleep that night with the old prayer upon come to be master of Marchmont Towers.

Poor little Mary was in this less practical than which love had woven so firmly might never be her father. She carried her day-dreams into the roughly broken by death.

The imagination ran

Miss Marchmont heard the story of last night's meeting with great pleasure, though its must be supported.

thoughtful housekeeper, who ponders ways and? 'We could have haddocks every day at Marchmeans, and, even while you are telling her the mont Towers, couldn't we, papa?' she said, number and quality of your guests, sketches out naively. a rough ground-plan of her dishes, ponders the fish in season, and the soups most fitting to precede Edward Arundel dashed up the narrow staircase

fond of hot rolls:

'And hot rolls, four for threepence half-penny in the Cut'—(I am ashamed to say that this be-nighted child talked as deliberately of the 'Cut') as she might have done of the 'Row.')-'There'll shivered at the slashing cuts he made at the butbe one left for tea, papa; for we could never eat ter; the haddock had scarcely left the gridiron four rolls. They'll take such a lot of butter, before it was no more.

bead purse, and began to examine her treasury. Candidly. 'You never get enough with her. Why Her father handed all his money to her, as he does she say, "You won't take another egg, will would have done to his wife; and Mary doled him you, Edward?" if she wants me to have one cout the little sums he wanted—money for half and You should see our hunting breakfasts at Danger-ounce of tobacco, money for a pint of beer.— field, Marchmont. Four sorts of claret, and no There were no penny papers in those days, or end of Moselle and Champagne. You shall go what a treat an occasional Telegraph would have to Dangerfield some day to see my mother, Miss been to poor John Marchmont!

been to poor John Marchmont!

Mary had only one personal extravagance.— She read novels—dirty, bloated, ungainly volumes shy of speaking to her. Her womantiness im—which she borrowed from a snuffy old woman pressed him in spite of himself. He had a fancy in a little back street, who charged her the small-{ that she was old enough to feel the humiliation est hire ever known in the circulating-library of her father's position, and to be sensitive upon business, and who admired her as a wonder of the matter of the two-pair back; and he was precocious erudition. The only pleasure the sorry the moment after he had spoken of Danger-child knew in her father's absence was the peru-field. sal of these dingy pages; she neglected no duty, she forgot no tender office of ministering care for ging of home. the loved one who was absent; but when all the But Mr. Arundel was not able to stop very long little duties had been finished, how delicious it in Oakley street, for the supernumerary had was to sit down to 'Madeleine the Deserted,' and attend a rehearsal at twelve o'clock; so at half 'Cosmos the Pirate,' and to lose herself far away past eleven John Marchmont and his pupil went in illimitable regions, peopled by wandering prin- out together, and little Mary was left alone to cesses in white satin, and gentlemanly bandits, clear away the breakfast, and perform the rest of who had been stolen from their royal fathers' halls her household duties. by vengeful hordes of gipsies. In these early { years of poverty and loneliness John Marchmont's {not begin at once, but sat upon a stool near the daughter stored up, in a mind that was morbidly fender, gazing dreamily at the low fire. sensitive rather than strong, a terrible amount of { 'How good and kind he is!' she thought; 'just dim poetic sentiment; the possession of which is {like Cosmos—only Cosmos was dark to be a sensitive rather the heat on a feet down for a sensitive rather the heat on a feet down for a sensitive rather the heat on a feet down for a sensitive rather the heat on a feet down for a sensitive rather the heat on a feet down for a sensitive rather the heat of the sensitive rather the heat of the sensitive rather than the sensitive rathe

daughter. All vestiges of John's bed had disappéared; leaving, it is true, rather a suspicious looking manogany chest of drawers to mark the spot where once a bed had been. The window had been opened, the room aired and dusted, a bright little fire burned in the shining grate, and the most brilliant of tin tea-kettles hissed upon The white table-cloth was darned in { several places; but it was a remnant of the small as these, Mr. Marchmont and his old pupil stock of linen with which John had begun mar- toward Waterloo Bridge together. ried life; and the Irish damask asserted its superior quality, in spite of many darns, as positively mont, the boy said; 'it's my holida as Mr. Marchmont's good blood asserted itself in know, and I can do as I like. I'm spite of his shabby coat. A brown tea-pot full vate tutor in another month, and of strong tea, a plate of French rolls, a pat of me for the army. I want you to fresh butter, and a broiled haddock, do not com-that Lincolnshire property, pose a very epicurean repast; but Mary March-where near Swampington? mont looked at the humble breakfast as a pro-{ spective success.

But the little girl was more than delighted when them, and balances the contending advantages and burst into the room, fresh, radiant, noisy, of Palestine and Julienne, of Hare and Italian. splendid, better dressed even than the waxen 'A "nice" breakfast, you say, papa, she said, preparations of elegant young gentlemen exhibiwhen her father had finished speaking, 'then we'ted at the portal of a great outfitter in the New must have water-cresses, of course.'

Cut, and yet not at all like either of those red-'And hot rolls, Polly dear. Arundel was always lipped types of fashion. How delighted the boy declared himself with every thing! He had driven over in a cabriolet, and he was awfully hungry, he informed his host. The rolls and water-cresses disappeared before him as if by magic; little Mary

'This is ten times better than Aunt Mostyn's The little housekeeper took out an antediluvian (skinny breakfasts, the young gentleman observed

Mary.

He called her 'Miss Mary,' and seemed rather

'What a snob I am!' he thought; 'always brag-

She had plenty of time before her, so she did

scarcely, perhaps, the best or safest dower for a {Reginald Ravenscroft—but then he was dark too. young lady who has life's journey all before her. {I wonder why the people in novels are always At half past nine o'clock all the simple prepadark? How kind he is to papa! Shall we ever rations necessary for the reception of a visitor go to Dangerfield, I wonder, papa and me? Of had been completed by Mr. Marchmont and his course I wouldn't go without papa.'

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT THE LINCOLNSHIRE PROPERTY.

WHILE Mary sat absorbed in such idle v'

'I'll go as far as the theatre with yo

'Yes; within nine miles 'Goodness gracious m

Hubert's Rector of Swampington—such a hole! I lieve they call it. go there sometimes to see him and my cousin 'Arth Olivia. Isn't she a stunner, though! Knows more sessor?' Greek and Latin than me, and more mathematics?

oblige his friend, he explained very patiently and the property. lucidly how it was that only three lives stood bethereto.

too preposterous.

'Good gracious me! I don't see that at all,' exclaimed Edward, with extraordinary vivacity.-Let me see, old fellow; if I understand your story ? right, this is how the case stands: your first cousin may not marry; only one son, remember. But he talking about it. has also an uncle—a bachelor uncle—who, by the he can be likely to last long. I dare say he drinks knew this, to their cost. too much port, or hunts, or something of that { Perhaps Mr. Marchmont might have been besort; goes to sleep after dinner, and does all manguiled into repeating the old story, which he had ner of apoplectic things, I'll be bound. Then { told so often in the dim fire-light to his little girl, there's the son, only fifteen, and not yet mar- { but the great clock of St. Paul's boomed forth the riageable; consumptive, I dare say. Now, will { twelve ponderous strokes that told the hour of you tell me the chances are not six to six he dies noon; and a hundred other steeples, upon either unmarried? So, you see, my dear old boy, you're side of the water, made themselves clamorous sure to get the fortune; for there's nothing to keep with the same announcement. you out of it, except-

sake-

not going to forget all about-Miss Marchmont! himself abruptly at the sudden recollection of the { upon his ravages at the breakfast-table. 'I'm sure (would see her righted.' Miss Marchmont's born to be an heiress; I never saw such a little princess.'

a darned pinafore and a threadbare frock?

The boy's face flushed, almost indignantly, as

his old master said this.

admire a hidy'-he spoke thus of Miss Mary more, God bless you!' Marchmont, jet midway between her eighth and ninth birthday—'the less because she wasn't rich? deeper red than before—be had a very boyish

the teacher of mathematics answered, quietly.-'As far as that goes. Mary's chance is as remote as my own. The fortune can only come a said muo his old tutor's into a cabriolet, whose highupon the event of Arthur's dying without issue, bar, and jumped into a cabriolet, whose high-

what an extraordinary coincidence! My uncle (or, having issue, failing to cut off the entail, I be-

'Arthur! that's the son of the present pos-

'Yes. If I and my poor little girl, who is delthan you. Could eat our heads off at any thing. Licate like her mother, should die before either of John Marchmont did not seem very much im-these three men, there is another who will stand pressed by the coincidence that appeared so extra-in my shoes, and who will look out perhaps more ordinary to Edward Arundel; but, in order to (eagerly than I have done for his chances of getting

'Another!' exclaimed Mr. Arundel. 'By Jove, tween him and the possession of Marchmont Marchmont, it's the most complicated affair I Towers, and all lands and tenements appertaining ever heard of! It's worse than those sums you used to set me in barter: "If A sells B 999 Stilton 'The estate's a very large one,' he said, finally; cheeses at $9\frac{1}{2}d$. a pound,' and all that sort of but the idea of my ever getting it is, of course, {thing, you know. Do make me understand it, old

fellow, if you can.

John Marchmont sighed. 'It's a wearisome story, Arundel,' he said. 'I

don't know why I should bore you with it.

'But you don't bore me with it,' cried the boy, is the present possessor of Marchmont Towers; energetically. I'm awfully interested in it, you he has a son, fifteen years of age, who may or know; and I could walk up and down here all day

The two gentlemen had passed the Surrey tollterms of your grandfather's will, must get the gate of Waterloo Bridge by this time. The South-property before you can succeed to it. Now, this western Terminus had not been built in the year uncle of the present possessor is an old man; of 38, and the bridge was about the quietest thorcourse he'll die soon. The present possessor him- oughtare any two companions confidentially inself is a middle-aged man; so I shouldn't think clined could have chosen. The share-holders

'I must leave you, Arundel,' the supernumerary Except three lives, the worst of which is bet-said, hurriedly; he had just remembered that it ter than mine. It's kind of you to look at it in this was time for him to go and be brow-beaten by a sanguine way. Arundel; but I wasn't born to be a truculent stage-manager. 'God bless you, my rich man. Perhaps, after all, Providence has dear boy! It was very good of you to want to see used me better than I think. I mightn't have been me; and the sight of your fresh face has made me happy at Marchmont Towers. I'm a shy, awk-very happy. I should like you to understand all ward, humdrum fenow. If it wasn't for Mary's about the Lincolnshire property. God knows there's small chance of its ever coming to me or 'Ah, to be sure!' cried Edward Arundel. 'You're to my child; but when I am dead and gone Mary will be left alone in the world, and it would be not going to forget all about—Miss Marchmont! will be left alone in the world, and it would be he was going to say little Mary, but had checked some comfort to me to know that she was not vithout one friend-generous and disinterested earnest hazel eyes that had kept wondering watch like you, Arundel-who, if the chance did come,

'And so I would,' cried the boy, eagerly.

His face flushed, and his eyes fired. He was a What!' demanded John Marchmont, sadly, 'in preux chevalier already, in thought, going forth to do battle for a hazel-eyed mistress.

'l'il write the story, Arundel,' John Marchmont s old master said this.

Said; 'I've no time to tell it, and you mightn't 'You don't think me such a snob as to think I'd remember it either. Once more, good-bye! once

'Stop!' exclaimed Edward Arundel, flushing a But of cou se your daughter will have the for- habit of blushing—'stop, dear old boy. You must tone by-and-by, even if—' borrow this of me, please. I've lots of them. He stopped, ashamed of his want of tact; for I should only spend it on all sorts of bilious He stopped, ashamed of his want of the He stopped, ashamed of his want of the knew John would divine the meaning of that things; or stop out late and get tipsy. You shall pay me with interest when you get Marchmont Towers. I shall come and see you again soon. Good-bye.'

The lad forced some crumpled scrap of paper as my own. The fortune can only come to her into his old tutor's hand, bolted through the toll-

The supernumerary hurried on to Drury Lane as fast as his weak legs could carry him. He was obliged to wait for a pause in the rehearsal hefore he could find an opportunity of looking at the parting gift which his old pupil had forced upon It was a crumpled and rather dirty fivepound note, wrapped round two half crowns, a shilling, and half a sovereign.

The boy had given his friend the last remnant of his slender stock of pocket-money. John Marchmont turned his face to the dark wing that sheltered him and wept silently. He was of a gentle and rather womanly disposition, be it remembered; and he was in that weak state of health in } which a man's eyes are apt to moisten, in spite of himself, under the influence of any unwonted

He employed a part of that afternoon in writing the letter which he had promised to send to his boyish friend.

'MY DEAR ARUNDEL, -My purpose in writing to you to-day is so entirely connected with the future welfare of my beloved and only child, that I shall carefully abstain from any subject not con-I say nothing, therenected with her interests. fore, respecting your conduct of this morning. which, together with my previous knowledge of your character, has decided me upon confiding to { you the doubts and fears which have long tormented me upon the subject of my darling's future.

The doctors ; 'I am a doomed man, Arundel. have told me this; but they have told me also that, though I can never escape the sentence of death } which was passed upon me long ago, I may live \ for some years if I live the careful life which only \ If I go on carrying bana rich man can lead. ners and breathing sulphur, I cannot last long.-My little girl will be left penniless, but not quite have to struggle with this man, will you help her of her poor mother, who would help her, kindly I (Subjoined to this letter I senu you an excess am sure, in their own humble way. The trials from the copy of my grandfather's will, which will explain to you how he left his property. Do the letter or the extract. If you If the three men who, on my death, would alone are willing to undertake the trust which I confide stand between Mary and the Lincolnshire property, die childless, my poor darling will become the only obstacle in the pathway of a man whom, I lessness is the only bequest which I can leave to the will freely own to you, I distrust.

'My father, John Marchmont, was the third of The eldest, Philip, died, leaving one son, also called Philip, and the present possessor of Marchmont Towers. The second, Marmaduke, is still alive, a bachelor. The third, John; left four children, of whom I alone survive. The fourth, Paul, left a son and two daughters. The son is an artist, exercising his profession now in London; one of the daughters is married to a parish surgeon, who practices at Stanfield, in Lincolnshire; the other is an old maid, and entirely dependent upon her brother.

It is this man, Paul Marchmont, the artist, whom I fear.

Do not think me weak, or foolishly suspicious, Arundel, when I tell you that the very thought of this man brings the cold sweat upon my forehead, and seems to stop the beating of my heart. I know that this is a prejudice, and an unworthy one. I do not believe Paul Marchmont is a good man; but I can assign no sufficient reason for my hatred

stepping charger was dawdling along Lancaster frank and careless boy, to realize the feelings of a man who looks at his only child, and remembers that she may soon be left helpless and defenceless to fight the battle of life with a bad man. Sometimes I pray to God that the Marchmont property may never come to my child after my death; for I can not rid myself of the thoughtmay Heaven forgive me for its unworthiness !-that Paul Marchmont would leave no means untried, however foul, to wrest the fortune from her. I dare say worldly people would laugh at me for writing this letter to you, my dear Arundel; but I address myself to the best friend I have—the only creature I know whom the influence of a bad man is never likely to corrupt. Noblesse oblige! I am not afraid that Edward Dangerheld Arundel will beiray any trust, however foolish, that may have been confided to him.

'Perhaps, in writing to you thus, I may feel something of that blind hopefulness-amidst the shipwreck of all that commonly gives birth to hope—which the mariner, cast away upon some desert island, feels when he seals his simple story in a bottle, and launches it upon the waste of waters that close him in on every side. Before my little girl is four years older you will be a man, Arundel; with a man's intellect, a man's courage, and, above all, a man's keen sense of honor. long as my darling remains poor, her humble friends will be strong enough to protect her; but if ever Providence should think fit to place her in a position of antagonism to Paul Marchmontfor he would look upon any one as an enemy who stood between him and fortune-she would need a far more powerful protector than any she could find among her poor mother's relatives. Will you be that protector, Edward Arundel? I am a drowning man, you see, and catch at the frailest straw that floats past me. I believe in you, Edward, as much as I distrust Paul Marchmont. If the day ever comes in which my little girl should

to you to-day, you may have need to refer to them after my death. The legacy of a child's helponly friend I have. JOHN MARCHMONT.

'27 OAKLEY ST., LAMBETH, Dec. 30, 1838.

'EXTRACT.

"I give and devise all that my estate known as Marchmont Towers and appurtenances thereto belonging to the use of my eldest son Philip Marchmont during his natural life without impeachment of waste and from and after his decease then to the use of my grandson Philip the first son of my said son Philip during the term of his natural life without impeachment of waste and after the decease of my said grandson Philip to the use of the first and every other son of my said grandson severally and successively according to their respective seniority in tail and for deaccording to their respective seniority in tail and for default of such issue to the use of all and every the daughters and daughter of my said grandson Philip as tenants in common in tail with cross remainders between or amongst them in tail and if all the daughters of my said grandson Philip except one shall die without issue or if there shall be but one such daughter then to the use of such one or only daughter in tail and in default of such issue then to the use of the second and every other son of my said eldest son severally and successively according to my said eldest son severally and succersively according to his respective seniority in tail and in default of such issue to the use of all and every the daughters and daughter of my said eldest son Philip as tenants in common in tail and terror of him. It is impossible for you, a with cross remainders between or amongst them in tail and

in default of such issue to the use of my second son Mar-maduke and his assigns during the term of his natural life without impeachment of waste and after his decease to 42 MONTAGUE SQUARE, Dec. 31, 1835. the use of the first and every son of my said son Marma-duke severally a d successively according to their respectremainders between or amongst them in tail with cross it. A happy new year to Miss Mary! daughters of my said son Marmaduke except one shall die without issue or if there shall be but one such daughter then to the use of such one or only daughter in tail and in default of such issue then to the use of my third son John during the term of his natural life without impeachment my said third son John severally and successivily according to his respective seniority in tail and in default of such issue to the use of all and every the daughters and daughters. use of my grandson Paul the son of my said son Paul duruse of my grandson Paul the son of my said son Paul during his natural life without inpeachment of waste and after the decease of my said grandson Paul to the use of fortune, Mr. Marchmont thought, 'I might find the first and every other son of my said grandson severally and successively according to their respective schoirty to serve her well and faithfully. But the chance every the daughters and daughter of my said grandson is such a remote one. I cannot forget how the Paul as tenants in common in tail with cross remainders between or amongst them in tail and if all the daughters to borrow money upon my reversionary interest. of my said grandson Paul except one shal die without issue or if there shall be but one such daughter then to the use of such one or only daughter in tail and in default of such issue then to the use of the second and every other son of my said fourth son Paul severally and successively according to his respective seniority in tail and in default of such issue to the use of all and every the daughters and daughter of my said fourth son Paul as tenants in common in tail with cross remainders between or amongst them in tail,

P. S. Then comes what the lawyers call a

in harmony with poor John's solemn appeal.

'You dear, foolish old Marchmont,' the lad of romance. let Paul Marchmont try on any of his games with

P. S. By-the-by, don't you think a situation in ive seniorities in tail and for default of such issue to the a lawyer's office would suit you better than the use of all and every the daughters and daughter of my said T. R. D. L.? If you do, I think I could manage son Marmaduke as tenants in common in tail with according

It was thus that Mr. Edward Arundel accepted the solemn trust which his friend confided to him in all simplicity and good faith. Mary Marchof waste and from and after his decease then to the use of month herself was not more innocent in the ways my grandson John the first son of my said son John durfor the term of his natural life without impeachment of Road, and the New Cut, than was the little girl's waste and after the decease of my said grandent life. waste and after the decease of my said grandson John to the use of the first and every other son of my said grand- father; nothing seemed more natural to him than the use of the first and every other son of my said grandthe use of the first and every other son of my said grand. In the specifive seniority in tail and for default of such issue to the use of all and every the daughters and daughter of my said grandson John as tenants in common in tail with cross remainders between or among them in tail and if all the daughters of my said grandson John except one shall de without issue or if there shall be but one such daughter. This, you will see, is my little Mary! 'then to the use of such one or only daughter in tail and in default of such the but one daughter in tail and in default of such the such and the daughter of the without issue or if there shall be but one such daughter than the daughter of the without issue or if there shall be but one such daughter to the use of the second and very other son of such one or only daughter in tail and in default of such the but one daughter than the doubtful future of his only child to intrust the doubtful future of his only chil to intrust the doubtful future of his only child to Issue then to the use of the second and every other son of { far behind his kinsman in the comprehension of a problem in algebra, had been wise enough to recognize that which Martin Mostyn could not underter of my said third son John as tenants in common in tail stand—a gentleman in a shabby coat. It was thus with cross remainders between or amongst them in tail that a friendship had arisen between the teacher and in default of such issue to the use of my fourth son of mathematics and his handsome pupil; and it Paul during the term of his natural life without impeachment of waste and from and after his decease then to the Arundel had sprung up in John's simple mind. Arundel had sprung up in John's simple mind.

'If my little girl were certain of inheriting the fortune,' Mr. Marchmont thought, 'I might find to borrow money upon my reversionary interest. No, I must trust this brave-hearted boy, for I have no one else to confide in; and who else is there who would not ridicule my fear of my cousin

Indeed Mr. Marchmont had some reason to be considerably ashamed of his antipathy to the young artist, working for his bread, and for the bread of his invalid mother and unmarried sister, in that bitter winter of '38; working patiently and general devise—to trustees to preserve the con- hopefully, in spite of all discouragement, and contingent remainders before devised from being de- tent to live a joyless and monotonous life in a stroyed; but what that means perhaps you can get somebody to tell me. I hope it may be some excuse for John Marchmont's prejudice against legal jargon to preserve my rery contingent re- an industrious and indefatigable young man, who mainder, as it appears to me. Heaven knows, if to be adored by two women is
The tone of Edward Arundel's answer to this any evidence of a man's virtue, Paul must have letter was more characteristic of the writer than been the best of men; for Stephanie Marchmont and her daughter Clarisse regarded the artist with a reverential idolatry that was not without a tinge wrote; 'of course I shall take care of Miss Mary; John's dislike of his cousin. They had been and my mother shall adopt her, and she shall live school-fellows at a wretched suburban school, I can assign no reason, then, for and my mounts, at a wretened suburoan school at Dangerfield, and be educated with my sister where the children of poor people were boarded, Letitia, who has the jolliest French governess, lodged, and educated all the year round for a pitiand a German maid for conversation; and don't ful stipend of something under twenty pounds.— One of the special points of the prospectus was me, tall! But what do you mean, you the announcement that there were no holidays; me, wat's all.

May be talking about dying, and for the jovial Christmas gatherings of merry faces. drowning, and shipwrecked mariners, and catch- which are so delightful to the wealthy citizens of drowning, and shipwrecked mariners, and catching at straws, and all that sort of humbug, when you know very well that you'll live to inherit the Lincolnshire property, and that I'm coming to you every year to shoot, and that you're going to build a tennis-court—of course there is a billiard two boys had met at a school of this calibre, and room—and that you're going to have a stud of hunters, and be master of the hounds, and no end hunters, and be master of the hounds, and no end out their quarrels were by no means desperate. son, as copying and outdoor clerk, at a salary of They may have rather freely discussed their sevel thirty shillings a week. real chances of the Lincolnshire property; but I . So little Mary entered now upon a golden age, Mr. Wilkie Collins's Basil could not tell why he masses when they enjoy the British Drama. ell madly in love with the lady whom it was his But all this time John Marchmont was utterly vil fortune to meet in an omnibus; nor why he ignorant of one rather important fact in the history of those three lives which he was apt to Sopperfield disliked Uriah Heep even before he Towers. Young Arthur Marchmont, the immead any substantial reason for objecting to the diate heir of the estate, had been shot to death wil genius of Agnes Wickfield's father. The upon the 1st of September, 1838, without blame oy disliked the snake-like scheme of Canterbury to any one only it is any one which had induced him to foreship. ecause his eyes were round and red, and his lessness, which had induced him to scramble ands clammy and unpleasant to the touch. Per-through a hedge with a superb fowling-piece, the aps John Marchmont's reasons for his aversion costly present of a doting father, loaded and on his cousin were about as substantial as these of full-cock. This melancholy event, which had be loud and clamorous; because he could smile? Street.

ader provocations that would have made another own; because, in short, there was that about; m which, let it be found where it will, always; ves birth to suspicion-MYSTERY.

So the cousins had parted, neither friends nor? es, to tread their separate roads in the unknown ountry, which is apt to seem barren and desolate rough to travellers who foot it in hob-nailed rury Lane.

nave no romantic story to tell of a stirring scene in which her evenings were no longer desolate and n the humble school-room, no exciting record of lonely, but spent pleasantly with her father in the leadly insult and deep vows of vengeance. No study of such learning as was suited to her years, nkstand was ever flung by one boy into the face or perhaps rather to her capacity, which was far of the other; no savage blow from a horsewhip beyond her years; and on certain delicious nights, ever cut a fatal scar across the brow of either of to be remembered ever afterward, John Marchhe cousins. John Marchmont would have been mont took his little girl to the gallery of one or almost as puzzled to account for his objection to other of the transpontine theatres: and I am sorry his kinsman as was the nameless gentleman who to say that my heroine—for she is to be my heronaively confessed his dislike of Dr. Fell. I fear ine by-and-by—sucked oranges, ate Abernethy hat a great many of our likings and dislikings biscuits, and cooled her delicate nose against the tre too apt to be upon the Dr. Fell principle.— iron railing of the gallery, after the manner of the

entleman who was to be her destroyer. David speak of as standing between him and Marchmont laster Copperfield's. It may be that the school- been briefly recorded in all the newspapers, had by disliked his comrade because Paul March- never reached the knowledge of poor John Marchsont's handsome gray eyes were a little too near mont, who had no friends to busy themselves gether; because his thin and delicately-chiseled about his interests, or to rush eagerly to carry him ps were a thought too tightly compressed; be- any intelligence affecting his prosperity. Nor had use his cheeks would fade to an awful corpse- he read the obituary notice respecting Marmake whiteness under circumstances which would duke Marchmont, the bachelor, who had breathed eave brought the rushing life-blood, hot and red, this last stertorous breath in a fit of apoplexy exto another boy's face; because he was silent and actly one twelvemonth before the day upon which uppressed when it would have been more natural Edward Arundel had breakfasted in Oakley

CHAPTER IV

GOING AWAY.

ots considerably the worse for wear; and as the EDWARD ARGNDEL went from Montague Square on hand of poverty held John Marchmont even straight into the household of the private tutor rther back than Paul upon the hard road which of whom he had spoken, there to complete his ch had to tread, the quiet pride of the teacher education, and to be prepared for the onerous dumathematics most effectually kept him out of ties of a military life. From the household of s kinsman's way. He had only heard enough his private tutor he went at once into a cavalry Paul to know that he was living in London, regiment, after sundry examinations, which were id working hard for a living; working as hard not nearly so stringent in the year one thousand . John himself, perhaps, but at least able to eight hundred and forty as they have since besep affoat in a higher social position than the come. Indeed, I think the unfortunate young caw-stationer's hack and the banner-holder of dets who are educated upon the high-pressure system, and who are expected to give a synopsis of But Edward Arundel did not forget his friends; Portuguese political intrigue during the eighteenth Oakley Street. The boy made a morning call century, a scientific account of the currents of pon his father's solicitors, Messrs. Paulette, the Red Sea, and a critical disquisition upon the aulette, and Mathewson, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, comedies of Aristophanes as compared with those ad was so extremely eloquent in his needy of Pedro Calderon de la Barca—not forgetting to iend's cause as to provoke the good-natured glance at the effect of different ages and nationali-ughter of one of the junior partners, who deared that Mr. Edward Arundel ought to wear wrights, within a given period of, say half an hour silk gown before he was thirty. The result of —would have envied Mr. Arundel for the easy his interview was, that before the first month of manner in which he obtained his commission in a ne new year was out, John Marchmont had abandistinguished cavalry regiment. Edward Arundel oned the classic banner and the demoniac mask therefore inaugurated the commencement of the of a fortunate successor, and had taken possession year 1840 by plunging very deeply into the books of a hard-seated, slim-legged stool in one of the of a crack military tailor in New Burlington ffices of Messrs. Paulette, Paulette, and Mathew-Street, and by a visit to Dangerfield Park, where

rowful at this sudden partin; with her yellow-haired younger son. The boy and his mother walked together in the wintry sunset under the leafless beeches at Dangerfield, and talked of the dreary voyage that lay before the lad, the arid plains and cruel jungles far away; perils by sea } and perils by land; but across them all, Fame } waving her white arms, beckoning to the young soldier, and crying, 'Come, conqueror that shall be! come, through trial and danger, through fever and famine—come to your rest upon my blood-stained lap!' Surely this boy, being only just Surely this boy, being only just he said. eighteen years of ago, may be forgiven if he is a little romantic, a little over-eager and impressionable, a little too confident that the next thing to; going out to India as a sea-sick subaltern in a great transport ship, is coming home with the reputation of a Clive. Perhaps he may be forgiven, too, if, in his fresh enthusiasm, he sometimes forgot the shabby friend whom he had helped little better than a twelvemonth before, and the earnest hazel eyes that had shone upon him in the pitiful Oakley Street chamber. I do not say that he was utterly unmindful of his old teacher of had enlisted his mother's sympathy in Mary's mathematics. It was not in his nature to forget cause, and in which he spoke in very glowing any one who had need of his services; for this terms of the Indian expedition that lay before boy, so eager to be a soldier, was of the chival- him. rous temperament, and would have gone out to die for his mistress, or his friend, if need had been. He had received two or three grateful letters from John Marchmont, in each of which the ampton by coach at the end of this month, and lawyer's clerk spoke pleasantly of his new life, and hopefully of his health, which had improved \ Miss Mary I shall bring her home all kinds of considerably, he said, since his resignation of the tragic banner and the pantomimic mask. Neither had Edward quite forgotten his promise of enlisting Mrs. Arundel's sympathies in aid of the motherless little girl. In one of these wintry walks beneath the black branches at Dangerfield, the lad had told the sorrowful story of his wellborn tutor's poverty and humiliation.

'Only think, mother!' he cried, at the end of middle of January. He gave a despondent sign the little history. 'I saw the poor fellow carrying a great calico flag, and marching about at the heel of a procession, to be laughed at by the costermongers in the gallery; and I know that he is 'that we should be indifferent to the loss of the descended from a capital Lincolnshire family, one.' and will come in for no end of money if he only lives long enough. But if he should die, mother, and leave his little girl destitute, you'll look after

her, won't you?'

I don't know whether Mrs. Arundel quite entered into her son's ideas upon the subject of adopting Mary Marchmont, or whether she had any definite notion of bringing the little girl home to Dangerfield for the natural term of her life, in the event of the child being left an orphan. But she was a kind and charitable lady, and she scarcely cared to damp her boy's spirits by holding forth upon the doubtful wisdom of his adopting, or promising to adopt, any stray orphans who might cross his pathway.

'I hope the little girl may not lose her father, award 'she said, gently. 'Besides, dear, you Edward,' she said, gently. say that Mr. Marchmont tells you he has humble friends, who would take the child if any thing happened to him. He does not wish us to adopt the little girl; he only asks us to interest our-

selves in her fate.'

he went to make his adieux before sailing for you? You couldn't help doing so if you were to India, whither his regiment had just been ordered. see her. She's not like a child, you know—not I do not doubt that Mrs. Arundel was very sor- bit like Letitia. She is as grave and quiet as you are, mother—or graver, I think; and she look quite a lady, in spite of her poor, shabby pingfore and frock.

'Does she wear shabby frocks?' said the mo ther. 'I could help her in that matter, at all events, Ned. I might send her a great trunk full of Letitia's things. She outgrows them long be

fore they are shabby.'

The boy colored and shook his head.

'It's very kind of you to think of it, mother dear; but I don't think that would quite answer.

'Why not?'

Because, you see, John Marchmont is a gentleman; and, you know, though he's so dreadfully poor now, he is heir to Marchmont Towers. And though he didn't mind doing any thing in the world to earn a few shillings a week, he mightn't like to take cast-off clothes.'

So nothing more was to be said or done upon

the subject.

Edward Arundel wrote his humble friend a pleasant letter, in which he told John that he

'I wish I could come to say good-bye to you and Miss Mary before I go,' he wrote; but that's impossible. I go straight from here to South the Auckland sails on the 2d of February. Tell pretty presents from Afghanistan-ivory fans, and Cashmere shawls, and Chinese puzzles, and em broidered slippers with turned-up toes, and dia monds, and atter of roses, and such like; and m member that I expect you to write to me, and to give me the earliest news of your coming into the Lincolnshire property.'

John Marchmont received this letter in the as he refolded the boyish epistle after reading

to his little girl.

'We haven't so many friends, Polly,' he said

Mary Marchmont's cheek grew paler at he father's sorrowful speech. That imaginative tem perament, which was, as I have said, almost mor bid in its intensity, presented every object to the little girl in a light in which things are lookeds by very few children. Only these few works and her fancy roamed far away to that cruel land whose perils her father had described to her Only these few words, and she was away in the rocky Bolan Pass, under hurricanes of drifting snow; she saw the hungry soldiers fighting will savage dogs for the possession of foul carried She had heard all the perils and difficulties which had befollen the Army of the Indus in the year '39, and the womanly heart sank under the cruel memories.

'He will go to India and be killed, papa dear, she said. 'Oh, why, why do they let him go His mother can't love him, can she? She would never let him go if she did.'

John Marchmont was obliged to explain to his can't be that motherly love must not be seen that

the little girl; he only asks as to interest our selves in her fate.'

'And you will do that, mother darling?' cried to deprive a nation of its defenders; and that the boy. 'You will take an interest in her, won't crichest jewels which Cornelia can give to be

country are those ruby life-drops which flow from brandy-bottle and the dice-box; and, having done the hearts of her bravest and brightest sons. this, believed that he had performed his duty as Mary was a poor political economist; she could an Englishman and a father. not reason upon the necessity of chastising Persian insolence, or checking Russian encroach- to discourage her son by the sight of those natuments upon the far-away shores of the Indus. ral, womanly tears. If Miss Letitia Arundel Was Edward Arundel's bright head, with its was sorry to lose her brother she mourned with sureola of yellow hair, to be cloven asunder by most praiseworthy discretion, and did not forget

hree-volume novel, while her father was away

ette, and Mathewson.

orted by a gilded but crippled eagle, whose dig-since Christmas ity was somewhat impaired by the loss of a l doubt if any one at Dangerfield Park soring; but which bijou appeared to Mary to be a rowed as bitterly for the departure of the beyish tting adornment for the young Queen's palace in t. James's Park.

But neither the eagle nor the third volume of a rilling romance could comfort Mary upon this eak January day. She shut her book, and stood " the window, looking out into the dreary street, }

'It snowed in the Pass of Bolan,' she thought; novel in a shabby London lodging. and the treacherous Indians harassed the brave uldiers, and killed their camels. What will berme of him in that dreadful country? Shall w ever see him again?'

Yes, Mary, to your sorrow. Indian cimeters all let him go scathless, famine and fever will, s him by; but the hand which points to that r-away day on which you and he are to meet Il never fail or falter in its purpose until that ;

ween the mother and son.

the hunting of the red deer, with which his every breath of wind against the narrow case-ghborhood abounded. He sent his younger son ments. India as coolly as he had sent the elder to Ox- A broad stone terrace stretches the entire length d. The boy had little to inherit, and must be of the grim lacade, from tower to tower, and ance of speedy promotion for a good soldier. He gave the young cadet his blessing, reminded \ chief entrance. n of the limit of such supplies as he was to ex-

If Mrs. Arundel wept she wept in secret, loth In Afghan renegade's sabre, because the young to remind the young traveler that she expected to Shah of Persia had been contumacious? receive a mu-lin frock embroidered with beetle-Mary Marchmont wept silently that day over a wings by an early mail. And as Algernon Fairfax Dangerfield Arundel, the heir, was away at erving writs upon wretched insolvents, in his ca-{college, there was no one else to mourn. So Edacity of outdoor clerk to Messrs. Paulette, Pau- ward left the house of his forefathers by a branch coach, which started from the 'Arundel Arms' in The young lady no longer spent her quiet days time to meet the 'Telegraph' at Exeter; and no the two-pair back. Mr. Marchmont and his noisy lamentations shook the sky above Dangeraughter had remained faithful to Oakley Street, field Park, no mourning voices echoed through nd the proprietress of the ladies wardrobe, who the spacious rooms. The old servants were as a good, motherly creature; but they had de-sorry to lose the younger-born, whose easy, gesended to the grandeur of the first floor, whose nial temperament had made him an especial faorgeous decorations Mary had glanced at fur-vorite; but there was a certain admixture of jovely in the days gone by, when the splendid viality with their sorrow, as there generally is hambers were occupied by an elderly and repro-with all mourning in the basement; and the strong ate commission agent, who seemed utterly indif- ale, the famous Dangerfield October, went faster rent to the delights of a convex mirror, sup- upon that 31st of January than upon any day

> soldier as a romantic young lady of nine years old, in Oakley street, Lambeth, whose one sentimental day-dream, half childish, half womanly, owned Edward Arundel as its centre figure.

So the curtain falls on the picture of a brave ship sailing eastward, her white canvas strained at seemed so blotted and dim under the falling against the cold gray February sky, and a little ow.

CHAPTER V

MARCHMONT TOWERS.

THERE is a lapse of three years and a half between the acts; and the curtain rises to reveal a widely-different picture: the picture of a noble We have no need to dwell upon the prepara-mansion in the flat Lincolnshire country; a stately is which were made for the young soldier's de-pile of building, standing proudly forth against ture from home, nor on the tender farewells a back-ground of black woodland; a noble building, supported upon either side by an octagon VIr. Arundel was a country gentleman pur et tower, whose solid masonry is half nidden by ple; a hearty, broad-shouldered squire, who the ivy which clings about the stone-work, trail-I no thought above his farm and his dog-kennel, ing here and there, and flapping restlessly with

wided for in a gentlemanly manner. Other three flights of steps lead from the terrace to the inger sons of the house of Arundel had fought broad lawn, which loses itself in a vast grassy I conquered in the Honorable East India Com- flat, only broken by a few comps of trees and a ny's service; and was Edward any better than dismal pool of black water, but called by courm, that there should be sentimental whining tesy a park. Grim stone griffins surmount the cause the lad was going away to fight his way terrace steps, and griffins, wheats and other arfortune, if he could? He even went further chitectural monstrosities, worn and moss-grown, in this, and declared that Master Edward was keep watch and ward over every door and win-ucky dog to be going out at such a time, when down every archway and abutment, frowning are was plenty of fighting, and a very fair threat and defiance upon the daring visitor who approaches the great house by this, the formidable

The mansion looks westward; but there is ct from home, bade him keep clear of the another approach, a low archway on the southern

side, which leads into a quadrangle, where there summer twilight. But as this story was not paris a quaint little door under a stone portico, ivy- ticularly romantic, and possessed none of the covered like the rest—a comfortable little door of elements likely to insure popularity, such as love, massive oak, studded with knobs of rusty iron—a jealousy, revenge, mystery, youth, and beauty, door generally affected by visitors familiar with it had never been very widely disseminated. the house.

mansion, which had been a monastery in the days was about the last person in Christendom to be when England and the Pope were friends and al- hypercritical, or to raise fanciful objections to lies, and which had been he to reason in Christendom to be when England and the Pope were friends and allies; and which had been bestowed upon Hugh his dwelling; for inasmuch as he had come Marchmont, gentleman, by his Sovereign Lord straight from a wretched transpontine lodging to and most Christian Majesty the King, Henry VIII, this splendid Lincolnshire mansion, and had at of blessed memory, and by that gentleman commoner extended and improved at considerable lings a week for an income of eleven thousand a outlay. This is Marchmont Towers-a splendid year, derivable from lands that spread far away and a princely habitation, truly; but perhaps over fenny flats and low-lying farms, to the soliscarcely the kind of dwelling one would choose, tary sea-shore, he had ample reason to be grateout of every other resting-place upon earth, for ful to Providence, and well pleased with his new the holy resting-place we call home. The great abode. mansion is a little too dismal in its lonely grandeur; it lacks shelter when the dreary winds come sweeping across the grassy flats in the bleak winter weather; it lacks shade when the western sun { blazes on every window-pane in the stifling sum-{after which loss he had never been known to mer evening. It is at all times rather too stony smile. in its aspect, and is apt to remind one, almost men, v painfully, of every weird and sorrowful story treasured in the storehouse of memory. Ancient ? tales of enchantment, dark German legends, wild ; Scottish fancies, gram fragments of half-forgotten } demonology, strange stories of murder, violence, mystery, and wrong, vaguely intermingle in the stranger's mind, as he looks, for the first time, at Marchmont Towers.

But of course these feelings wear off in time. So invincible is the power of custom, that we! might make ourselves comfortable in the Castle of Otranto after a reasonable sojourn within its mysterious walls. Familiarity would breed contempt for the giant helmet, and all the other grim } apparitions of the haunted dwelling. The commonplace and ignoble wants of everyday life Nothing had been touched or disturbed sinc must surely bring disenchantment with them. Philip Marchmont's death. contemporaneously; and the avenging shade can scarcely continue to lurk beneath the portal which? this is doubtiess the reason that the most restless and immediate retribution, will yet wait until the shades of night have fallen before he reveals himself, rather than run the risk of an ignominmay have perambulated the long tapestried corridors, the tenantless chambers, the broad black staircase of shining oak; all the dead and gone beauties, and soldiers, and lawyers, and parsons, and simple country squires of the Marchmont race, may have descended from their pictureframes to hold a witches' sabbath in the old house; but as the Lincolnshire servants were hearty eaters and heavy sleepers, the ghosts had it all to themselves. I believe there was one dismal story attached to the house—the story of a Marchmont of the time of Charles I., who had murdered his coachman in a fit of insensate rage; and it was even asserted, upon the authority of an old housekeeper, that John Marchmont's grandmother, when a young woman and lately come as a bride to the Towers, had be-only change in the old house; and even that held the murdered coachman stalk into her change was a very trifling one. Mary and her chamber, ghastly and blood-bedabbled, in the dim

I should think that the new owner of March-This is Marchmont Towers—a grand and stately mont Towers—new within the last six months the same time exchanged a stipend of thirty shil-

Yes; Philip Marchmont, the childless widower, had died six months before, at the close of the year '43, of a broken heart, his old servants said -broken by the loss of his only and idolized son; He was one of those undemonstrative men, who can take a great sorrow quietly, and only-die of it. Philip Marchmont lay in a velvet-covered coffin, above his son's, in a stone recess set apart for them in the Marchmont vault beneath Kemberling Church, three miles from the Towers; and John reigned in his stead. John Marchmont, the supernumerary, the patient, conscientious copying and outdoor clerk of Lincoln's Inn, was now sole owner of the Lincolnshire estate, sole master of a household of well-trained old servants, sole proprietor of a very decencountry gentleman's stud, and of chariots, ba rouches, chaises, phaetons, and other vehiclesa little old-fashioned and out of date, it may be but very comfortable to a man for whom an om nibus ride had long been a treat and a rarity.-The rooms he had The ghost and the butcher's boy cannot well exist, used were still the occupied apartments; th chambers he had chosen to shut up were still kep with locked doors; the servants who had serve is visited by the matutinal milkman. Indeed, him waited upon his successor, whom they de clared to be a quiet, easy gentleman, far too wis and impatient spirit, bent on early vengeance to interfere with old servants, every one of whor knew the ways of the house a great deal bette than he did, though he was the master of it.

There was therefore no shadow of change is ious encounter with the postman or the parlor- the stately mansion. The dinner-bell still ranga Be it how it might, the phantoms of the same hour; the same trades-people left the Marchmont Towers were not intrusive. They same species of wares at the low oaken door; the old housekeeper, arranging her simple menu planned her narrow round of soups and roasts, sweets and made dishes, exactly as she had been wont to do, and had no new tastes to consult. A gray-haired bachelor, who had been own man to Philip, was now own man to John. The carriage which had conveyed the late lord every Sunday to morning and afternoon service at Kemberling conveyed the new lord, who sat in the same seat that his predecessor had occupied in the great family-pew, and read his prayers out of the same book—a noble, crimson morocco-covered volume, in which George, our most gracious King and Governor, and all manner of dead and gone prin-

girl clung to her father as tenderly as ever—more nished, and that there was no room for any of tenderly than ever, perhaps; for she knew some- those splendors which she had so often contemthing of that which the physicians had said, and { plated in the New Cut. The parrot at the greenshe knew that John Marchmont's lease of life was { not a long one. Perhaps it would be better to } say that he had no lease at all. His soul was a tenant on sufferance in its frail earthly habitation, not practicable; and John Marchmont had dereceiving a respite now and again, when the } flicker of the lamp was very low, every chance { daughter. breath of wind threatening to extinguish it forever. It was only those who knew John Marchmont very intimately who were fully acquainted { with the extent of his danger. He no longer bore } any of those fatal outward signs of consumption, which fatigue and deprivation had once made { unnatural brightness of the eyes had subsided; indeed, John seemed much stronger and heartier than of old; and it is only great medical practitioners who can tell to a nicety what is going on inside a man, when he presents a very fair exterior to the unprofessional eye. But John was decidedly better than he had been. He might live three years, five, seven, possibly even ten years; but he must live the life of a man who holds himself perpetually upon his defence against death; and he must recognize in every bleak current of wind, in every chilling damp, or persious heat, or over-exertion, or ill-chosen morsel of food, or hasty emotion, or sudden passion, an insidious attack upon the part of his dismal enemy.

Mary Marchmont knew all this-or divined it, perhaps, rather than knew it, with the child-woman's subtle power of divination, which is even stronger than the actual woman's; for her father had done his best to keep all sorrowful knowledge from her. She knew that he was in danger; and she loved him all the more dearly as the one precious thing which was in constant peril of being snatched away. The child's love for her father has not grown any less morbid in its intensity since Edward Arundel's departure for India; nor has Mary become more childlike since her coming to Marchmont Towers, and her abandonment of all those sordid cares, those pitiful every day duties, which had made her womanly.

it may be that the last lingering glamour of childhood had forever faded away with the realization of the day-dream which she had carried about with her so often in the dingy transpontine (short homilies upon the depravity and ingratitude thoroughfares around Oakley Street. Marchmont of the recipients, and gave tracts of an awful and Towers, that fairy palace, whose lighted windows { had shone upon her far away across a cruel forest of poverty and trouble, like the enchanted castle which appears to the lost wanderer of the child's are you wicked? Will you repent? What will become The grim enchanter, Death, the only magician of Mink! Pause, while there is time! Sinner, consider! our modern histories, had waved his skeleton hand, more powerful than the star-gemmed wand { of any fairy godmother, and the obstacles which had stood between John Marchmont and his inheritance had one by one been swept away.

But was Marchmont Towers quite as beautiful as that fairy palace of Mary's day-dream? No, not quite; not quite. The rooms were handsome –handsomer and larger, even, than the rooms she $^{\flat}$ had dreamed of; but perhaps none the better for that. They were grand and gloomy and magnificent; but they were not the sunlit chambers which her fancy had built up, and decorated with such shreds and patches of splendor as her narrow upon a stubborn and refractory race. But the experience enabled her to devise. Perhaps it authors of the tracts may have never read this

ers as they had been in Oakley Street. The little to discover that the mansion was completely furgrocer's was a vulgar bird, and not by any means admirable in Lincolnshire. The carrying away and providing for her favorite tradespeople was murred to her proposal of adopting the butcher's

There is always something to be given up even when our brightest visions are realized; there is always some one figure, a low one, perhaps, missing in the fullest sum of earthly happiness. I dare say, if Alnaschar had married the Vizier's daughter, he would have found her a shrew, and painfully conspicuous. The hectic flush and the would have looked back yearningly to the humble days in which he had been an itinerant vendor of

crockery-ware.

If, therefore, Mary Marchmont found her sunlit fancies not quite realized by the great stony mansion that frowned upon the fenny countryside, the wide grassy plat, the black pool, with its dismal shelter of weird pollard-willows, whose ugly shadows, distorted on the bosom of the quiet water, looked like the shadows of hump-backed men-if these things did not compose as beautiful a picture as that which the little girl had carried so long in her mind, she had no more reason to be sorry than the rest of us, and had been no more Well, the dream foolish than other dreamers. was over, and she was quite a woman now; a woman, very grateful to Providence when she remembered that her father had no longer need to toil for his daily bread, and that he was luxuriously lodged, and could have the first physicians in the land at his beck and call.

'Oh, papa, it is so nice to be rich!' the young lady would exclaim now and then, in a fleeting 'How good we ought transport of enthusiasm. to be to the poor people, when we remember how poor we once were!

And the little girl did not forget to be good to the poor about Kemberling and Marchmont Towers. There were plenty of poor, of course; free and easy pensioners, who came to the Towers for brandy, and wine, and milk, and woolen stuffs, and grocery, precisely as they would have gone to a shop, except that there was to be no bill. The housekeeper doled out her bounties with many. denunciatory nature to the pitiful petitioners .-Tracts interrogatory, and tracts fiercely imperative; tracts that asked, Where are you going? Why story, was now the home of the father she loved. of you? and other tracts, which cried, Stop, and Evil-doer, beware! Perhaps t may not be the wisest possible plan to begin the work of reformation by frightening, threatening, and otherwise disheartening the wretched sinner to be reformed. There is a certain sermon in the New Testament containing sacred and comforting words, which were spoken upon a mountain near at hand to Jerusalem, and spoken to an auditory among which there must have been many sinful creatures; but there is more of blessing than cursing in that sublime discourse, and it might be rather a tender father pleading gently with his wayward children than an off-nded Deity dealing out denunciation was rather a disappointment to Miss Marchmont (sermon, perhaps, and they may take their ideas

we read on Ash Wednesday, cowering in fear, recalling him to England. and trembling in our pews, and calling down; curses upon ourselves and our neighbors. Be it as it boy here, Polly,' John said, as he drew his little might, the tracts were not popular among the pengirl closer to his breast—she sat on his knee still, sioners of Marchmont Towers. They infinitely though she was thirteen years of age—"but Edpreserred to hear Mary read a chapter in the New Ward has a career before him, my dear, and could Testament, or some pretty patriarchal story of not give it up for an inglorious life in this ramprimitive obedience and faith. The little girl bling old house. It isn't as if I could hold out any would discourse upon the Scripture histories in inducement to him you know. Polly. I can't: would discourse upon the Scripture histories in inducement to him, you know, Polly. I can't; her simple, old-fashioned manner; and many a for I mustn't leave any money away from my stout Lincolnshire farm laborer was content to sit ! little girl.' over his hearth, with a pipe of shag-tobacco and a mug of fettled beer, while Miss Marchmont read and expounded the history of Abraham and I do with money if— Isaac, or Joseph and his brethren.

man would say to his wife; 'and yet she brings it' all hoame, too, loike. If she reads about Abraham, she'll say, maybe, "That's joost how you gave your only son to be a soldier, you know, Muster Moogins"—she allus says Muster Moogins -- "you gave un into God's hands, and you troosted? God would take care of un; and whatever cam to un would be the best, even if it was death." next door but one to those of Messrs. Paulette, That's what she'll say, bless her little heart! so sentle and tender loike. The worst o' chaps ment in the supplement which it was one of his ment in the supplement which it was one of his gentle and tender loike. couldn't but listen to her.'

Mary Marchmont's morbidly sensitive nature adapted her to all charitable offices. No chance word in her simple talk ever inflicted a wound? upon the listener. She had a subtle and intuitive ? comprehension of other people's feelings, derived from the extreme susceptibility of her own. She poverty; for her self-contained nature took no color from the things that surrounded her, and she was only at Marchmont Towers that which she had been from the age of six—a little lady, grave and gentle, dignified, discreet, and wise.

There was one bright figure missing out of the picture which she had been wont of late years to make { it.' of the Lincolnshire mansion, and that was the figure of the yellow-haired boy who had breakfasted \ chair and looked aghast at his clerk. Had this upon haddocks and hot rolls in Oakley Street. She Marchmont—always rather unnaturally reserved had imagined Edward Arundel an inhabitant of and eccentric—gone suddenly mad? No; the that fair Utopia. He would live with them; or, if copying-clerk stood by his side, grave, self-poshe could not live with them, he would be with them (sessed as ever, with his forefinger upon the adas a visitor—often—almost always. He would leave off being a soldier, for, of course, her papa He would vertisement. could give him more money than he could get by { being a soldier—(you see that Mary's experience) of poverty had taught her to take a mercantile and sordid view of military life)—and he would come to Marchmont Towers, and ride, and drive. hooking his arm through that of his clerk, snatchand play tennis-what was tennis? she wondered ing his hat from an adjacent stand, and dashing —and read three-volume novels all day long. But through the outer office, down the great stair-that part of the dream was at least broken.—case, and into the next door but one, before John Marchmont Towers was Mary's home, but the (Marchmont knew where he was. young soldier was far away; in the Pass of Bolan perhaps-Mary had a picture of that cruel rocky mont Towers was his, with all its appurtenances. pass almost always in her mind-or cutting his way through a black jungle, with the yellow eyes of hungry tigers glaring out at him through the } loathsome tropical foliage; or dying of thirst and than a week. On a shelf above the high wooden fever under a scorching sun, with no better pillow desk at which John had sat, copying law-papers, than the neck of a dead camel, with no more ten- with a weary hand and an aching spine, appeared der watcher than the impatient vulture flapping two bran-new deed-boxes, inscribed, in white her wings above his head, and waiting till he too letters, with the name and address of John should be carrion. What was the good of wealth, Marchmont, Esq., Marchmont Towers. The if it could not bring this young soldier home to a copying-clerk's sudden accession to fortune was safe shelter in his native land? John Marchmont the talk of all the employe's in 'the Fields.' Marchmont the talk of all the apploye's in the fields.' Marchmont the talk of all the employe's in the fields.' Marchmont the talk of all the employe's in the fields.' Marchmont the talk of all the employe's in the fields.' Marchmont the talk of all the employe's in the fields.'

of composition from that comforting service which implored her father to write to Edward Arundel,

'God knows how glad I should be to have the

But he might have half my money, papa, or all of it,' Mary added, piteously. What could

She didn't finish the sentence; she never could 'It's joost loike a story-book to hear her,' the complete any such sentence as this; but her father knew what she meant.

So six months had passed since a dreary January day upon which John Marchmont had read in the second column of the Times that he could hear of something greatly to his advantage by applying to a certain solicitor, whose offices were duties to air before the fire in the clerks' office; but he showed no other sign of emotion. He waited until he took the papers to his employer; and as he laid them at Mr. Mathewson's elbow, murmured a respectful request to be allowed to go out for half an hour upon his own business.

had never been vulgarized by the associations of lawyer; 'what can you want to go out for at this time in the morning? You've only just come; and there's that agreement between Higgs and Sandyman must be copied before—'

'Yes, I know, Sir; I'll be back in time to attend to it; but I-1 think I've come into a fortune, Sir; and I should like to go and see about

The solicitor turned in his revolving library-

'Marchmont-John-call-Messrs. Tindal and Trollam-' gasped Mr. Mathewson. 'Do you mean to tell me it's you?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Egad, I'll go with you!' cried the solicitor,

John had not deceived his employer. March-Messrs. Paulette, Paulette, and Mathewson took him in hand, much to the chagrin of Messrs. Tindal and Trollam, and proved his identity in less smiled when his daughter asked this question, and mont Towers was exaggerated into all Lincoln-

sand a year was expanded into an annual million. Every body expected largesse from the legatee. how magnanimously they had concealed their sen-them tenderly when the linen grew frayed at the timents during his poverty, lest they should wound sharp edges of the folds, or the button-holes gave him, as they urged, 'which' they knew he was signs of weakness. Corson, Mr. Marchmont's sensitive; and how expansively they now dilated own man, had care of the shirts now; and John on their long-suppressed emotions! Of course, wore diamond studs and a black satin waistcoat under these circumstances, it is hardly likely that when he gave a dinner-party. They were not every body could be satisfied; so, it is a small thing very lively, those Lincolnshire dinner-parties; to say that the dinner which John gave—by his though the dessert was a sight to look upon, in late employers' suggestion (he was about the last Mary's eyes. The long, shining table, the red man to think of giving a dinner)—at the 'Albion and gold and purple and green Indian china, the Tavern,' to the legal staff of Messrs. Paulette, fluffy woolen d'oyleys, the sparkling cut-glass, the Paulette, and Mathewson, and such acquaintance sticky preserved ginger and guava-jelly, and dried of the legal profession as they should choose to orange rings and chips, and all the stereotyped invite, was a failure; and that gentlemen who sweetmeats, were very grand and beautiful, no were pretty well used to dine upon liver and bacon, or beef-steak and onions, or the joint, vegetables, bread, cheese, and celery for a shilling, than a brown-paper bag of oranges from the
turned up their noses at the turbot, murmured at
turned up their noses at the turbot, murmured at
twestminster Road, and a bottle of two-and-twothe paucity of green fat in the soup, made light
of red mullet and ortolans, objected to the flavor

Sorough, to promote conviviality. of the truffles, and were contemptuous about the

John knew nothing of this. He had lived a separate and secluded existence; and his only thought now was of getting away to Marchmont Towers, which had been familiar to him in his boyhood, when he had been wont to go there on occasional visits to his grandfather. He wanted

Street days of privation and endurance seem to that they were once so poor and desolate. It is of Grimsby. county sons by-and-by!—the county daughters dis-course with Mary about her poor, and her fancy-work, and her piano. She is getting on slowly enough with her piano, poor little girl, under the tuition of the organist of Swampington, who gives ern drawing-room, watching the ceaseless falling lessons to that part of the county. And there are of the rain upon this dreary summer afternoon. solemn dinners now and then at Marchmont Tow-She is little changed since the day upon which ers; dinners at which Miss Mary appears when Edward Arundel saw her in Oakley Street. She the cloth has been removed, and reflects in silent is taller, of course; but her figure is as slender wonder upon the change that has come to her and childish as ever; it is only her face in which father and herself. Can it be true that she has the carnestness of premature womanhood reveals

shire and a tidy slice of Yorkshire. Eleven thou-{ woman, who made a morning call every Monday with John Marchmont's shabby shirts. The shirts were not shabby now; and it was no longer Mary's How fond people had been of the quiet clerk, and duty to watch them day by day, and manipulate

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S RETURN.

THE rain beats down upon the battlemented to get away from the turmoil and confusion of the roof of Marchmont Towers this July day as if it big, heartless city, in which he had endured so had a mind to flood the old mansion. The flat much; he wanted to carry away his little girl to waste of grass, and the lonely clumps of trees, a quiet country home, and live and die there in are almost blotted out by the falling rain. The peace. He liberally rewarded all the good people low gray sky shuts out the distance. This part of about Oakley Street who had been kind to little Lincolnshire—fenny, misty, and flat always—Mary; and there was weeping and regret in the seems flatter and mistier than usual to-day. The regions of the Ladies' Wardrobe when Mr. March- rain beats hopelessly upon the leaves in the wood mont and his daughter went away one bitter win- behind Marchmont Towers, and splashes into ter's morning, in a cab which was to carry them great pools beneath the trees, until the ground is to the hostelry whence the coach started for Lin- almost hidden by the falling water; and the trees seem to be growing out of a black lake. The land It is strange to think how far those Oakley is lower behind Marchmont Towers, and slopes down gradually to the bank of a dismal river, have receded in the memories of both father and which straggles through the Marchmont property daughter. The impalpable past fades away, and at a snail's pace, to gain an impetus farther on, it is difficult for John and his little girl to believe until it hurries into the sea somewhere northward that they were once so poor and desolate. It is of Grimsby. The wood is not held in any great Oakley Street now that is visionary and unreal. favor by the household at the Towers; and it has The stately county families bear down upon been a pet project of several Marchmonts to level Marchmont Towers in great lumbering chariots, and drain it, but a project not very easily to be with brazen crests upon the hammer-cloths, and carried out. Marchmont Towers is said to be unsulky coachmen in Crown-George wigs. The healthy, as a dwelling-house, by reason of this county mammas patronize and caress Miss March-wood, from which miasmas rise in certain states mont-what a match she will be for one of the of the weather; and it is on this account that the

ever lived in Oakley Street? whither came no itself, in a grave and sweet screntry very beautimore aristocratic visitors than her Aunt Sophia, ful to contemplate. Her soft brown eyes have a who was the wife of a Berkshire farmer, and always pensive shadow in their gentle light; her mouth brought hogs-puddings, and butter, and homemade bread, and other rustic delicacies to her Grey, of Mary Stuart, of Marie Antoinette, Char brother-in-law; or Mrs. Brigsome, the washer-lotte Corday, and other fated women, that in the

feature or in some expression, the shadow of the Street, was almost too much for her to bear with-End; an impalpable, indescribable presage of an awful future, vaguely felt by those who looked upon them.

Is it thus with Mary Marchmont? Has the 'I am so glad to see you,' she said, quietly; 'and solemn hand of Destiny set that shadowy brand papa will be so glad too. It is the only thing we man the face of this child. upon the face of this child, that even in her prosperity, as in her adversity, she should be so utterly different from all other children? Is she already marked out for some womanly martyrdom; already set apart for more than common suffering?

busy with his agent. Wealth does not mean immunity from all care and trouble; and Mr. Marchmont has plenty of work to get through, in conjunction with his land-steward, a hard-headed Yorkshireman, who lives at Kemberling, and insists on doing his duty with pertinacious honesty.

carriage-drive.

Who can come to see us on such a day?' Mary thought. 'It must be Mr. Gormby, I suppose'the agent's name was Gormby-'Mr. Gormby never cares about the wet; but then I thought he was with papa. Oh, I hope it isn't any body

coming to call.'

But Mary forgot all about the struggling equestrian the next moment. She had some morsel of and how soon he would be made General-in-chief fancy-work upon her lap, and picked it up and (went on with it, setting slow stitches, and letting her thoughts wander far away from Marchmont Towers. To India, Lam afraid; or to that imaginary India which she had created for herself out of in my shoulder from an Afghan musket, and I'm such images as were to be picked up in the 'Ara-' home on sick-leave.' bian Nights.' She was roused suddenly by the opening of a door at the farther end of the room, and by the voice of a servant who mumbled a name which sounded something like Mr. Armenhes aid, laughing. 'Our fellows are very glad of ger.

The 8th

She rose, blushing a little, to do honor to one { of her father's country acquaintance, as she ?

way toward her.

'I would come, Miss Marchmont,' he said,--'I would come, though the day was so wet; every body vowed I was mad to think of it, and it was as much as my poor brute of a horse could do to to win you know. I'm only a lieutenant as yet." get over the ten miles of swamp between this and my uncle's house; but I would come. him he'd come into the Lincolnshire property? then, on the other hand, there was a twelve-Didn't I always say so, now? berth in the War Office, and he's such a snob!— mont Towers. It was such inexpressible happiwhen I told him the news! It was as long as my ness to see him once more, to know that he was arm. But I must see John, dear old fellow; I safe and well, that she could scarcely do otherlong to congratulate him.'

Mary stood with her hands clasped, and her. She ran to John Marchmont's study to tell him breath coming quickly. The blush had quite faded of the coming of this welcome visitor; but she out, and left her unusually pale, but Edward Arundel did not see this. Young gentlemen of fourand-twenty are not very attentive to every change so glad.

of expression in little girls of thirteen.

'Oh, is it you, Mr. Arundel? Is it really you?' She spoke in a low voice, and it was almost difficult to keep the rushing tears back while she did well, happy, light-hearted, cordial, handsome, come been given than that which greeted Edward and brave, as she had seen him four and a half Arundel at Marchmont Towers.

gayest hours of their youth they bore upon some { years before in the two-pair back in Oakley out the relief of tears. But she controlled her emotion as bravely as if she had been a woman

of twenty.

want, now we are rich, to have you with us. We have talked of you so often; and I-we-have been so unhappy sometimes, thinking that-

'That I should be killed, I suppose?

'Yes; or wounded very, very badly. She sits alone this afternoon, for her father is the in India have been dreadful, have they not? Mr. Arundel smiled at her earnestness.

'They have not been exactly child's play,' he said, shaking back his auburn hair and smoothing his thick mustache. He was a man now, and a very handsome one; something of that type which is known in this year of grace as 'swell;' but The large brown eyes looked wistfully out at brave and chivalrous withal, and not afflicted with the dismal waste and the falling rain. There was any impediment in his speech. 'The men who a wretched equestrian making his way along the talk of the Afghans as a chicken-hearted set of fellows are rather out of their reckoning. The Indians can fight, Miss Mary, and fight like the devil; but we can lick 'em.

He walked over to the fire-place, where there was a fire burning upon this chilly wet day; and began to shake himself dry. Mary, following him with her eyes, wondered if there was such another soldier in all her Majesty's dominions.

of the Army of the Indus.

Then you've not been wounded at all, Mr. Arandel? she said, after a pause.

'Oh yes, I've been wounded; and I got a bullet

This time he saw the expression of her face,

and interpreted her look of alarm.

come home before long, all of 'em; and I've a twelvemonth's leave of absence; and we're pretty thought; when a fair-haired gentleman dashed in, sure to be ordered out again by the end of that very much excited and very wet, and made his time, as I don't believe there's much chance of quiet over there.'

'You will go out again!'

Edward Arundel smiled at her mournful tone. 'To be sure, Miss Mary; I have my captaincy

'It was only a twelvemonth's reprieve, after all, Where's then,' Mary thought. He would go again to suf-John? I want to see John. Didn't I always tell ' fer, and to be wounded, and to die, perhaps. But You should have, month's respite, and her father might in that time seen Martin Mostyn's face—he's got a capital prevail upon the young soldier to stay at Marchwise than see all things in a sunny light just now.

She ran to John Marchmont's study to tell him wept upon her father's shoulder before she could explain who it was whose coming had made her Very few friendships had broken the monotony of her solitary existence; and Edward Arundel was the only chivalrous image she had

ever known out of her books.

John Marchmont was scarcely less pleased than She had pictured him so often in peril, in his child to see the man who had befriended him Never has more heart-felt welArundel;' John said; 'you will stop for Septem-You know you promised ber and the shooting. you'd make this your shooting-box; and we'll } build the tennis-court. Heaven knows there's room enough for it in the great quadrangle, and ; there's a billiard-room over this, though I'm afraid he ran off about Marchmont Towers, and insisted the table is out of order. But we can soon set upon being shown over the house; and perhaps that right, can't we, Polly?'

was sometimes difficult for her to remember that I long corridors, and resounded in the unoccupied her father was really rich, and had no need of rooms, help out of her pocket-money. The slender savings in the little purse had often given him some thing. luxury that he would not otherwise have had in the time gone by.

'You got my letter, then?' John said; 'the letter ?

in which I told you-

'That Marchmont Towers was yours. Yes, my dear old boy. That letter was among a packet my agent brought me half an hour before I left Calcutta. God bless you, dear old fellow; how glad I was to hear of it! I've only been in England a I went straight from Southampton to fortnight. Dangerfield to see my father and mother, staid there little over ten days, and then offended them all by running away. I reached Swampington } yesterday, slept at my uncle Hubert's, paid my respects to my cousin Olivia, who is-well, I've { told you what she is—and rode over here this \best style—his earlier style, you know, before he morning, much to the annoyance of the inhabitants of the Rectory. So, you see, I've been doing nothing but offending people for your sake, John, and for yours, Miss Mary. By-the-by, I've brought you such a doll!'

A doll! Mary's pale face flushed a faint crim-Did he think her such a child, then, this soldier; did he think her only a silly child, with no thought above a doll, when she would have

had read of in some of her novels?

Edward Arundel saw that faint crimson glow

lighting up in her face.

'I beg your pardon, Miss Marchmont,' he said.; sky 'I was only joking; of course you are a young lady now, almost grown up, you know. Can you play chess?

'No, Mr. Arundel.'

set of chessmen that once belonged to Dost Mo- different Edward Arundel was to all the rest of hammed Khan.

The young soldier could not help being amused dier in his single person. by the little girl's earnestness. She was about the same age as his sister Letitia; but oh, how ward young lady, who tore the pillow-lace upon sunlight. her muslin frocks, rumpled her long ringlets, One of rasped the skin off the sharp points of her elbows Marchmont's simple black sitk frock; no plait moves upon the chess-board. disarranged in the neat cambric tucker that en- 'so you don't know my cousin Olivia:' the circled the slender white throat. Intellect here young soldier said, by-and-by. 'That's odd! I reigned supreme. Instead of the animal spirits should have thought she would have called upon of a thoughtless child, there was a woman's loving you long before this.'

'You will stay with us, of course, my dear | carefulness for others, a woman's unselfishness and devotion.

Edward Arundel did not understand all this,

but perhaps the greater part of it.

'Sne is a dear little thing,' he thought, as he watched her clinging to her father's arm; and then for the first time since the young heir had shot 'Yes, yes, papa; out of my pocket-money, if) himself to death upon a bright September morn-you like.' (ing in a stubble-field within ear-shot of the park, Mary Marchmont said this in all good faith. It the sound of merry laughter echoed through the

Edward Arundel was in raptures with every There never was such a dear old place, 'Gloomy,' 'dreary,' 'draughty,' pshaw! he said. Cut a few logs out of that wood at the back there, pile 'em up in the wide chimneys, and set a light to 'em, and Marchmont Towers would be like a baronial mansion at Christmas-time. He declared that every dingy portrait he looked at was a Rubens or a Velasquez or a Vandyke, a Holbein or a Lely.

'Look at that fur border to the old woman's black velvet gown, John; look at the coloring of the hands! Do you think that any body but Peter Paul could have painted that Do you see that girl with the blue satin stomacher and the flaxen ringlets?-one of your ancestresses, Miss Mary, and very like you. If that isn't in Sir Peter Lely's was spoiled by royal patronage and got lazy-I

know nothing of painting.'

The young soldier ray on in this manner, as he hurried his host from room to room; now throwing open windows to look out at the wet prospect; now rapping against the wainscoat to find secret hiding-places behind sliding panels; now stamping on the oak flooring in the hope of discovering a He pointed out at least ten eligible trap-door. gone out to India, and braved every peril of that sites for the building of the tennis-court; he sugcruel country, to be his nurse and comfort in fever (gested more alterations and improvements than a and sickness, like the brave Sisters of Mercy she builder could have completed in a lifetime. The place brightened under the influence of his presence, as a landscape lights up under a burst of sudden sunshine breaking through a dull gray

Mary Marchmont did not wait for the removal of the table-cloth that evening, but dined with her father and his friend in a snug oak-paneled chamber, half breakfast-room, half library, which 'I am sorry for that; for I have brought you a opened out of the western drawing-room. How But I'll teach you the game if the world, Miss Marchmont thought; how gay, 'Oh yes, Mr. Arundel; I should like it very, families, mustered in their fullest force, couldn't very much.' make such mirth among them as this young sol-

The evening was an evening in fairy-land. Life was sometimes like the last scene in a pantomime. widely different to that bouncing and rather way-lafter all, with rose-colored cloud and golden

One of the Marchmont servants went over to Swampington early the next day to fetch Mr by repeated falls upon the gravel-paths at Dan- Arundel's portmanteaus from the Rectory; and gerfield, and tormented a long-suffering Swiss at-tendant, half-lady's-maid, half-governess, from Marchmont took her seat opposite Edward, and morning till night! No fold was awry in Mary listened reverently while he explained to her the

to see us; and I should so like to have seen her, sea meets the horizon. because she would have told me about you. Mr.? Arundel has called once or twice upon papa; but is something redeemed by the vague air of ro-I have never seen him. He is not our clergyman, mance and old-world mystery which pervades it.

But, for all that, I should have thought Olivia dered by the low and moss-grown walls, make a would have called upon you. I'll drive you over picture which is apt to dwell in the minds of those

as to the propriety of committing his little girl to across a patch of tangled grass and through a Edward Arundel's charioteership for a ten-mile lane of sunken and lop-sided tombstones, to the drive upon a wretched road. Be it as it might, a low vestry door. The Rectory itself is a long, lumbering barouche, with a pair of overfed horses, irregular building, to which one incumbent after was ordered next morning, instead of the high, another has built the additional chamber, or old-fashioned gig which the soldier had proposed chimney, or porch, or bow-window, necessary for driving; and the safety of the two young people his accommodation. There is very little garden was confided to a sober old coachman, rather in front of the house, but a patch of lawn and sulky at the prospect of a drive to Swampington shrubbery and a clump of old trees at the back. so soon after the rainy weather.

Lincolnshire; and the July morning was bright; the carriage. and pleasant, the low hedges fragrant with sterry, 'No, not very pretty,' Mary answered; 'but I opal-tinted wild roses and waxen honey-suckle, don't think any thing is pretty in Lincolnshire. the yellowing corn waving in the light summer Oh, there's the sea!' she cried, looking suddenly breeze. Mary assured her companion that she across the marshes to the low gray line in the dishad no objection whatever to the odor of cigar tance. How I wish we were as near the sea at smoke; so Mr. Arundel lolled upon the comfort- Marchmont Towers! able cushions of the barouche, with his back to The young lady ha the horses, smoking charoots and talking gayly, passion for the wide-spreading ocean. It was an while Miss Marchmont sat in the place of state unknown region, that stretched far away, and opposite to him. A happy drive a drive in a that was wonderful and beautiful by reason of its fairy chariot through regions of fairy-land, for solemn mystery. All her Corsair stories were ever and forever to be remembered by Mary allied to that far, fathomless deep. The white Marchmont.

ing corn behind them by-and-by, as they drew in her lonely watch-tower, with fading flowers near the outskirts of Swampington. The town upon her breast. The black hull yonder was the lies lower even than the surrounding country, bark of some terrible pirate bound on rapine and flat and low as that country is. A narrow and ravage. (She was a coal-barge, I have no doubt, dismal river crawls at the base of a half-ruined sailing Londonward with her black burden.)—wall, which once formed part of the defenses of Nymphs and Lurleis, Mermaids and Mermen, and the place. Black barges lie at anchor here, and tiny water-babies with silver tails, forever splasha stone bridge, guarded by a toll-house, spans the ing in the sunshine, were all more or less assoriver. Mr. Marchmont's carriage lumbered across clated with the long gray line toward which this bridge, and under an arch-way, low, dark, Mary Marchmont looked with solemn, yearning stony, and grim, into a narrow street of solid, eyes. well-built houses, low, dark, stony, and grim, like the arch-way, but bearing the stamp of reputing, Polly, said Mr. Arundel. He was beginning table occupation. I believe the grass grew, and to call her Polly, now and then, in the easy fastill grows, in this street, as it does in all the other streets and in the market-place of Swampington. They are all pretty much in the same style, these streets-all stony, narrow, dark, and grim; and they wind and twist hither and thither, and in and out, in a manner utterly bewildering to the luckless stranger, who, seeing that they are all alike, has no landmarks for his guidance.

There are two handsome churches, both bearing an early date in the history of Norman su- a year or so! premacy: one crowded into an inconvenient corner of a back street, and choked by the houses flagged way between the iron gate of the Rectory built up round about it; the other lying a little about the outskirts of the town; unexpected parlor, where a young lady was sitting at a table creeks and inlets meet you at every angle; shallow writing.

Mary Marchmont shook her head.

'No,' she said; 'Miss Arundel has never been and in the dim distance the low line of the gray see us; and I should sa like to the

But perhaps the positive ugliness of the town you know; Marchmont Towers belongs to Kem- It is an exceptional place, and somewhat interberling Parish.'

esting thereby. The great Norman church upon To be sure; and Swampington is ten miles off. the swampy waste, the scattered tombstones, borto-morrow, if John thinks me whip enough to who look upon it, though it is by no means a trust you with me, and you shall see Livy. The Poetry picture. The Rectory lies close to the Rectory's such a queer old place!' church-yard; and a wicket-gate opens from Mr. Perhaps Mr. Marchmont was rather doubtful Arundel's garden into a narrow pathway, leading

'It's not a pretty house, is it, Miss Marchmont?' It does not rain always even in this part of asked Edward, as he lifted his companion out of

The young lady had something of a romantic archmont. (sail in the distance was Conrad's, perhaps; and They left the straggling hedges and the yellow- he was speeding homeward to find Medora dead

> 'We'll drive down to the sea-shore some mornto call her Polly, now and then, in the easy familiarity of their intercourse. 'We'll spend a long day on the sands, and I'll smoke cheroots while you pick up shells and sea-weed.'

Miss Marchmont clasped her hands in silent rapture. Her face was irradiated by the new light of happiness. How good he was to her, this brave soldier, who must undoubtedly be made Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Indus in

Edward Arundel led his companion across the garden and a half-glass door leading into the out of the town, upon a swampy waste looking hall. Out of this simple hall, only furnished toward the sea, which flows within a mile of with a couple of chairs, a barometer, and an um-Swampington. Indeed, there is no lack of water brella-stand, they went, without announcement, in that Lincolnshire borough. The river winds into a low old-fashioned room, half study, half to meet him.

'At last!' she said; 'I thought your rich friends engrossed all your attention.

She paused, seeing Mary.

'This is Miss Marchmont, Olivia,' said Ed-ward, 'the only daughter of my old friend.-You must be very fond of her, please; for she is a dear little girl, and I know she means to love {

Mary lifted her soft brown eyes to the face of the young lady, and then dropped her eyelids suddenly, as if half frightened by what she had seen

What was it? What was it in Olivia Arundel's handsome face from which those who looked at her so often shrank, repelled and disappointed? Every line in those perfectly-modeled features was beautiful to look at; but as a whole the face the recesses below. was not beautiful. Perhaps it was too much like a marble mask, exquisitely chiseled, but wanting in variety of expression. The handsome mouth was rigid; the dark gray eyes had a cold light in The thick bands of raven-black hair were drawn tightly off a square forehead, which was the brow of an intellectual and determined man rather than of a woman. Yes, womanhood was the something wanted in Olivia Arundel's face. Intellect, resolution, courage, are rare gifts; but they are not the gifts whose tokens we look for most anxiously in a woman's face. If Miss Arundel had been a queen, her diadem would have become her nobly, and she might have been a very great queen; but Heaven help the wretched creature who had appealed from milder tribunals to Heaven help delinquents of every her mercy! kind whose last lingering hope had been in her compassion!

Perhaps Mary Marchmont vaguely felt something of all this. At any rate, the enthusiasm with which she had been ready to regard Edward Arundel cooled suddenly beneath the winter in

that pale, quiet face.

Miss Arundel said a few words to her guest, Mary, who was been addressing & child of six. accustomed to be treated as a woman, was wounded by her manner.

'How different she is to Edward!' thought Miss; Marchmont. 'I shall never like her as I like him.'

'So this is the pale-faced child who is to have to those who watched her. Marchmont Towers by-and-by,' thought Miss She was a good woman. Arundel; 'and these rich friends are the people for whom Edward stays away from us.

The lines about the rigid mouth grew harder, the cold light in the gray eyes grew colder, as the

young lady thought this.

It was thus that these two women met: while { one was but a child in years; while the other was yet in the early bloom of womanhood: these two, who were predestined to hate each other, and inflict suffering upon each other in the days that saint of whom they spoke wore shabby gowns, were to come. It was thus that they thought of and was the portionless daughter of a poor man undefined aversion gathering in her breast.

Six weeks passed, and Edward Arundel kept his promise of shooting the partridges on the bert Arundel loved his daughter; loved her with Marchmont preserves. The wood behind the that passionate, sorrowful affection we feel for Towers and the stubbled corn-fields on the home those who suffer for our sins, whose lives have farm bristled with game. The young soldier been blighted by our follies. heartily enjoyed himself through that delicious first week in September; and came home every afternoon, with a heavy game-bag and a light tion she endured stung him as cruelly as if she

She rose as Edward opened the door, and came (heart, to boast of his prowess before Mary and her father.

The young man was by this time familiar with every nook and corner of Marchmont Towers; and the builders were already at work at the tennis-court which John had promised to erect for his friend's pleasure. The site ultimately chosen was a bleak corner of the eastern front, looking to the wood; but as Edward declared the spot in every way eligible, John had no inclination to find fault with his friend's choice. There was other work for the builders; for Mr. Arundel had taken a wonderful fancy to a ruined boat-house upon the brink of the river; and this boat-house was to be rebuilt and restored, and made into a delightful pavilion, in the upper chambers of which Mary might sit with her father in the hot summer weather, while Mr. Arundel kept a couple of trim wherries in

So you see the young man made himself very much at home, in his own innocent, boyish fashion, at Marchmont Towers. But as he had brought life and light to the old Lincolnshire mansion, nobody was inclined to quarrel with him for any liberties which he might choose to take; and every one looked forward sorrowfully to the dark days before Christmas, at which time he was under a promise to return to Dangerfield Park, there to spend the remainder of his leave of absence.

CHAPTER VII.

OLIVIA.

While busy workmen were employed at Marchmont Towers, hammering at the fragile wooden walls of the tennis-court-while Mary Marchmont and Edward Arundel wandered, with the dogs at their heels, among the rustle of the fallen leaves in the wood behind the great gaunt Lincolnshire mansion—Olivia, the Rector's daughter, sat in her father's quiet study, or walked to and kindly enough, but rather too much as if she had fro in the gloomy streets of Swampington, doing her duty day by day.

Yes, the life of this woman is told in these few words; she did her duty. From the earliest age at which responsibility can begin she had done her duty, uncomplainingly, unswervingly, as it seemed

She was a good woman. The bishop of the diocese had specially complimented her for her active devotion to the holy work which falls somewhat heavily upon the only daughter of a widowed rector. All the stately dowagers about Swampington were loud in the praises of Olivia Arundel. Such devotion, such untiring zeal in a young person of three-and-twenty years of age, were really most laudable, these solemn elders said, in terms of supreme patronage; for the young saint of whom they spoke wore shabby gowns, one another; each with an unreasoning dread, an who had let the world slip by him, and who sat now amidst the dreary ruins of a wasted life, looking yearningly backward with hollow, regretful eyes, and bewailing the chances he had lost. Hu-

Every shabby garment which Olivia wore was

for his wasted life and his squandered patrimony. just, terribly perfect. He loved her; and he watched her day after day, duty forever and forever; but when he most ington Rectory. At three-and-twenty years of yearned to take her to his heart, her own cold per- age she could have written her history upon a few fections arose and separated him from the child, pages. The world outside that dull Lincolnshire erring creature: weak, supine, idle, epicurean; cognizable by repeated change; but all these outer unworthy to approach this girl, who never seemed , changes and revolutions made themselves but little to sicken of the hardness of her life--who never felt in the quiet grass-grown streets, and the flat grew weary of well-doing?

via Arundel won so small a share of earthly reward? I do not speak of the gold and jewel, and duties from day to day, with no other progress to other worldly benefits with which the fairies in mark the lapse of her existence than the slow our children's story-books reward the benevolent alternation of the seasons, and the dark hollow mortals who take compassion upon them in the circles which had lately deepened beneath her guise of old women; but nothing of the lane and the lately deepened beneath her gratitude, the tenderness and blessings which usually wait upon the footsteps of those who do good deeds. Olivia Arundel's charities were never lalone betrayed this woman's secret. womanly vanity, no simple girlish fancy, which so patiently. The slow round of duty was loath-this woman had not trodden underfoot, and tram-some to her. The horrible, narrow, unchanging pled out in the hard pathway she had chosen for ' herself.

Rheumatic men The poor people knew this. and women, crippled and bedridden, knew that the blankets which covered them had been bought it. The proud heart beat with murderous vioout of money that would have purchased sick lonce against the bonds that kept it captive. del would come to sit beside their dreary hearths, it to go on forever and forever, like the slow river their desolate sick-beds, and read holy books to that creeps under the broken wall? Oh my God! them; sublimely indifferent to the four weather is the lot of other women never to be mine? Am set herself.

People knew this, and they were grateful to bow light? Miss Arundel, and submissive and attentive in her presence; they gave her such return as they were with no womanly tenderness of nature, unenable to give, for the benefits, spiritual and tempo-dowed with that pitiful and unreasoning affection ral, which she bestowed upon them: but they did (which makes womanhood beautiful, yet tried, and not love her.

praised her whenever her name was mentioned; rigid formulas of her faith, but unable to seize but they spoke with tearless eyes and unfaltering upon its spirit. Some latent comprehension of the voices. Her virtues were beautiful, of course, want in her nature made her only the more scruas virtue in the abstract must always be; but I pulous in the performance of those duties which think there was a want of individuality in her she had meted out for herself. The holy sentengoodness, a lack of personal tenderness in her ces she had heard, Sunday after Sunday, feebly

Perhaps there was something almost chilling in the dull monotony of Miss Arundel's benevolence. of her bounties, seeing her so far off, grew afraid of her, even by reason of her goodness, and could not love her.

She made no favorites among her father's parishioners. day-; she was never foolishly indulgent or extravagantly cordial. She was always the samea note-book and a pencil in her hand; looking on ing hair.

had turned upon him and loudly upbraided him every side with calm, scrutinizing eyes; rigidly

It was a fearfully monotonous, narrow, and undoing her duty to him as to all others; doing her eventful life which Olivia Arundel led at Swamp-What was he but a poor, vacillating, town was shaken by convulsions, and made irreweary of well-doing? surrounding swamps, within whose narrow bound-But how was it that, for all her goodness, Oli-, ary Olivia Arundel had lived from infancy to womanhood; performing and repeating the same guise of old women; but rather of the love and gray eyes, and the depressed lines about the corners of her firm lower lip.

These outward tokens, beyond her own control, She was ceasing; her life was one perpetual sacrifice to weary of her life. She sickened under the dull her father's parishioners. There was no natural burden which she had borne so long, and carried existence, shut in by huge, walls, which bounded her on every side and kept her prisoner to her-self, was odious to her. The powerful intellect revolted against the fetters that bound and galled

dresses for the Rector's handsome daughter or 'is my life always to be this—always, always, luxuries for the frugal table at the Rectory.— always? The passionate nature burst forth some-They knew this. They knew that, through frost times, and the voice that had so long been stifled and snow, through storm and rain, Olivia Arun- cried aloud in the black stillness of the night, Is without, to the stifling atmosphere within, to dirt, I never to be loved and admired; never to be discomfort, poverty, inconvenience; heedless of sought and chosen? Is my life to be all of one all except the performance of the task she had dull, gray, colorless monotony; without one sudden gleam of sunshine, without one burst of rain-

How shall I anatomize this woman, who, gifted t love her. tried unceasingly, to do her duty and to be good; They spoke of her in reverential accents, and clinging, in the very blindness of her soul, to the kindness, which separated her from the copie read by her father, haunted her perpetually, and she henefited.

Would not be put away from her. The tenderness in every word of those familiar gospels was a reproach to the want of tenderness in her own There was no blemish of moral weakness upon heart. She could be good to her father's parishthe good deeds she performed; and the recipients ioners, and she could make sacrifices for them: but she could not love them any more than they could love her.

That divine and universal pity, that spontaneous and boundless affection, which is the chief Of all the school-children she had leveliness of womanhood and Christianity, had taught, she had never chosen one curly-headed no part in her nature. She could understand Juurchin for a pet. She had no good days and had dith with the Assyrian general's gory head held aloft in her uplifted hand; but she could not comprehend that diviner mystery of sinful Magda-Church-of-England charity personified; meting lene sitting at her Master's feet with the shame out all mercies by line and rule; doing good with and love in her face half-hidden by a veil of droop-

was not natural to her to be gentle and tender, to sunlight on the low sea-line beyond the marshes. be beneficent, compassionate, and kind, as it is to She was wearied and worn out by a long day de-the women we are accustomed to call 'good.' voted to visiting among her parishioners; and she She was a woman who was forever fighting against, stood with her elbow leaning on the gate, and her her nature; who was forever striving to do right; head resting on her hand, in an attitude peculiarly. forever walking painfully upon the difficult road expressive of fatigue. mapped out for her; forever measuring herself by bonnet, and her black hair was pushed carelessly the standard she had set up for her self-abase- from her forehead. Those masses of hair had not ment. And who shall say that such a woman as that purple lustre, nor yet that wandering glimmer this, if she persevere unto the end, shall not wear of red gold, which gives peculiar beauty to some a brighter crown than her more gentle sisters— raven tresses. Olivia's hair was long and luxu-'the starry circlet of a martyr?

circles about her eyes, the hollowing cheeks, and looked thoughtfully seaward. Another day's duty the feverish restlessness of manner which she had been done. Long chapters of Holy Writ had could not always control, told how terrible the been read to troublesome old women afflicted with long struggle had become to her. If she could perpetual coughs; stifling, airless cottages had have died then-if she had fallen beneath the been visited; the dull, unvarying track had been weight of her burden—what a record of sin and beaten by the patient feet, and the yellow sun was anguish might have remained unwritten in the going down upon another joyless day. But did history of woman's life! But this woman was the still evening hour bring peace to that restless one of those who can suffer, and yet not die. She spirit: No; by the rigid compression of the lips, bore her burden a little longer; only to fling it by the feverish lustre in the eyes, by the faint down by-and-by, and to abandon herself to the hectic flush in the oval cheeks, by every outward eager devils who had been watching for her so sign of inward unrest, Olivia Arundel was not at untiringly.

The knowledge that he had wronged her—wronged struggle was not finished with the close of the her even before her birth by the foolish waste of day's work.
his patrimony, and wronged her through life by The young lady looked up suddenly as the tramp as a more ambitious man might have won—the smooth road, met her ear. Her eyes dilated, and knowledge of this, and of his daughter's superior her breath went and came more rapidly, but she virtues, combined to render the father ashamed did not stir from her weary attitude.

and humiliated by the presence of his only child.

The horse was from the stables at Marchmont daughter, wondering feebly whether she was handsome face. happy, striving vainly to discover that one secret, 'You must have thought I'd forgotten you and that keystone of the soul, which must exist in my uncle, my dear Livy,' he said, as he sprang every nature, however outwardly commonplace. lightly from his horse. 'We've been so busy with Mr. Arundel had hoped that his daughter would the tennis-court, and the boat-house, and the parmarry and marry well, even at Swampington; tridges, and goodness knows what besides at the for there were rich young land-owners who visited Towers, that I couldn't get the time to ride over at the Rectory. But Olivia's handsome face won till this evening. But to-day we dined early, her no admirers, and at three-and-twenty Miss on purpose that I might have the chance of get-Arundel had received no offer of marriage. The ting here. I come upon an important mission, father represented himself for this. father reproached himself for this. It was he Livy, I assure you.' who had blighted the life of this penniless girl; 'What do you mean?' it was his fault that no suitors came to woo his motherless child. Yet many dowerless maidens when she spoke to her cousin; but there was a have been sought and loved; and I do not think hange, not easily to be defined, in her face when it was Olivia's lack of fortune which kept admit he looked at him. It seemed as if that weary rers at bay. I believe it was rather that inherent? want of tenderness which chilled and dispirited the timid young Lincolnshire squires.

Had Olivia ever been in love? Hubert Arundel constantly asked himself this question. He heartedness. It may have been merely the sharpdid so because he saw that some blighting influ-{ness of contrast which produced this effect. It ence, even beyond the poverty and dulness of her home, had fallen upon the life of his only child. some secret hidden in Olivia's breast. What was it? What was it? Was it some hopeless attachment, some secret tenderness, which } had never won the sweet return of love for love?

his daughter upon this subject than he would have and he was watching his horse as the animal dared to ask his fair young Queen, newly mar-crop ried in those days, whether she was happy with gate her handsome husband.

No; Olivia Arundel was not a good woman in Miss Arundel stood by the Rectory gate in the the commoner sense we attach to the phrase. It early September evening, watching the western She had thrown off her the starry circlet of a martyr?

If she persevere unto the end!

Arundel the woman to do this?

The deepening inscrutable, like herself. The cold gray eyes peace. The listlessness of her attitude was merely Hubert Arundel was afraid of his daughter. the listlessness of physical fatigue. The mental

his lack of energy in seeking such advancement of a horse's hoofs, slow and lazy-sounding on the

The struggle between this fear and his passionate Towers, and the rider was Mr. Arundel. He came love of her was a very painful one; but fear had smiling to the Rectory gate, with the low sunthe mastery, and the Rector of Swampington was shine glittering in his yellow hair, and the light content to stand aloof, mutely watchful of his of careless, indifferent happiness irradiating his

There was no change in Miss Arundel's voice hopelessness of expression which had settled on her countenance lately grew more weary, more hopeless, as she turned toward this bright young soldier, glorious in the beauty of his own lightmay have been an actual change arising out of

'What do you mean by an important mission,

Edward?' she said.

She had need to repeat the question; for the He would no more have ventured to question young man's attention had wandered from her, cropped the tangled herbage about the Rectory

'Why, I've come with an invitation to a dinner

at Marchmont Towers. There's to be a dinner-/were talking of you, and praising your goodness, party; and, in point of fact, it's to be given on; and speaking of your schools, and your blanket purpose for you and my uncle. John and Polly associations, and your invalid societies, and your are full of it. You'll come, won't you, Livy?'

impatient sigh.

'I hate dinner-parties,' she said; 'but, of course, { years older than me. if papa accepts Mr. Marchmont's invitation, I can not refuse to go. Papa must choose for him- and bit her lip.

There had been some interchange of civilities between Marchmont Towers and Swampington (Rectory during the six weeks which had passed since Mary's introduction to Olivia Arundel: and this dinner-party was the result of John's simple? desire to do honor to his friend's kindred.

Oh, you must come, Livy,' Mr. Arundel exclaimed. 'The tennis-court is going on capitally I want you to give us your opinion again. Shall down a narrow graveled pathway, bordered by a I take my horse round to the stable? I am going \ hazel-hedge; she had gathered one of the slento stop an hour or two, and ride back by moon-

light.'

Edward Arundel took the bridle in his hand, and the cousins walked slowly round by the low denly, bursting out laughing at the end of the garden wall to a dismal and rather dilapidated question. 'What do you think? It's my belief stable at the back of the Rectory, where Hubert | you've made a conquest. Arundel kept a wall-eyed white horse, long-legged. shallow-chested, and large-headed, and a fearfully 'There you go; turning upon a fellow as if you and wonderfully made phaeton, with high wheels could eat him. Yes, Livy; it's no use your lookshallow-chested, and large-headed, and a fearfully and a mouldy leathern hood.

that air of weary indifference that had so grown mont's in love with you. upon her very lately. Her eyelids drooped with a look of sullen disdain; but the gray eyes glanced furtively now and again at her companion's handsome face. He was very handsome. The glitter { Arundel?' she cried, passionately. of golden hair and of bright fearless blue eyes: 'Insult you! Now, Livy dear, that's too bad, the careless grace peculiar to the kind of man we supon my word,' remonstrated the young man. 'I call 'a swell;' the gay insouciance of an easy, come and tell you that as good a man as ever candid. generous nature-all combined to make breathed is over head and ears in love with you, Edward Arundel singularly attractive. spoiled children of nature demand our admira- estates in Lincolnshire if you please, and you turn tion, in very spite of ourselves. These beautiful round upon me like no end of furies. useless creatures call upon us to rejoice in their valueless beauty, like the flaunting poppies in the answered Olivia, her bosom still heaving with that corn-field, and the gaudy wild-flowers in the first outburst of emotion, but her voice suppressed

The darkness of Olivia's face deepened after? each furtive glance she cast at her cousin. Could dozen times should fall in love with me? Do those it be that this girl, to whom nature had given who know me estimate me so much, or prize me strength but denied grace, envied the superficial so highly, that a stranger should think of me attractions of the young man at her side? did envy him; she envied him that sunny temper-} ament which was so unlike her own; she envied him, while to her it was a terrible fever-dream, a lumine, a settled darkness, near akin to the utter

long sickness, a never-ceasing battle?
'Is my uncle in the house?' Mr. Arundel asked, as he strolled from the stable into the garden.

with his cousin by his side.

'No; he has been out since dinner,' Olivia answered; 'but I expect him back every minute. I came out into the garden—the house seemed so hot and stifling to-night, and I have been sitting in close cottages all day.'

'Sitting in close cottages!' repeated Edward 'Ah, to be sure; visiting your rheumatic old pensioners, I suppose. How good you are, Olivia!' 'Good!'

She echoed the word in the very bitterness of a scorn that could not be repressed.

'Yes; every body says so. The Millwards were

relief clubs, and all your plans for the parish .-Miss Arundel shrugged her shoulders, with an Why, you must work as hard as a prime minister, Livy, by their account; you, who are only a few

Only a few years! She started at the phrase,

'I was three-and-twenty last month,' she said, 'Ah, yes; to be sure. And I'm one-and-twenty. Then you're only two years older than me, Livy. But, then, you see, you're so clever, that you seem much older than you are. You make a fellow feel rather afraid of you, you know. Upon my word you do, Livy.

Miss Arundel did not reply to this speech of her She was walking by his side up and cousin's. der twigs, and was idly stripping away the fluffy

'What do you think, Livy?' cried Edward, sud-

'What do you mean?'

You've made a conquest; and of one ing savage. Olivia walked by the young soldier's side with of the best fellows in the world, too. John March-

Olivia Arundel's face flushed a vivid crimson to

the roots of her black hair.

'How dare you come here to insult me, Edward

These and that you may be mistress of one of the finest

'Because I hate to hear you talk nonsense,' and cold. 'Am I so beautiful, or so admired or beloved, that a man who has not seen me half a who know me estimate me so much, or prize me She You do insult me, Edward Arundel, when you talk as you have talked to-night.'

She looked out toward the low yellow light in him that wondrous power of taking life lightly the sky with a black gloom upon her face, which Why should existence be so bright and careless to ho reflected glimmer of the sinking sun could il-

blackness of despair.

But, good Heavens, Olivia, what do you mean? cried the young man. I tell you something that I think a good joke, and you go and make a tragedy out of it. If I'd told Letitia that a rich widower had fallen in love with her, she'd think it the finest fun in the world.'

'I'm not your sister Letitia.'

'No; but I wish you'd half as good a temper as she has, Livy. However, never mind; I'll say no more. If poor old Marchmont has fallen in love with you, that's his look-out. Poor dear old boy, he's let out the secret of his weakness half a dozen ways within these last few days. It's Miss Arundel this, and Miss Arundel the other; so hand some, so dignified, so ladylike, so good! That's at Marchmont Towers the other day, and they the way he goes on, poor simple old dear, without

head with an impatient gesture of the hand.

'Why should this Mr. Marchmont think all this Olivia Arundel tooked back at her long life of of me?' she said, 'when-' She stopped ab-duty-a dull, dead level, unbroken by one of those ruptly. 'When-what, Livy?'

'When other people don't think it.'

'How do you know what other people think :-- | sea.

You haven't asked them, I suppose? The young soldier treated his cousin in verv? much the same free-and-easy manner which he displayed toward his sister Letitia. It would have been almost difficult for him to recognize any degree in his relationship to the two girls. He loved

Letitia better than Olivia; but his affection for

both was of exactly the same character.

Hubert Arundel came into the garden, wearied answer John's ceremonious note the next day.

'Cookson, from Kemberling, will be there, I honor.

'If you like, papa.'

There was a duty to be performed now—the? duty of placid obedience to her father; and Miss { Arundel's manner changed from angry impatience to a grave respect. She owed no special duty, be ner in which John Marchmont accepted his new it remembered, to her cousin. She had no line or { rule by which to measure her conduct to him.

She stood at the gate nearly an hour later, and watched the young man ride away in the dim the solicitor on the back, 'I don't suppose you moonlight. If every separate tramp of his horse's believed me when I told you that my friend here hoofs had struck upon her heart, it could scarcely was heir-presumptive to a handsome fortune. have given her more pain than she felt as the distance.

pleased to "take a fancy to me?"'

her set teeth; 'my narrow life! It is that which Smithers had fallen into a copper of scalding wahas made me the slave of this madness. I love ter, your right received the dismal tidings that all him because he is the brightest and fairest thing the young partridges had been drowned by the I have ever seen. I love him because he brings rains after St. Swithin, and that there were hardly me all I have ever known of a more beautiful any of this year's birds, Sir. world than that I live in. Bah? why do I reason with myself?' she cried, with a sudden change of (Oakley Street than any that was to be heard that manner. 'I love him because I am mad.

way till the moonlight grew broad and full, and some pretty girls in blue, and hovered near her every ivy-grown gable of the Rectory stood sharp—side for a little while, quizzing the company.—ly out against the vivid purple of the sky. She Heaven knows the young soldier's jokes were compaced up and down, trying to trample the folly monplace enough; but Mary admired him as the within her under her feet as she went; a fierce, most brilliant and accomplished of wits. passionate, impulsive woman, fighting against her

mad love for a bright-faced boy.

'Two years older—only two years!' she said; but he spoke of the difference between us as if it? had been half a century. And then I am so clever, that I seem older than I am; and he is afraid of that I seem older than I am; and he is afraid of Yes, I suppose so,' the young man answered, me! Is it for this that I have sat night after night carelessly. 'Every body says that Livy's hand-

having the remotest notion that he's making a in my father's study, poring over the books that confounded fool of himself.'

were too difficult for him? What have I made of Olivia tossed the rumpled hair from her fore-{myself in my pride of intellect? What reward have I won for my patience?

monuments which mark the desert of the past; a desolate flat, unlovely as the marshes between. the low Rectory wall and the shimmering gray

CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPTATION.

Mr. RICHARD PAULETTE, of that eminent legal out, like his daughter, while the two cousins were firm, Paulette, Paulette, and Mathewson, coming walking under the shadow of the neglected ha-{to Marchmont Towers on business, was surprised He declared his willingness to accept the to behold the quiet ease with which the sometime invitation to Marchmont Towers, and promised to copying-clerk received the punctilious country gentry who came to sit at his board and do him

suppose,' he said, alluding to a brother parson, Of all the legal fairy tales, of all the parchand the usual set: Well, I'll come, Ned, if you ment-recorded romances, of all the poetry run wish it. You'd like to go, Olivia:' concerned, this story seemed the strangest. Not so very strange in itself, for such romances are not uncommon in the history of a lawyer's experience; but strange by reason of the tranquil manposition, and did the honors of his house to his late employer.

'Ah, Paulette,' Edward Arundel said, clapping

The dinner-party at the Towers was conducted sound of those slow footfalls died away in the with that stately grandeur peculiar to such solemnities. There was the usual round of country-'Oh my God!' she cried, 'is this madness to talk and parish-talk; the hunting squires leading undo all that I have done? Is this folly to be the the former section of the discourse, the rectors climax of my dismal life? - Am I to die for the and rectors' wives supporting the latter part of love of a frivolous, fair-haired boy, who laughs the conversation. You heard on one side that in my face when he tells me that his friend has Martha Harris's husband had left off drinking, and attended church morning and evening; and on the She walked away toward the house; then stop-other, that the old gray fox that had been hunted ping, with a sudden shiver, she turned, and went nine seasons between Crackbin Bottom and Holback to the hazel-alley she had paced with Ed-lowcraft Gorse had perished ignobly in the poulward Arundel.

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While your left 'Oh, my narrow life!' she muttered between ear became conscious of the fact that little Billy

Mary Marchmont had listened to gayer talk in night in her father's drawing-rooms, except in-She paced up and down the hazel-shaded path- deed when Edward Arundel left off flirting with

'How do you like my cousin, Polly?' he asked at last.

'Your cousin, Miss Arundel?'

'Yes.

'She is very handsome.'

some; but it's rather a cold style of beauty, isn't it? A little too much of the Pallas Athene about Edward answered, soothingly. it for my taste. I like those girls in blue, with the crinkly auburn hair—there's a touch of red in it in the light—and the dimples. You've a dimple, Polly, when you smile.

information, and her soft brown eyes wandered, g away, looking very earnestly at the pretty girls in blue. She looked at them with a strange interest, eager to discover what it was that Edward

admired.

'But you haven't answered my question, Polly, said Mr. Arundel. 'I am afraid you have been drinking too much wine, Miss Marchmont, and love away from me?' Mary said, plaintively .muddling that sober little head of yours with the 'Oh, Mr. Arundel, how could you think so?' fumes of your papa's tawny port. I asked you how you liked Olivia.'

Mary blushed again.

her-yet,' she answered, timidly.

'But shall you like her when you've known her dislikings are instantaneous and instinctive. of the roll you buttered for me at that breakfast, them. in Oakley Street, Polly. You don't like my cousin jealous of her.'

'Jealous of her!'

The bright color faded out of Mary Marchmont's face, and left her ashy pale.

catch at the secret so naïvely betrayed in that creatures, who would have been ready to take

breathless question.

One likes to tease and culty. cousins are like sisters. aggravate them, and all that; but one doesn't fall in love with them. But I think I could mention somebody who thinks a great deal of Olivia.

'Who i

'Your papa.'

Mary looked at the young soldier in utter bewilderment.

'Papa'' she echoed.

'Yes, Polly. How would you like a stepmamma? How would you like your papa to marry again?'

would have gone to her father in the midst of all property was a far-away dream, never to be rethose spectators. John was standing near Olivia alized. He felt that his brief lease of life was and her father, talking to them, and playing nervously with his slender watch-chain when he addressed the young lady.

'My papa-marry again!' gasped Mary. 'How' dare you say such a thing, Mr. Arundel?

Her childish devotion to her father arose in all its force; a flood of passionate emotion that overwhelmed her sensitive nature. Marry again! marry a woman who would separate him from his only child! Could he ever dream for one brief · moment of such a horrible cruelty?

She looked at Olivia's sternly handsome face and trembled. She could almost picture that very woman standing between her and her father, and putting her away from him. Her indignation quickly melted into grief. Indignation, however intense, was always short-lived in that gentle na-

ing to the young man; 'papa would never, never, never marry again-would he?

'Not if it was to grieve you, Polly, I dare say,'

He had been dumbfounded by Mary's passionate sorrow. He had expected that she would have been rather pleased than otherwise at the idea of a young step-mother-a companion in those vast Miss Marchmont blushed as she received this lonely rooms, an instructress and a friend as she **#**w to womanhood.

'I was only talking nonsense, Polly darling,'he said. 'You mustn't make yourself unhappy about any absurd fancies of mine. I think your papa admires my cousin Olivia, and I thought, perhaps, you'd be glad to have a step-mother.

'Glad to have any one who would take papa's

In all their familiarity the little girl had never learned to call her father's friend by his Christian name, though he had often told her to do so. She 'I don't know Miss Arundel well enough to like trembled to pronounce that simple Saxon name, which was so beautiful and wonderful because it was his; but when she read a very stupid novel, longer? Don't be jesuitical, Polly. Likings and in which the hero was a namesake of Mr. Arun-I del's, the vapid pages seemed to be phosphoresliked you before I'd eaten half a dozen mouthfuls cent with light whenever the name appeared upon

I scarcely know why John Marchmont lingered Olivia, Miss; I can see that very plainly. You're by Miss Arundel's chair. He had heard her praises from every one. She was a paragon of goodness, an uncanonized saint, ever sacrificing herself for Perhaps he was thinking the benefit of others. that such a woman as this would be the best friend 'Do you like her, then?' she asked. he could win for his little girl. He turned from But Mr. Arundel was not such a coxcomb as to the county matrons, the tender, kindly, motherly little Mary to the loving shelter of their arms, 'No, Polly,' he said, laughing; 'she's my cousin, and looked to Olivia Arundel—this cold, perfect you know, and I've known her all my life; and benefactress of the poor—for help in his diffi-

'She who is so good to all her father's parishioners, could not refuse to be kind to my poor Mary,' he thought.

But how was he to win this woman's friendship for his darling? He asked himself this question even in the midst of the frivolous people about him, and with the buzz of their conversation in his ears. He was perpetually tormenting himself about the future of his darling, which seemed more dimly perplexing now than it had ever ap-Mary Marchmont started to her feet as if she peared in Oakley Street, when the Lincolnshire running out; he felt as if he and Mary had been standing upon a narrow track of yellow sand, very bright, very pleasant under the sunshine, but with the slow-coming tide rising like a wall about them, and creeping stealthily onward to overwhelm them.

> Mary might gather bright-colored shells and wet sea-weed in her childish ignorance; but he, who knew that the flood was coming, could but grow sick at heart with the dull horror of that hastening doom. If the black waters had been doomed to close over them both, the father might have been content to go down under the sullen waves, with his daughter clasped to his breast. But it was not to be so. He was to sink in that unknown stream, while she was left upon the tempest-tossed surface, to be beaten hither and thither, feebly battling with the stormy billows.

Could John Marchmont be a Christian, and yet 'Oh, Mr. Arundel!' she said, piteously, appeal- feel this horrible dread of the death which must separate him from his daughter? I fear this frail, consumptive widower loved his child with an in-

tensity of affection that is scarcely reconcilable with Christianity. Such great passions as these must be put away before the cross can be taken up and the troublesome path followed. In all love befell himself, it would have been difficult to find a more single-hearted follower of Gospel teaching than John Marchmont; but in his affection for his motherless child he was a very pagan. He set up an idol for himself, and bowed himself before it. Doubtful and fearful of the future, he looked hopelessly forward. He could not trust his orphan child into the hands of God, and drop away him- but he had never suffered very acutely from any self into the fathomless darkness, serene in the. belief that she would be cared for and protected. No; he could not trust. He could be faithful for himself; simple and confiding as a child; but not deliberate offer being rejected by the young lady for her. He saw the gloomy rocks lowering black in the distance; the pitiless waves beating far away yonder, impatient to devour the frail boat that was so soon to be left alone upon the waters. In the thick darkness of the future he could see no ray of light, except one -- a new hope that had lately risen in his mind; the hope of winning friend of his daughter.

The days were past in which, in his simplicity, he had looked to Edward Arundel as the future shelter of his child. The generous boy had grown bride with the goods of this world.

must leave his child.

wrong to her.

themselves into any positive form, and that John (Arundel's utter disinterestedness. He had seen began to think that for his daughter's sake her frequently since the dinner-party, and had Edward Arundel had spoken the truth when he nified; patiently employed in the strict performtold his cousin that John Marchmont had repeat- ance of her duty. edly mentioned her name; but the careless and impulsive young man had been utterly unable to study, busily cutting out coarse garments for the fathom the feeling lurking in his friend's mind. poor. A newly-written sermon lay open on the lt was not Olivia Arundel's handsome face which table. Had Mr. Marchmont looked closely at the had won John's admiration; it was the constant manuscript, he would have seen that the ink was reiteration of her praises upon every side which wet and that the writing was Olivia's. It was a had led him to believe that this woman, of all relief to this strange woman to write sermons were to come.

perious dignity of her menner, strengthened this? belief in John Marchmont's mind. good woman only whom he must seek in the friend he needed for his child; it was a woman powerful enough to shield her in the lonely path she would have to tread; a woman strong enough to help John was too simple-hearted to disguise the purher, perhaps, by-and-by, to do battle with Paul Marchmont.

So, in the blind paganism of his love, John refused to trust his child into the hands of Provi- not of his own love in the present. Carried away dence, and chose for himself a friend and guardian who should shelter his darling. He made his tives appear in all their nakedness. choice with so much deliberation, and after such long and earnestly; he spoke until the blinding long nights and days of earnest thought, that he tears in his eyes made the face of her he looked may be forgiven if he believed he had chosen at seem blotted and dim. wisely.

Thus it was that in the dark November days, while Edward and Mary played chess by the wide fire-place in the western drawing-room, or ball in the newly-erected tennis-court, John Marchand kindness toward his fellow-creatures, in all mont sat in his study examining his papers, and patient endurance of the pains and troubles that, calculating the amount of money at his own disposal, in serious contemplation of a second marriage.

Did he love Olivia Arundel? No. He admired her and respected her, and he firmly believed her to be the most perfect of women. No impulse had prompted the step he contemplated taking. He had loved his first wife truly and tenderly; of those torturing emotions which form the several stages of the great tragedy called Love.

But had he ever thought of the likelihood of his who had been the object of such careful consideration? Yes; he had thought of this, and was prepared to abide the issue. He should, at least, have tried his uttermost to secure a friend for his

darling.

With such unloverlike feelings as these the owner of Marchmont Towers drove into Swampsome noble and perfect woman to be the future ington one morning, deliberately bent upon offering Olivia Arundel his hand. He had consulted with his land-steward, and with Messrs. Paulettc, and had ascertained how far he could endow his It was not into a stylish young man, a soldier, whose duty much that he could give her, for the estate was lay far away from Marchmont Towers. No; it strictly entailed, but there would be his own was to a good woman's guardianship the father savings for the brief term of his life, and if he lived only a few years these savings might accu-Thus the very intensity of his love was the one mulate to a considerable amount, so limited were motive which led John Marchmont to contemplate; the expenses of the quiet Lincolnshire household; the step that Mary thought such a cruel and bitter and there was a sum of money, something over nine thousand pounds, left him by Philip Marchmont, senior. He had something, then, to offer It was not till long after the dinner-party at to the woman he sought to make his wife, and, Marchmont Towers that these ideas resolved above all, he had a supreme belief in Olivia might be led to contemplate a second marriage. always seen her the same-grave, reserved, dig-

He found Miss Arundel sitting in her father's others, was the one whom he should win to be his sometimes—fierce denunciatory protests against child's friend and guardian in the dark days that the inherent wickedness of the human heart. Can you imagine a woman with a wicked heart stead-The knowledge that Olivia's intellect was of no \ fastly trying to do good, and to be good? It is a common order, together with the somewhat im- dark and horrible picture, but it is the only true picture of the woman whom John Marchmont It was not a sought to win for his wife.

The interview between Mary's father and Olivia Arundel was not a very sentimental one, but it was certainly the very reverse of common-place. pose of his wooing. He pleaded not for a wife for himself, but a mother for his orphan child. He talked of Mary's helplessness in the future, by the egotism of his one affection, he let his mo-He spoke

Miss Arundel watched him as he pleaded;

sternly, unflinchingly. But she uttered no word the said, earnestly. until he had finished; and then, rising suddenly, I should not have come here to-day. I want a with a dusky flush upon her face, she began to good woman to be kind to my child; kind to her pace up and down the narrow room. She had for- when I am dead and gone; he added, in a lower gotten John Marchmont. In the strength and voice. vigor of her intellect this weak-minded widower, whose one passion was a pitiful love for his child, ing straight before her out into the black dullness appeared so utterly insignificant that for a few of the garden. She was trying to think out the moments she had forgotten his presence in that room-his very existence, perhaps. She turned ' to him presently, and looked him full in the face. fascination for her in John Marchmont's offer.

'You do not love me, Mr. Marchmont?' she

'Pardon me,' John stammered; 'believe me, Miss Arundel, I respect, I esteem you so much, much as such a prisoner might have felt upon his that-

I understand. I am not the sort of wo- haps; but it would be different. man to be loved. I have long comprehended that, mont Towers might be more monotonous, more My cousin Edward Arundel has often taken the desolate than at Swampington; but it would be a trouble to tell me as much. And you wish me to new monotony, another desolation. he your wife in order that you may have a guar-never felt, when suffering the hideous throes of dian for your child? It is very much the same toothache, that it would be a relief to have the thing as engaging a governess; only the engage- earache or the rheumatism—that variety even in ment is to be more binding.

'Miss Arundel,' exclaimed John Marchmont,

you-

'I am not offended. You have spoken the truth where another man would have told a lie. I ought? to be flattered by your confidence in me. It pleases guarded by the impenetrable armor of indifferme that people should think me good, and worthy ence. of their trust.'

speaking.

pressing her hand to her forehead.

ment window, looking out at the bleak garden, chance of lifting herself out of the horrible ob-desolate and neglected in the black winter weather. scurity of her life. The ambition which might She was silent for some minutes. mont did not interrupt her; he was content to wait { cried, 'Take this; at least it is something.' patiently until she should choose to speak.

poor John with an abrupt vehemence that almost startled him, 'I am three-and-twenty; and in the ' long, dull memory of the three-and-twenty years? that have made my life I can not look back upon ment when her life had become most intolerable; one joy—no, so help me Heaven, not one! she too intolerable to be borne, she thought. She cried passionately, lifting her hand toward the knew now, fatally, certainly, that Edward Arunlow ceiling as she spoke. No prisoner in the Bas- del did not love her; that the one only day-dream tile, shut in a cell below the level of the Seine, she had ever made for herself had been a snare and making companions of rats and spiders in his and a delusion. That one dream had been the misery, ever led a life more hopelessly narrow, single light of her life. That taken away from more pitifully circumscribed than mine has been, her, the darkness was blacker than the blackness and making companions of rats and spiders in his and a delusion. These grass-grown streets have made the bound- of death; more horrible than the obscurity of the The flat fenny country grave. ary of my existence. round me is not flatter or more dismal than my In all the future she had not one hope; no, not life. You will say that I should take an interest one. She had loved Edward Arundel with all in the duties which I do; and that they should be the strength of her soul; she had wasted a world enough for me. Heaven knows I have tried to do of intellect and passion upon this bright-haired so; but my life is hard. Do you think there has boy. This foolish, groveling madness had been been nothing in all this to warp my nature? Do the blight of her life. But for this she might have you think, after hearing this, that I am the wo- grown out of her natural self by force of her man to be a second mother to your child?'

herself, and had spoken. She had lifted the dull inficance; she would have loved, and suffered,

'If I had thought otherwise,

Olivia Arundel sat silent and motionless, look-

dark problem of her life.

Strange as it may seem, there was a certain He offered her something, no matter what, it would be a change. She had compared herself to a prisoner in the Bastile; and I think she felt very jailer's offering to remove him to Vincennes. The 'That you choose me as a fitting friend for your new prison might be worse than the old one, per-Life at March-Have you torture would be agreeable? •

'Miss Arundel,' exclaimed John Marchmont, Then again, Olivia Arundel, though unblessed 'forgive me! You misunderstand me; indeed you with many of the chains of womanhood, was not Had I thought that I could have offended entirely without its weaknesses. To marry John Marchmont would be to avenge herself upon Edward Arundel. Alas! she forgot how impossible it is to inflict a dagger-thrust upon him who is She saw herself the mistress of Marchtheir trust.'

mont Towers, waited upon by liveried servants,
She broke into a weary sigh as she finished courted, not patronized, by the country gentry, avenged upon the mercenary aunt who had slighted 'And you will not reject my appeal?' her, who had bade her go out and get her living 'I scarcely know what to do,' answered Olivia, as a nursery governess. She saw this; and all that was ignoble in her nature arose, and urged She leaned against the angle of the deep case-ther to snatch the chance offered her-the one John March- have made her an empress lowered its crest, and through all the better voices which she had en-'Mr. Marchmont,' she said at last, furning upon { listed to do battle with the natural voice of her soul cried 'This is a temptation of the devil; put it away from thee!

But this temptation came to her at the very mo-

conscientious desire to do right, and might have She sat down as she finished speaking, and her become, indeed, a good and perfect woman. If hands dropped listlessly in her lap. The unquiet her life had been a wider one, this wasted love pirit raging in her breast had been stronger than would perhaps have shrunk into its proper insigveil through which the outer world beheld her, and recovered, as so many of us recover from and had shown John Marchmont her natural face. this foolish epidemic. But all the volcanic forces 'I think you are a good woman, Miss Arundel,' of an impetuous nature, concentrated into one

To think that in some far-away future time she might cease to love Edward Arundel, and learn to love somebody else, would have seemed about as reasonable to Olivia as to hope that she could have new legs and arms in that distant time. She could cut away this fatal passion with a desperate stroke, it may be, just as she could { succeed the old love.

swer to his appeal. Her mind came back at all John's talk about Miss Arundel. last, after all its passionate wanderings, to the rigid channel she had so laboriously worn for it— hearted and not very far-seeing man, thanked

'If I accept this responsibility I will perform {

'I am sure you will, Miss Arundel,' John answered, eagerly; 'I am sure you will. You mean handsome house; and all those noble qualities to undertake it, then? you mean to consider my which had been dwarfed and crippled in a naroffer? May I speak to your father? may I tell him that I have spoken to you? may I say that selves in unlooked-for grandeur. you have given me a hope of your ultimate consent?

'Yes, yes,' Olivia said, rather impatiently; goodness, unless they had seen, as I have, the 'speak to my father; tell him any thing you plant him horrible deprivations she has borne so uncomplease. Let him decide for me; it is my duty to plant him?' obey him.'

There was a terrible cowardice in this. Olivia? Arundel shrank from marrying a man she dio not love, prompted by no better desire than the mad wish to wrench herself away from her hated iffe. She wanted to fling the burden of responlife. She wanted to fling the burden of responsibility in this matter away from her. Let another a year pin-money during his lifetime; he would decide; let another urge her to do this wrong; and let the wrong be called a sacrifice.

So for the first time she set to work deliberately to cheat her own conscience. For the first time she put a false mark upon the standard she income was eleven thousand a year, and his exhad made for the measurement of her moral progress.

stool by the fire-place, in utter prostration of year; and out of that sum Hubert Arundel and body and mind, when John Marchmont had left his daughter had done treble as much good for her. She let her weary head fall heavily against the carved oaken shatt that supported the oldfashioned mantle-piece, heedless that her brow (Hubert and his daughter had patiently endured struck sharply against the corner of the wood- the most grinding poverty, the burden ever fallwork.

If she could have died then, with no more sinful secret than a woman's natural weakness hidden in her breast-if she could have died then, while yet the first step upon the dark pathway of her life was untrodden-how happy for herself! how happy for others! How miserable a record of sin and suffering might have remained unwritten in the history of woman's life!

She sat long in the same attitude. Once, and once only, two solitary tears arose in her eyes, and rolled slowly down her pale cheeks.

CHAPTER IX.

'WHEN SHALL I CEASE TO BE ALL ALONE?'

HUBERT ARUNDEL was not so much surprised cut off her arm; but to believe that a new love as might have been anticipated at the proposal would grow in its place was quite as absurd as to made him by his wealthy neighbor. Edward felieve in the growing of a new arm. Some Arundel had prepared his uncle for the possicork montrosity might replace the amputated bility of such a proposal by sundry jocose allulimb; some sham and simulated affection might sions and arch hints upon the subject of John Marchmont's admiration for Olivia. The frank Olivia Arundel thought of all these things in and rather frivolous young man thought it was about ten minutes, by the little skeleton clock his cousin's handsome face that had captivated upon the mantle-piece, and while John March- the master of Marchmont Towers, and was quite mont waited very patiently for some definite an- unable to fathom the hidden motive underlying

The Rector of Swampington, being a simplethe narrow groove of duty. Her first words test God heartily for the chance that had befallen tified this. for, then, by the mercy of Providence, in spite it faithfully, she said; rather to herself than to no better provision for the future than a pitiful of his own shortcomings, which had left her with policy upon her father's life. She would be well provided for henceforward, and would live in a now sphere would now expand, and display them-

'People have called her a good girl,' he thought; 'but how could they ever know her

John Marchmont, being newly instructed by his lawyer, was able to give Mr. Arundel a very alear statement of the provision he could make for his wife's future. He could settle upon her the nine thousand pounds left him by Phillip Marchmont. He would allow her five hundred eave her his savings at his death; and he would effect an insurance upon his life for her benefit. The amount of these savings would, of course. depend upon the length of John's life; but the penditure was not likely to exceed three.

She sank into a crouching attitude on a low more than three hundred and fifty pounds a cool by the fire-place, in utter prostration of year; and out of that sum Hubert Arundel and ody and mind, when John Marchmont had left the numerous poor of the parish as ever had been achieved by any previous Rector or his family. the most grinding poverty, the burden ever falling heavier on Olivia, who had the heroic faculty of endurance as regards all physical discomfort. Can it be wondered, then, that the Rec. tor of Swampington thought the prospect offered to his child a very brilliant one? Can it be wondered that he urged his daughter to accept this altered lot?

He did urge her, pleading John Marchmont's cause a great deal more warmly than the widower had himself pleaded.

'My darling,' he said, 'my darling girl! if I can live to see you mistress of Marchmont Towers, I shall go to my grave contented and

can tell you now what I never dared tell you be- is so dull, and your life has been so fatiguing. fore; I can tell you of the long, sleepless nights How different that would all be at Marchmont I have passed thinking of you, and of the wicked wrongs I have done you. Not willful wrongs, 'You wish me to marry Mr. Marchmont, then, my love,' the Rector added, with tears gathering in his eyes; 'for you know how dearly I have always loved you. But a father's responsibility toward his children is a very heavy burden. I've only looked at it in this light lately, my dear-now that I've let the time slip by, and it is too late to redeem the past. I've suffered She took her hand from the Rector's shoulder, very much, Olivia; and all this has seemed to and walked away from him to the uncurtained separate us, somehow. But that's past now, isn't window, against which she stood with her back it, my dear? and you'll marry this Mr. Marchmont. He seems to be a very good, conscientious man, and I think he'll make you happy.'

after dinner in the dusky November twilight, a brilliant offer of marriage should be accepted the room only lighted by the fire, which was by a young lady who was entirely fancy-free, and low and dim. Hubert Arundel could not see he had an uncomfortable apprehension that there his daughter's face as he talked to her; he could was something hidden under his daughter's quiet only see the black outline of her figure sharply manner. defined against the gray window behind her, as 'But, my dear Olivia,' he said, nervously, she sat opposite to him. He could see by her 'you must not for a moment suppose that I attitude that she was listening to him, with her would force you into this marriage, if it is in head drooping and her hands lying idle in her any way repugnant to yourself. You-you may

had finished speaking; so silent that he feared you longer than Mr. Marchmont, whohis words might have touched her too painfully,

and that she was crying.

Heaven help this simple-hearted father! She had scarcely heard three consecutive words that have you ever seen that should make you think he had spoken, but had only gathered dimly from any one loved me? his speech that he wanted her to accept John The harshness o Marchmont's offer.

It / Every great passion is a supreme egotism. is not the object which we hug so determinedly; nothing. Iit is not the object which coils itself about our weak hearts; it is our own madness we worship but you, resumed Olivia, taking no heed of her and cleave to, our own pitiable folly which we father's feeble interruption. I am not the refuse to put away from us. What is Bill Sykes's sort of woman to be loved; I feel and know broken nose or bull-dog visage to Nancy? The that. I have an aquiline nose, and a clear skin, creature she loves and will not part with is not and dark eyes, and people call me handsome; Bill, but her own love for Bill—the one delusion; but nobody loves me, or ever will, so long as I of a barren life; the one grand selfishness of a live. feeble nature.

Olivia Arundel's thoughts had wandered far and admires you? remonstrated the Rector. away while her father had spoken so piteously to Mr. Marchmont wants a governess and her. She had been thinking of her cousin Ed-chaperon for his daughter, and thinks me a suitaward, and had been asking herself the same ble person to fill such a post; that is all the love question over and over again. Would he be Mr. Marchmont has for me. No papa; there sorry? would be be sorry if she married John

Marchmont?

was waiting for her to speak; and, rising from girl, and I am prepared to perform it faithfully, her chair, she went toward him, and laid her? That is my part of the bargain. Do I commit a hand upon his shoulder.

She asked the question eagerly, almost breath-Latterly she had been forever harping upon lessly, as if her decision depended upon her this one theme—her duty! That word was the father's answer. key-note of her life; and her existence had her terly seemed to her so inharmonious that it was scarcely strange she should repeatedly strike that leading note in the scale.

'My darling,' cried Mr. Arundel, 'you have;

been all that is good.'

silent.

meekly; but you have not been happy. I have Miss Arundel could not visit her poor upon.

happy. Think, my dear, of the misery this mar- watched you, my love, and I know you have not riage will save you from. Oh, my dear girl, I been happy. But that is not strange. This place can tell you now what I was a fatiguing

papa?'

'I do, indeed, my love. For your own sake, of course,' the Rector added, deprecatingly. 'You really wish it?'

'Very, very much, my dear.'

'Then I will marry him, papa."
She took her hand from the Rector's shoulder, to her father, looking out into the gray obscurity.

I have said that Hubert Arundel was not a very clever or far-seeing person; but he vaguely The father and daughter were sitting together felt that this was not exactly the way in which

have formed some prior attachment, or there She was silent for some little time after he may be somebody who loves you, and has loved

His daughter turned upon him sharply as he

rambled on.

'Somebody who loves me!' she echoed. 'What

The harshness of her tone jarred upon Mr. Arundel, and made him still more nervous.

'My love, I beg your pardon. I have seen

'Nobody loves me, or has ever loved me-

'But Mr. Marchmont, my dear-surely he loves

is no reason I should shrink from this marriage. There is no one who will be sorry for it; no one. But she understood presently that her father I am asked to perform a duty toward this little sin in marrying John Marchmont in this spirit,

question?'

"Very well, then; if I commit no sin in accept-

ing this offer I will accept it.'

It was thus Olivia paltered with her conscience, holding back half the truth. The ques-'No. no, papa; I have been cold, reserved, tion she should have asked was this-'Do I coment.' mit a sin in marrying one man while my heart 'A little silent, my dear,' the Rector answered, is filled with a mad and foolish love for another?'

the day after this interview with her father. He looked with fearful glances toward the dim Her monotonous round of duty seemed more than ever abhorrent to her. She wandered across the dreary marshes, down by the lonely sea-

shore, in the gray November fog.

She stood for a long time, shivering with the cold dampness of the atmosphere, but not even conscious that she was cold, looking at a dilapidated boat that lay upon the rugged beach. The waters before her and the land behind her were hidden by a dense veil of mist. It seemed as if (she stood alone in the world—utterly isolated, { mother. utterly forgotten.

among the people who do not love me.

Dim lights in distant windows were gleaming? across the flats when she returned to Swampington, to find her father sitting alone and dispirited at his frugal dinner. Miss Arundel took her place quietly at the bottom of the table, with no trace of emotion upon her face.

'I am sorry I stayed out so long, papa,' she

'Ann sorry i stayed out so long, papa, she said; 'I had no idea it was so late.'

'Never mind, my d'ar. I know you have always enough to occupy you. Mr. Marchmont called while you were out. He seemed very anxious to hear your decision, and was delighted when he found that it was favorable to himself?' when he found that it was favorable to himself.'

Olivia dropped her knife and fork, and rose from her chair suddenly, with a strange look, which was almost terror, in her face.

'It is quite decided, then?' she said.

'Yes, my love. But you are not sorry, are you?'

Sorry! No; I am glad.'

She sank back into her chair with a sigh of relief. She was glad. The prospect of this strange marriage offered a relief from the horrible oppression of her life.

'Henceforward to think of Edward Arundel will be a sin,' she thought. 'I have not won another man's love, but I shall be another man's wife.'

CHAPTER X.

MARY'S STEP-MOTHER.

Perhaps there was never a quieter courtship than that which followed Olivia's acceptance of John Marchmont's offer. There had been no pretense of sentiment on either side; yet I doubt if John had been much more sentimental during his early love-making days, though he had very tenderly and truly loved his first wife. There were few sparks of the romantic or emotional fire in his placid nature. His love for his daugh ter, though it absorbed his whole being, was a silent and undemonstrative affection; a thoughtful and almost fearful devotion, which took the form of intense but hidden anxiety for his child's future rather than any outward show of tender-

demonstrative character, he would scarcely have If you had some one who loved you, dear, a lady,

future, and saw his darling, a lonely figure upon a barren landscape, beset with enemies eager to devour her; and he snatched at this one chance of securing her a protectress, who would be bound to her by a legal as well as a moral tie; for John Marchmont meant to appoint his second wife the guardian of his child. He thought only of this; and he hurried on his suit at the Rectory, fearful lest death should come between him and his loveless bride, and thus deprive his darling of a second

terly forgotten.

(O, my God!' she murmured; 'if this boat at second marriage. It was not till a week before my feet could drift me away to some desert the day appointed for the wedding that he told island, I could never be more desolate than I am his daughter what he was about to do. Edward Arundel knew the secret, but he had been warned

not to reveal it to Mary.

The father and daughter sat together late one evening in the first week of December, in the great western drawing-room. Edward had gone to a party at Swampington, and was to sleep at the Rectory; so Mary and her father were alone.

It was nearly eleven o'clock; but Miss Marchmont had insisted upon sitting up until her father should retire to rest. She had always sat up in Oakley Street, she had remonstrated, though she was much younger then. She sat on a velvetcovered hassock at her father's feet, with her fair hair falling over his knee, as her head lay there in loving abandonment. She was not talking to him; for neither John nor Mary were great talkers; but she was with him—that was quite enough.

Mr. Marchmont's thin fingers twined themselves listlessly in and out of the fair curls upon his knee. Mary was thinking of Edward and the party at Swampington. Would he enjoy himself very, very much? Would he be sorry that she was not there? It was a grown-up party, and she wasn't old enough for grown-up parties yet .-Would the pretty girls in blue be there? and would he dance with them?

Her father's face was clouded by a troubled expression, as he looked absently at the red embers in the low fire-place. He spoke presently, but his observation was a very commonplace one. The opening speeches of a tragedy are seldom remarkable for any ominous or solemn meaning. Two gentlemen meet each other in a street very near the footlights, and converse rather flippantly about the aspect of affairs in general; there is no hint of bloodshed and agony till we get deeper into the play.

So Mr. Marchmont, bent upon making rather an important communication to his daughter, and for the first time feeling very fearful as to how

she would take it, began thus:

'You really ought to go to bed earlier, Polly dear; you've been looking very pale lately, and I know such hours as these must be bad for you.'

'Oh no, papa, dear,' cried the young lady; 'I'm always pale; that's natural to me. Sitting up late doesn't hurt me, papa. It never did in Oakley Street, you know.

John Marchmont shook his head sadly.

Had his love been of a more impulsive and to suffer many evils through her father's poverty. thought of taking such a step as that he now conyou know—for a man does not understand these
templated, without first ascertaining whether it
sort of things—your health would be looked after
was agreeable to his daughter.

But he never for a moment dreamed of consulting Mary's will upon this important matter. wouldn't you, Polly darling?'

appealing tone: A terrible fear was beginning to of resolution about her. She had been a child take possession of him. His daughter might be for a few moments; a child, with no power to grieved at this second marriage. The very step look beyond the sudden pang of that new sorrow which he had taken for her happiness might cause which had come to her. She was a woman now, her loving nature pain and sorrow. In the utter able to rise superior to her sorrow in the strength cowardice of his affection he trembled at the of her womanhood. thought of causing his darling any distress in the present, even for her future welfare, even for her ifish and wicked to talk like that. If it will make future good; and he knew that the step he was you happy to have another wife, papa, I'll not be about to take would secure that. Mary started sorry. No, I won't be sorry, even if your new

would. The Miss Landells, at Impley Grange, mont shook her head; she could not realize this have a governess: and they only come down to possibility. 'Do you understand me, my dear?' dessert for half an hour, or go out for a drive her father continued, earnestly. I want you to sometimes, so that they very seldom see their papa. (have some one who will be a mother to you; and Lucy told me so; and they said they'd give the I hope-I am sure that Oliviaworld to be always with their papa, as I am with you. Oh pray, pray, papa darling, don't let me have a governess.

The tears were in her eyes as she pleaded to not Miss Arundel you are going to marry!

The sight of those tears made him terribly Her father bent his head in assent. him. The sight of those tears made him terribly;

poor father. You are old enough to understand? these things now, dear. You know what the doe-tors have said. I may die, Polly, and leave you alone in the world.'

Who could be better than Olivia Arundel? Every body knows how good she is. Every body talks of her goodness.'

She clung closely to her father, and looked up, pale and trembling, as she answered him. •

'When you die, papa, I shall die too. I could never, never live without you.'

'Yes, yes, my darling, you would. You will { live to lead a happy life, please God, and a safe { one: but if I die, and leave you very young, very { inexperienced, and innocent, as I may do, my 'I know she is very good, papa,' Mary cried; dear, you must not be without a friend to watch 'but oh, why, why do you marry her? Do you over you, to advise, to protect you. I have thought love her so very, very much?' of this long and earnestly, Polly; and I believe (Love) that what I am going to do is right. 'no, Poll What you are going to do!' Mary cried, re- but you.'

peating her father's words, and looking at him in sudden terror. 'What do you mean. papa? What are you going to do? Nothing that will part us!

'No, Polly darling,' answered Mr. Marchmont. 'Whatever I do I do for your sake, and for that alone. I'm going to be married, my dear.

Mary burst into a low wail, more pitiful than {

any ordinary weeping.

'Oh papa, papa,' she cried, 'you never will, you never will!'

The sound of that piteous voice for a few moments quite unmanned John Marchmont; but he armed himself with a desperate courage. He de-termined not to be influenced by this child to re-dear, and I can not recall it. I believe that I am linquish the purpose which he believed was to achieve her future welfare.

'Mary, Mary dear,' he said, reproachfully, 'this ! is very cruel of you. Do you think I haven't consulted your happiness before my own? Do you think I shall love you less because I take this step for your sake? You are very cruel to me, Mary

The little girl rose from her kneeling attitude, }

He asked the question in an almost piteously ing down her white cheeks, but with a certain air

'I won't be cruel, papa,' she said; 'I was sel-

from her reclining, position, and looked up into wife separates us—a little.'
her father's face.

'You're not going to engage a governess for me, papa?' she cried, eagerly. 'Oh, please don't. you to have a second friend, Polly; some one who We are so much better as it is. A governess would keep me away from you, papa; I know she would The Miss Landells, at Impley Grange.

Mary interrupted him by a sudden exclamation,

that was almost like a cry of pain.

'Not Miss Arundel!' she said. 'Oh papa, it is

'What is the matter with you, Mary?' he said, 'My own dear Polly,' he said, 'I'm not going to almost fretfully, as he saw the look of mingled engage a governess. I—Polly, Polly dear, you grief and terror in his daughter's face. 'You are must be reasonable. You mustn't grieve your really quite unreasonable to-night. If I am to marry at all, who should I choose for a wife?

> In these two sentences Mr. Marchmont made confession of a fact he had never himself considered. It was not his own impulse, it was no instinctive belief in her goodness, that had led him to choose Olivia Arundel for his wife. He had been influenced solely by the reiterated opinions

of other people.

'Love her!' exclaimed Mr. Marchmont, naively; ino, Polly dear: you know I never loved any one

'Why do you marry her, then?'

'For your sake, Polly; for your sake.'

'But don't, then, papa; oh pray, pray don't. I Oh papa, papa, you will never do any thing to don't want her. I don't like her, I could never be happy with her.

'Mary! Mary!

'Yes, I know it's very wicked to say so, but it's true, papa; I never, never, never could be happy with her. I know she is good, but I don't like her. If I did any thing wrong, I should never expect her to forgive me for it; I should never expect her to have mercy upon me. Don't marry

her, papa; pray, pray don't marry her.'
'Mary,' said Mr. Marchmont, resolutely, 'this acting for the best. You must not be childish now, Mary. You have been my comfort ever since you were a baby,; you mustn't make me un-

happy now.

Her father's appeal went straight to her heart. Yes, she had been his help and comfort since her earliest infancy, and she was not unused to selfsacrifice; why should she fail him now? She had read of martyrs, patient and holy creatures, to and stood before her father, with the tears stream- whom suffering was glory; she would be a martyr, if need were, for his sake. steadfast amidst the blazing fagots, or walk un- darling's grief. flinchingly across the white-hot plowshare; for his sake, for his sake.

her father's neck, 'I will not make you sorry. will be good and obedient to Miss Arundel, if you fatal path by a merciful hand; but we insist upon

Mr. Marchmont carried his little girl up to her comfortable bedchamber close at hand to his own. She was very calm when she bade him good- to be our goal. A thousand ominous whispers in night; and she kissed him with a smile upon her his own breast warned John Marchmont that the face; but all through the long hours before the step he considered so wise was not a wise one: late winter morning Mary Marchmont lay awake, and yet, in spite of all these subtle warnings, in weeping silently and incessantly in her new sor spite of the ever-present reproach of his daughrow; and all through the same weary hours the ter's altered face, this man, who was too weak master of that noble Lincolnshire mansion slept to trust blindly in his God, went on persistently a fitful and troubled slumber, rendered hideous by upon his way, trusting, with a thousand times more confused and horrible dreams, in which the black fatal blindness, in his own wisdom. shadow that came between him and his child, and the cruel hand that thrust him forever from his and her altered fortunes to the Providence which darling, were Olivia Arundel's.

But the morning light brought relief to John tered her from every harm. Marchmont and his child. Mary arose with the his child to the mercy of God, but he cast her determination to submit patiently to her father's choice, and to conceal from him all traces of her A new life began for Mary Marchmont after foolish and unreasoning sorrow. John awoke the quiet wedding at Swampington Church. The from troubled dreams to believe in the wisdom of bride and bridegroom went upon a brief honeythe step he had taken, and to take comfort from moon excursion far away among snow-clad Scotthe thought that in the far-away future his daugh itish mountains and frozen streams, upon whose ter would have reason to thank and bless him for bloomless margins poor John shivered dismally.

the choice he had made.

So the few days before the marriage passed away-miserably short days, that flitted by with terrible speed; and the last day of all was made? still more dismal by the departure of Edward Arundel, who left Marchmont Towers to go to Dangerfield Park, whence he was most likely to start once more for India.

Mary felt that her narrow world of love was indeed crumbling away from her. Edward was lost, and to-morrow her father would belong to Mr. Marchmont dined at the Rectory another. upon that last evening; for there were settlements to be signed and other matters to be arranged; and Mary was alone—quite alone—weeping over her lost happiness.

'This would never have happened,' she thought, 'if we hadn't come to Marchmont Towers. I wish papa had never had the fortune; we were so happy in Oakley Street—so very happy. I wouldn't mind a bit being poor again if I could

be always with papa.'

Mr. Marchmont had not been able to make himself quite comfortable in his mind, after that unpleasant interview with his daughter in which he had broken to her the news of his approaching marriage. Argue with himself as he might upon the advisability of the step he was about to take, he could not argue away the fact that he had grieved the child he loved so intensely. He could not blot away from his memory the pitiful aspect of her terror-stricken face as she had turned it toward him when he uttered the name of Olivia

No; he had grieved and distressed her. future might reconcile her to that grief, perhaps, as a by gone sorrow which she had been allowed to suffer for her own ultimate advantage. But the future was a long way off; and in the mean time having consulted his physician as to the propriety there was Mary's altered face, calm and resigned, of such a step. but bearing upon it a settled look of sorrow, very

She would stand otherwise than unhappy in the knowledge of his

I do not believe that any man or woman is ever suffered to take any fatal step upon the roadway 'Papa, papa,' she cried, flinging herself upon of life without receiving ample warning by the The stumbling-blocks are placed in the I way. groping over them, and surmounting them in our blind obstinacy, to reach that shadowy something beyond, which we have in our ignorance appointed

> He could not be content to confide his darling had watched over her in her poverty, and shel-He could not trust

upon the love of Olivia Arundel.

I fear that Mr. Marchmont, having been, by the hard pressure of poverty, compelled to lead a Cockney life for the better half of his existence, had but slight relish for the grand and sublime in nature. I do not think that he looked at the ruined walls which had once sheltered Macbeth and his strong-minded partner with all the enthusiasm which might have been expected of him. He had but one idea about Macbeth, and he was rather glad to get out of the neighborhood associated with the warlike Thane; for his memories of the past presented King Duncan's murderer as a very stern and uncompromising gentleman, who was utterly intolerant of banners held awry, or turned with the blank and ignoble side toward the audience, and who objected vehemently to a violent fit of coughing on the part of any one of his guests during the blank Barmecide feast of pasteboard and Dutch metal with which he was wont to entertain them. No; John Marchmont had had quite enough of Macbeth, and rather wondered at the hot enthusiasm of other red-nosed tourists, apparently indifferent to the frosty weather.

I fear that the master of Marchmont Towers would have preferred Oakley Street, Lambeth, to Princes Street, Edinburgh; for the nipping and eager airs of the modern Athens nearly blew him across the gulf between the new town and the A visit to the Calton Hill produced an attack of that chronic cough which had so severely tormented the weak-kneed supernumerary in the draughty corridors of Drury Lane. Melrose and Abbotsford fatigued this poor feeble tourist; he tried to be interested in the stereotyped round of associations beloved by other travelers, but he had a weary craving for rest, which was stronger than any hero-worship; and he discovered, before long, that he had done a very foolish thing in coming to Scotland in December and January, without

But above all personal inconvenience, above all close at hand; and John Marchmont could not be personal suffering, there was one feeling ever preshe had left behind him; a mournful longing to be vow; and on the night before her loveless bridal back with his child. Already Mary's sad fore- she had groveled-white, writhing, mad, and desbodings had been in some way realized; already perate—upon the ground, and had plucked out his new wife had separated him, unintentionally, of her lacerated heart her hopeless love for of course, from his daughter. . The aches and another man. pains he endured in the bleak Scottish atmosphere reminded him too forcibly of the warnings he had have spent the bridal eve in vain tears and lamenreceived from his physicians. He was seized tations, in feeble prayers, and such weak strugwith a panic almost when he remembered his own gles as might have been evidenced by the destrucimprudence. What if he had needlessly curtailed tion of a few letters, a tress of hair, some frathe short span of his life! What if he were to gile foolish tokens of a wasted love. She would die soon; before Olivia had learned to love her have burned five out of six letters, perhaps—that step-daughter; before Mary, had grown affection—helpless, ordinary sinner—and would have kept ately familiar with her new guardian? Again and the sixth, to hoard away hidden among her matriagain he appealed to his wife, imploring her to monial trousseau; she would have thrown away

he said; 'as much as 1 do, perhaps; for you will tered hopes had hung-to be wept over and kissed discover how good she is, how patient and unsel- in the days that were to come. An ordinary wofish. But just at first, and before you know her man would have played fast and loose with love very well, you will be kind to her, won't you, and duty; and so would have been true to neither. She has been used to great indulgence; she has been spoiled, perhaps; but you'll remember all that, and be very kind to her.

mont's heart toward the motherless girl. She have killed herself, perhaps, rather than endure herself felt that such a feeling was wanting, and this mortal agony. comprehended that it should have been there, than herself; she killed the passion that had be-She would have loved her step-daughter in those come stronger than herself.

early days if she could have done so; but she could 'Alone she did it;' unaided by any human symnot—she could not. All that was tender or wo-pathy, or compassion, unsupported by any human manly in her nature had been wasted upon her counsel, not upheld by her God; for the religion hopeless love for Edward Arundel. The utter she had made for herself was a hard creed, and wreck of that small freight of affection had left the many words of tender comfort which must her nature warped and stunted, soured, disap- have been familiar to her, were unremembered pointed, unwomanly.

How was she to love this child, this fair-haired, dove-eyed girl, before whom 'woman's life, with than the meek faithfulness of the Christian, which all its natural wealth of affection, stretched far upheld this unhappy girl under her torture. She away, a bright and fairy vista? How was she to did not do this thing because it pleased her to be love her—she, whose black future was uncheck-jobedient to her God. She did not do it because

notony of the present?

never love each other. When this girl and I are so darkly. No; she fought the terrible fight, and equals—when she, like me, stands alone upon a she came forth out of it a conqueror, by reason barren rock, far out amidst the waste of waters, of her own indomitable power of suffering, by with not one memory to hold her to the past, reason of her own extraordinary strength of will. with not one hope to lure her onward to the future, with nothing but the black sky above and classic sword and not the Christian cross, she was the black waters around-then we may grow fond nevertheless a conqueror. When she stood before of each other.'

fail in this?

to be somewhat arrogant, let it be remembered voice in the voices of others perpetually offered that she had set herself hard tasks before now, to entrap her. No; she was steadfast. Would the new furand had performed them. nace through which she was to pass be more ter-daughter, she bore with her husband when his rible than the old fires? She had gone to God's feeble health made him a wearisome companion. altar with a man for whom she had no more love. She waited upon him when pain made him fret-than she felt for the lowest or most insignificant, ful, and her duties became little less arduous than of the miserable sinners in her father's flock. She those of a hospital-nurse. When, at the bidding had sworn to honor and obey him, meaning at of the Scotch physician who had been called in

ent in his heart—a sick yearning for the little girl least faithfully to perform that portion of her

Yes; she had done this. Another woman might be tender to the orphan child, if he should be fifteen-sixteenths of that tress of hair, and would snatched away suddenly.

have kept the sixteenth portion—one delicate curl have kept the sixteenth portion—one delicate curl 'I know you will love her by-and-by, Olivia,' of gold, slender as the thread by which her shat-

But Olivia Arundel did none of these things. She battled with her weakness as St. George battled with the fiery dragon. She plucked the 'I will try and do my duty,' Mrs. Marchmont rooted serpent from her heart, reckless as to how answered. 'I pray that I never may do less.' much of that desperate heart was to be wrenched , much of that desperate heart was to be wrenched There was no tender yearning in Olivia March- away with its roots. A cowardly woman would Olivia Arundel killed more

in that long night of anguish.

It was the Roman's stern endurance, rather ered by one ray of light, who stood dissevered she believed in the mercy of Him who inflicted from the past, alone in the dismal, dreamless mo- the suffering, and looked forward hopefully, even amidst her passionate grief, to the day when she 'No,' she thought, 'beggars and princes can should better comprehend that which she now saw

But she did conquer. If her weapon was the the altar and gave her hand to John Marchmont, But always more or less steadfast to the stand-, Edward Arundel was dead to her. The fatal ard she had set up for herself, Olivia Marchmont, habit of looking at him as the one centre of her intended to do her duty to her step-daughter.—, narrow life, was cured. In all her Scottish wan-She had not failed in other duties, though no glim-derings, her thoughts never once went back to mer of love had brightened them, no natural affec- thim; though a hundred chance words and assocition had made them pleasant. Why should she; ations tempted her, though a thousand memories assailed her, though some trick of his face in the If this belief in her own power should appear faces of other people, though some tone of his

Dutiful as a wife as she had been dutiful as a

ward, traveling slowly and resting often on the lessened, to her grave. She was cheated and way, his wife was more devoted to him than his imposed upon, robbed and lied to, by people experienced servant, more watchful than the best who loved her, perhaps, while they wronged trained sick-nurse. She recoiled from nothing, her—for to know her was to love her. She was trained sick-nurse. She recoiled from nothing, her—for to know her was to love her. she neglected nothing; she gave him full measure robbed systematically by a confidential servant of the honor and obedience which she had promfor years, and for years refused to believe those ised upon her wedding-day. And when she who told her of his delinquencies. She could reached Marchmont Towers upon a dreary eye- not believe that people were wicked. To the ning in January, she passed beneath the solemn day of her death she had faith in the scoundrels portal of the western front, carrying in her heart and scamps who had profited by her sweet comthe full determination to hold as steadfastly to the passion and untiring benevolence; and indigother half of her bargain, and to do her duty to sent that they were any thing more than unfortu-

welcome her father and his wife. She had cast fountain of love and tenderness. To know her off her black dresses in honor of Mr. March-goodness was to understand the goodness of God; mont's marriage, and she wore some soft, silken for her love approached the Infinite, and might fabric, of a pale shimmering blue, which con-have taught a skeptic the possibility of Divinity. trasted exquisitely with her soft flaxen hair and the fabric of the statement of the state her fair tender face. She uttered a cry of min- left her an accomplished lady, a delightful comgled alarm and sorrow when she saw her father, panion, but in guilelessness a child. and perceived the change that had been made So Mary Marchmont, trusting implicitly in in his looks by the northern journey; but she those she loved, submitted to her father's will, checked herself at a warning glance from her and prepared to obey her step-mother. step-mother, and bade that dear father welcome, new life at the Towers began very peacefully; a clinging about him with an almost desperate perfect harmony reigned in the quiet household. fondness. She greeted Olivia gently and re-Olivia took the reins of management with so spectfully.

who had come to rule at Marchmont Towers.

'I believe you will, my dear,' Olivia answered, kindly.

dressed her by that endearing corruption of the children at Swampington, making her own laws holy word mother. The child had been so long for the government of their narrow intellects. motherless, that she felt little of that acute an-{She planned a routine of study that was actually guish which some orphans suffer when they have terrible to the little girl, whose education had to look up in a strange face and say 'mamma.' hitherto been conducted in a somewhat slipslop She had taught herself the lesson of resignation, manner by a weakly-indulgent father. She came and she was prepared to accept this stranger as between Mary and her one amusement—the her new mother, and to look up to her and obey reading of novels. The half-bound romances her henceforward. No thought of her future were snatched ruthlessly from this young deposition as sole owner of Marchmont Towers yourer of light literature, and sent back to the ever crossed her mind, womanly as that mind shabby circulating library at Swampington had become in the sharp experiences of noverty. Even the gloomy old oak bookscases in the lihad become in the sharp experiences of poverty. Even the gloomy old oak book-cases in the li-If her father had told her that he had cut off the brary at the Towers, and the Abbotsford edition entail, and settled Marchmont Towers upon his of the Waverley novels, were forbidden to poor new wife, I think she would have submitted Mary; for though Sir Walter Scotts's morality is meekly to his will, and would have seen no in irreproachable, it will not do for a young lady to justice in the act. She loved him blindly and be weeping over Lucy Ashton or Amy Robsart confidingly. Indeed, she could only love after when she should be consulting her terrestrial one fashion. The organ of veneration must globe, and informing herself as to the latitude have been abnormally developed in Mary March- and longitude of the Fiji islands. mont's head. To believe that any one she loved { was otherwise than perfect, would have been, in for poor Miss Marchmont, and her brain grew her creed, an infidelity against love. Had any almost dazed under that continuous and pelting one told her that Edward Arundel was not emissioner of hard facts which many worthy people nently qualified for the post of General-in-Chief consider the one sovereign method of education. of the Army of the Indus; or that her father I have said that her mind was far in advance of could by any possible chance be guilty of a fault her years; Olivia perceived this, and set her or folly, she would have recoiled in horror from tasks in advance of her mind, in order that the the treasonous slanderer.

A dangerous quality, perhaps, this quality of guilelessness which thinketh no evil, which can learned difficult lessons with surprising rapidity, not be induced to see the evil under its very Mrs. Marchmont plied her with even yet more nose. But surely, of all the beautiful and pure difficult lessons, thus keeping the spur perpetuthings upon this earth, such blind confidence is ally in the side of this heavily-weighted racer on the purest and most beautiful. I knew a lady, the road to learning. But it must not be thought dead and gone—alas for this world, which could that Olivia willfully tormented or oppressed her ill afford to lose so good a Christian!—who car-step-daughter. It was not so. In all this, John ried this trustfulness of spirit, this utter inca-Marchmont's second wife implicitly believed that

at Edinburgh, John Marchmont turned home-land turmoil of a troubled life, unsullied and un-Mary ran out of the western drawing-room to nate. To go to her was to go to a never-failing

little parade that the old housekeeper who had 'I will try to be very good, mamma,' she long been paramount in the Lincolnshire mansaid, as she took the passive hand of the lady sion, found herself superseded before she knew where she was. It was Olivia's nature to govern. Her strength of will asserted itself almost unconsciously. She took possession of Mary March-She had been startled a little as Mary ad-mont as she had taken possession of her school-

So a round of dry and dreary lessons began perfection attained by a sort of steeple-chase of instruction might not be lost to her. If Mary pacity to believe in wrong, through all the strife she was doing her duty to the child committed

would be for Mary's ultimate advantage. If she closing in; the feeble boat went down into the caused Miss Marchmont to get up at abnormal hours on bleak wintry mornings, for the purpose of wrestling with a difficult variation by Hertz or Schubert, she herself rose also and sat shiver-blankly forward to an unknown Future. ing by the piano, counting the time of the music

which her step-daughter played.

Whatever pains and trouble she inflicted on Mary she most unshrinkingly endured herself. She waded through the dismal slough of learning side by side with the younger sufferer: Roman emperors, medieval schisms, early British manufactures, Philippa of Hainault, Flemish woolen stuffs, Magna Charta, the sidereal heavens, Luther, Newton, Huss, Galileo, Calvin, Loyola, Sir mont roamed hither and thither in the big gaunt Robert Walpole, Cardinal Wolsey, conchology, Arianism in the Early Church, trial by jury, Habeas Corpus, zoology, Mr. Pitt, the American war, Copernicus, Confucius, Mohammed, Harvey, Jenner, Lycurgus, and Catherine of Aragon; through a very diabolical dance of history, science, theology, philosophy, and instruction of all kinds, did this devoted priestess lead her hap-less victim, struggling onward toward that distant altar at which Pallas Athené waited, pale of the girl's anguish. The wan eyes, looking and inscrutable, to receive a new disciple.

But Olivia Marchmont did not mean to be unmerciful; she meant to be good to her stepdaughter. She did not love her; but, on the other hand, she did not dislike her. Her feelings were simply negative. Mary understood this, and the submissive obedience she rendered. to her step-mother was untempered by affection. So, for nearly two years these two people led a monotonous life, unbroken by any more important event than a dinner-party at Marchmont Towers, or a brief visit to Harrowgate or Scar-

This monotonous existence was not to go on forever. The fatal day, so horribly feared by John Marchmont, was creeping closer and closer. The sorrow which had been shadowed in every childish dream, in every childish prayer, came at last; and Mary Marchmont was left an orphan.

Poor John had never quite recovered the effects of his winter excursion to Scotland; neither his wife's devoted nursing, nor his physician's care, could avail forever; and late in the autumn of the second year of his marriage he sank slowly and peacefully enough as regards physical suffering, but not without bitter grief of mind.

In vain Hubert Arundel talked to him: in vain did he himself pray for faith and comfort in this dark hour of trial. He could not bear to leave his child alone in the world. In the foolishness of his love he would have trusted in the strength of his own arm to shield her in the battle; he could not trust her hopefully to the arm of God. the bleak autumn weather the atmosphere of the He prayed for her night and day, during the last great house seemed hot and oppressive to its week of his illness; while she was praying pas-{living inmates, whose spirits were weighed down sionately, almost madly, that he might be spared by a vague sense of something akin to terror of to her, or that she might die with him. Better the Awful Presence in that Lincolnshire manfor her, according to all mortal reasoning, if she sion. Mary had wandered to this open window, could have died as she wished to die, clinging to maining for a long time on her knees by the her father's breast.

The her father's room, with her head

there for her in that dim and awful obscurity.

to her care. She fully believed that this dreary yellow sand had little by little grown narrower routine of education was wise and right, and and narrower. The dark and cruel waters were darkness; and Mary stood alone, with her dead father's hand clasped in hers—the last feeble link which bound her to the Past-looking

CHAPTER XI.

THE DAY OF DESOLATION.

YES; the terrible day had come. Mary Marchrooms, up and down the long dreary corridors, white and ghostlike in her mute anguish, while the undertaker's men were busy in her father's chamber, and while John's widow sat in the study below, writing business letters, and making all necessary arrangements for the funeral.

In those early days no one attempted to comfort the orphan. There was something more terrible than the loudest grief in the awful quiet wearily out of a white haggard face, that seemed drawn and contracted as if by some hideous physical torture, were tearless. Except the one long wail of despair which had burst from her lips in the awful moment of her father's deathagony, no cry of sorrow, no utterance of pain, had given relief to Mary Marchmont's suffering.

She suffered, and was still. She shrank away from all human companionship; she seemed specially to avoid the society of her step-mother. She locked the door of her room upon all who would have intruded on her, and flung herself upon the bed, to lie there in a dull stupor for hour after hour. But when the twilight was gray in the desolate corridors, the wretched girl wandered out into the gallery on which her father's room opened, and hovered near that solemn death-chamber-fearful to go in, fearful to encounter the watchers of the dead, lest they should torture her by their hackneyed expressions of sympathy, lest they should agonize her by their commonplace talk of the lost.

Once during that brief interval, while the coffin still held terrible tenancy of the deathchamber, the girl wandered in the dead of the night, when all but the hired watchers were asleep, to the broad landing of the oaken staircase, and into a deep recess formed by an embayed window that opened over the great stone porch which sheltered the principal western en-

trance to Marchmont Towers.

The window had been left open; for even in Happier for her, a thousand times, if she scarcely knowing whither she went, after re-The blow fell at last upon those two loving resting against the oaken panel of the doorhearts. These were the awful shadows of death not praying; why should she pray now, unless that shut his child's face from John Marchmont's her prayers could have restored the dead. She fuding sight. His feeble arms groped here and had come out upon the wide staircase, and past there for her in that dim and awful obscurity. the ghostly pictured faces that looked grimly Yes, this was death. The narrow tract of down upon her from the oaken wainscot against

dim gray light: there was light somewhere in leons die, and the earth reels for a moment, only the sky, but only a shadowy and uncertain glim- to be 'alive and bold 'again in the next instant, mer of fading starlight or coming dawn. And to the astonishment of poets, and the calm satisshe stood now with her head resting against one faction of philosophers; and ordinary people eat of the angles of the massive stone-work, looking their breakfasts while the telegram lies beside out of the open window.

dimly in the eastern sky behind Marchmont machine in Printing-House Square. Towers was to witness poor John's funeral. Anguish and despair more terrible than any of For nearly six days Mary Marchmont had the tortures she had felt yet took possession of avoided all human companionship; for nearly six (days she had shunned all human sympathy and During all that time she had never } eaten, except when forced to do so by her stepmother, who had visited her from time to time, and had insisted upon sitting by her bedside while \ she took the food that had been brought to her. Heaven knows how often the girl had slept during those six dreary days; but her feverish slumbers had brought her very little rest or refreshment. They had brought her nothing but cruel \ dreams, in which her father was still alive; in \ which she felt his thin arms clasped round her neck, his faint and fitful breath warm upon her

A great clock in the stables struck five while Mary Marchmont stood looking out of the Tudor window. The broad gray flat before the house stretched far away, melting into the shadowy sky. The pale stars grew paler as Mary looked at them; the black water pools began to glimmer faintly under the widening patch of light in the eastern sky. The girl's senses were bewildered by her suffering—her head was light and dizzy.

Her father's death had made so sudden and terrible a break in her existence, that she could scarcely believe the world had not come to an end, with all the joys and sorrows of its inhabitants. Would there be anything more after tomorrow? she thought; would the blank days and nights go monotonously on when the story that { had given them a meaning and a purpose had come to its dismal end? Surely not; surely, after. those gaunt iron gates, far away across the swampy waste that was called a park, had closed upon her father's funeral train, the world would come to an end, and there would be no more time or space. I think she really believed this in \ the semi-delirium into which she had fallen within the last hour. She believed that all would } be over, and that she and her despair would melt? away into the emptiness that was to engulf the universe after her father's funeral.

Then suddenly the full reality of her grief { flashed upon her with horrible force. clasped her hands upon her forehead, and a low

faint cry broke from her white lips.

It was not all over. Time and space would not be annihilated. The weary, monotonous, workaday world would still go on upon its course, Nothing would be changed. The great gaunt stone mansion would still stand, and the dull machinery of its interior would still go on : the { a predilection for, that girl would be the fittest same hours; the same customs; the same inflexible routine. John Marchmont would be carried out of the house that had owned him master, to } lie in the dismal vault under Kemberling Church; } and the world in which he had made so little stir would go on without him. The easy-chair in which he had been wont to sit would be wheeled away from its corner by the fire-place in the western drawing-room. The papers in his study

which they hung; she had wandered here in the sion of by strange hands. Cromwells and Napothem upon the table, and the ink in which Mr. The morning which was already glimmering Reuter's message is recorded is still wet from the

> Anguish and despair more terrible than any of Mary Marchmont's breast. For the first time she looked out at her own future. Until now she had thought only of her father's death. She had despaired because he was gone; but she had never contemplated the horror of her future life-a life in which she was to exist without him. A sudden agony, that was near akin to madness, seized upon this girl, in whose sensitive nature affection had always had a morbid intensity. She shuddered with a wild dread at the blank prospect of that horrible future; and as she looked out at the wide stone steps below the window from which she was leaning, for the first time in her young life the idea of self-destruction flashed across her

She uttered a cry, a shrill, almost unearthly cry, that was, notwithstanding, low and feeble, and clambered suddenly upon the broad stone sill of the Tudor casement. She wanted to fling herself down and dash her brains out upon the stone steps below; but in the utter prostration of her state, she was too feeble to do this, and she fell backward and dropped in a heap upon the polished oaken flooring of the recess, striking her forehead as she fell. She lay there unconscious until nearly seven o'clock, when one of the women-servants found her, and carried her off to her own room, where she suffered herself to be undressed and put to bed.

Mary Marchmont did not speak until the goodhearted Lincolnshire house-maid had laid her in her bed, and was going away to tell Olivia of the state in which she had found the orphan girl.

'Don't tell my step-mother any thing about me, Susan,' she said; 'I think I was mad last night.'

This speech frightened the house-maid, and she went straight to the widow's room. Mrs. Marchmont, always an early riser, had been up and dressed for some time, and went at once to look

at her step-daughter.

She found Mary very calm and reasonable. There was no trace of bewilderment or delirium now in her manner; and when the principal doctor of Swampington came, a couple of hours afterward, to look at the young heiress, he declared that there was no cause for any alarm. The young lady was sensitive, morbidly sensitive, he said, and must be kept very quiet for a few days, and watched by some one whose presence would not annoy her. If there was any girl of her own age whom she had ever shown companion for her just now. After a few days it would be advisable that she should have change of air and change of scene. She must not be allowed to brood continuously on her father's death. The doctor repeated this last injunction more than once. It was most important that she should not give way too perpetually to her grief.

So Mary Marchmont lay in her darkened room while her father's funeral train was moving slowly would be sorted and put away, or taken posses- away from the western entrance. It happened

rangle, and she heard none of the subdued sounds unusual to her. which attended the departure of that solemn procession. In her weakness she had grown sub- a rough cur—half shepherd's dog, half Scotch missive to the will of others. She thought this deer-hound, who had been fond of John, but feebleness and exhaustion gave warning of her was not fond of Olivia-lay at the further exapproaching death. Her prayers would be granted tremity of the hearth-rug, watching her suspication and she would ere long be Mrs. Marchmont's personal appearance had carried to the vault under Kemberling Church, not altered during the two years of her married to lie beside her father in the black stillness of life. Her face was thin and haggard, but it that dreadful place

been a special favorite with Mary, who was not of the faultless eyebrows gave a stern expression apt to make friends among strangers. This girl, to the countenance; the thin lips were rigid and Hester Pollard, was sent for, and came, willingly compressed. The face wanted both light and and gladly, to watch her young patroness. She color. A sculptor copying it line by line, would brought her needle-work with her, and sat near the window, busily employed, while Mary lay must have lent his own glowing tints if he shrouded by the pure white curtains of the bed. Wished to represent Olivia Marchmont as a lovely All active services necessary for the comfort of woman. All active services necessary for the comfort of \ woman. the invalid were performed by Olivia or her own \ Her pale face looked paler, and her dead black special attendant—an old servant who had lived hair blacker, against the blank whiteness of her with the Rector ever since his daughter's birth, widow's cap. Her mourning dress clung closely and had only left him to follow that daughter to to her tall, slender figure. She was little more Marchmont Towers after her marriage. So than twenty-five, but she looked a woman of Hester Pollard had nothing to do but to keep very thirty. It had been her missortune to look older quiet, and patiently await the time when Mary than she was from a very early period in her might be disposed to talk to her. The farmer's life. daughter was a gentle, unobtrusive creature, very { well fitted for the duty imposed upon her.

CHAPTER XII.

PAUL.

OLIVIA MARCHMONT sat in her late husband's heroic self-tortures had been able to prevail. study while John's funeral train was moving train was moving Mrs. Marchmont felt no grief, therefore, at slowly along under the misty October sky. A her husband's loss. She had felt the shock of long stream of carriages followed the stately his death, and the painful oppression of his dead hearse, with its four black horses, and its volutional presence in the house. She had faithfully nursed minous draperies of rich velvet, and nodding plumes that were damp and heavy with the automathem atmosphere. The unassuming master of duty. And now, for the first time, she had leimarchmont Towers had won for himself a quiet sure to contemplate the past, and look forward to nonlarity among the simple country gentry, the future. popularity among the simple country gentry, the future.

and the best families in Lincolnshire had sent. So far this woman had fulfilled the task which their chiefs to do honor to his burial, or at the she had taken upon herself; she had been true least their empty carriages to represent them at and loyal to the vow she had made before God's that mournful ceremonial. Olivia sat in her altar, in the church of Swampington. And now dead husband's favorite chamber. Her head she was free. No, not quite free; for she had a lay back upon the cushion of the roomy morocco-heavy burden yet upon her hands—the solemn covered arm-chair in which he had so often sat. charge of her step-daughter during the girl's mi-She had been working hard that morning, and nority. But as regarded marriage vows and indeed every morning since John Marchmont's marriage-ties she was free. death, sorting and arranging papers, with the aid She was free to love Edv of Richard Paulette, the Lincoln's Inn solicitor, and James Gormby, the land-steward. She knew and an impetus wild and strong as the sudden that she had been left sole guardian of her step- uprising of a whirlwind, or the loosing of a moundaughter, and executrix to her husband's will; tain torrent that had long been bound. She was and she had lost no time in making herself ac-{a wife no longer. It was no longer a sin to think quainted with the business details of the estate, of the bright-haired soldier, fighting far away, and the tull nature of the responsibilities in-She was free. When Edward returned to Engtrusted to her.

She had attended to her step-daughter. She had would come back and find her thus; and thenstood in one of the windows of the western and then-drawing-room, watching the departure of the She flu funeral cortege; and now she abandoned herself the air, and struck it on her forehead in a sudden

that Mary's apartments looked out into the quad-for a brief space to that idleness which was so

A fire burned in the low grate at her feet, and

that dreadful place.

Mrs. Marchmont strictly obeyed the doctor's And yet no one could deny that the face was injunctions. A girl of seventeen, the daughter handsome, and the features beautifully chiseled. of a small tenant farmer near the Towers, had But the gray eyes were hard and cold, the line heen a special favorite with Many who was not the gray eyes were hard and cold, the line

She had not loved her husband when she married him, nor had she ever felt for him that love which in most womanly natures grows out of custom and duty. It was not in her nature to love. Her passionate idolatry of her boyish cousin had been the one solitary affection that had ever held a place in her cold heart. All the fire of her nature had been concentrated in this one folly, this one passion, against which only

She was free to love Edward Arundel again. The thought came upon her with a rush land by-and-by he would find her free once more; She was resting now. She had done all that a young widow—young, handsome, and rich could be done until after the reading of the will. enough to be no bad prize for a younger son. He

She flung one of her clenched hands up into

haroxysm of rage. What then? Would he love again, and crush out my heart once more under her any better then than he had loved her two years the brazen wheels? He will never love me!" rigo? No; he would treat her with the same cruel 'ndifference, the same commonplace cousinly woman writhed in her anguish as she uttered riendliness with which he had mocked and tor-} Lured her before. Oh, shame! Oh, misery! Was} there no pride in women, that there could be one } among them fallen so low as her; ready to grovel { never bring such a change as that. There was at the feet of a fair-haired hoy, and to cry aloud, not one element of sympathy between herself

Better that John Marchmont had lived forever. better that Edward Arundel should die far away } upon some Eastern battle-field, before some

'God grant that he may never come back!' she thought. 'God grant that he may marry out yonder, and live and die there. God keep him from me forever and forever in this weary

And yet in the next moment, with the inconsistency which is the chief attribute of that madness we call love, her thoughts wandered away dreamily into visions of the future; and she pic-{ tured Edward Arundel back again at Swamping-{lin fancy, some one horrible monomania. ton, at Marchmont Towers. Her soul burst its} Had Olivia Marchmont lived a couple bonds and expanded, and drank in the sunlight of turies before, she would have gone straight to gladness, and she dared to think that it might be { so-there might be happiness yet for her. He had been a boy when he went back to India-careless, indifferent. He would return a mangraver, wiser, altogether changed; changed so {

been together two years before. He had been indifferent to her; but he had been indifferent the rats under your tumble down roof are his to others also. There was comfort in that recol-. lection. as to his life in India and at Dangerfield, and could not come of itself. she had discovered no trace of any tender memory of the past, no hint of a charished dream of strong minded, would not have rested until her the future. His heart had been empty: a boy- tormentor had paid the penalty of her foul work ish, unawakened heart; a temple in which the at a stake in the nearest market-place. niches were untenanted, the shrine unhallowed; by the goddess.

Olivia Marchmont thought of these things. For a few moments, it only for a few moments, she abandoned herself to such thoughts as these. She let herself go. She released the stern hold which it was her habit to keep upon her own mind; and in those bright moments of delicious abandonment the gloriqus sunshine streamed in upon her narrow life, and visions of a possible future expanded before her like a fairy panorama, stretching away into realms of vague light of these miserable creatures whose stories we and splendor. It was possible; it was at least

But, again, in the next moment the magical panorama collapsed and shriveled away, like a burning scroll; the fairy picture, whose gorgeous coloring she had looked upon with dazzled eyes, and great woman. She had all the elements of almost blinded with overpowering glory, shrank into a handful of black ashes, and was gone. The woman's strong nature reasserted itself; the iron will rose up, ready to do battle with the foolish heart.

Did I suffer so little when I blotted that image her path, her unfettered soul might have taken out of my heart? Did the destruction of my the highest and grandest flight; but, chained cruel Juggernaut cost me so small an agony that down, bound, trammeled by her love for him, I must needs be ready to elevate the false god she groveled on the earth like some maimed and

She writhed; this self-sustained and resolute those five words, 'He will never love me!' She knew that they were true; that of all the changes that Time could bring to pass, it would Love me, love me! or be pitiful, and strike me and the young soldier; they had not one thought dead!' antagonism between them, which, in spite of her love, Olivia fully recognized. Over the gulf that separated them no coincidence of thought or Afghan fortress, than that he should return to fancy, no sympathetic emotion, ever stretched inflict upon her the same tortures she had writhed its electric chain to draw them together in mysunder two years before.

Sterious union. They stood aloof, divided by the width of an intellectual universe. The woman knew this, and hated herself for her folly, scorning alile her love and its object; but her love was not the less because of her scorn. It was a madness, an isolated madness, which stood alone in her soul, and fought for mastery over her better aspirations, her wiser thoughts. We are all familiar with strange stories of wise and great minds which have been ridden by some hobgob-

> Had Olivia Marchmont lived a couple of centhe nearest old crone, and would have boldly accused the wretched woman of being the author of her misery.

'You harbor a black cat and other noisome vermin, and you prowl about muttering to yourmuch as to love her, perhaps.

She knew that, at least, no rival had shut her been seen to gather herbs, and you make strange.

She knew that, at least, no rival had shut her been seen to gather herbs, and you make strange and she had and uncanny signs with your palsied old fingers. The black cat is the devil, your colleague; and imps, your associates It is you who have in-She had questioned him very sharply stilled this horrible madness into my soul; for it

And Olivia Marchmont, being resolute and

And, indeed, some of our madnesses are so mad, some of our follies are so foolish, that we might almost be forgiven if we believed that there was a company of horrible crones meeting. somewhere on an invisible Brocken, and making incantations for our electruction. Take up a newspaper and read its hideous revelations of crime and folly, and it will be scarcely strange if you involuntarily wonder whether witchcraft is a dark fable of the Middle Ages, or a dreadful truth of the nineteenth century. Must not some read be possessed; possessed by ager, relentless demons, who lash and goad them onward, until no black abyss of vice, no hideous guif of crime,

is black or hideous enough to content them? Olivia Marchmont might have been a good greatness. She had genius, resolution, an indomitable codrage, an iron will, perseverance, self-denial, temperance, chastity. But against all these qualities was set a tatal and foolish love olish heart.

for a boy's handsome face and frank and genial 'I will not be fooled a second time, the cried. manner. If Edward Arundel had never crossed

self for his impotence.

'What do I love him for?' she thought. 'Is it? because he has blue eyes and chestmut hair, with went out into a dusky corridor. The shutters of wandering gleams of golden light in it? Is it all the principal rooms and the windows upon hecause he has gentlemanly manners, and is easy the grand staircase were still closed; the wide and pleasant, genial and light-hearted? Is it be-hall was dark and gloomy, and drops of rain cause he has a dashing walk, and the air of a man (spattered every now and then upon the legs that of fashion? It must be for some of these attri-{smouldered on the wide old-fashioned hearth. butes, surely; for I know nothing more in him. The misty October morning had heralded a wet Of all the things he has ever said, I can remember nothing—and I remember his smallest words, Heaven help me!-that any sensible person} could think worth repeating. He is brave, I) ing-room, the red light full upon his face. It dare say, and generous; but neither braver nor was a handsome face, or perhaps, to speak more more generous than other men of his rank and exactly, it was one of those faces that are geneposition.'

deed husband was being carried to the roomy were shaded by long brown lashes, and the small vault set apart for the owners of Marchmont and rather feminine mouth was overshadowed by Towers and their kindred; she was absorbed in a slender auburn mustache, under which the rosy some such thoughts as these, when one of the tint of the lips was very visible. But it was grave, gray-headed old servants brought her a Paul Marchmont's hair which gave a peculiarity

There are some thoughts which carry us a long though its owner could not have been more than way from the ordinary occupations of everyday life, and it is not easy to return to the dull jogtrot routine. The widow passed her left hand entered the room. across her brow, before she looked at the name } inscribed upon the card in her right.

'Mr. Paul Marchmont.

She started as she read the name. Paul ? Marchmont! She remembered what her hus-{day was cold and cheerless, the dark house disband had told her of this man. It was not much: \mal and chilly. Mrs. Marchmont shivered as for John's feelings on the subject of his cousin she extended her long thin hand to the blaze. had been of so vague a nature that he had; 'And you are doubtless surprised to see me shrunk from expounding them to his stern, practioner, Birs. Marchmont,' the artist said, leaning tical wife. He had told her, therefore, that he upon the back of his chair in the easy attitude did not very much care for Paul, and that he of a man who means to make himself at home; wished no intimacy ever to arise between the but believe me, that although I never took ad-

pose?' Mrs. Marchmont said.

'Yes, ma'am. The gentleman came to Kem-{ berling by the 11.5 train from London, and has} driven over here in one of Harris's flys

'Yes, ma'am.'

The man bowed and left the room. Olivia lingered by the fire-place with her foot on the fender, her elbow resting on the carved-oak

chimney-piece.

'Paul Marchmont! He has come to the funeral, I suppose. And he expects to find himfrom what my husband told me, he will be disappointed in that. Paul Marchmont! If Mary were to die unmarried, this man or his sisters would inherit Marchmont Towers.'

There was a looking-glass over the mantle-{ piece; a narrow, oblong glass, in an old-fash-{tield. She is married to a surgeon who pracioned carved-ebony frame, which was inclined Lices in that delightful town. You know Stanforward. Olivia looked musingly in this glass, { neld, of course?" and smoothed the heavy bands of dead-black hair

under her cap.

'There are people who would call me hand some, she thought, as she looked with a moody sister lives at Stanfield. John never knew much frown at her image in the glass; and yet I have of her in his adversity, and therefore may be for-

wounded eagle, who sees his fellows afar off, my face to watch the swallows skimming by in high in the purple empyrean, and loathes him-{ the sun, or the ivy-leaves flapping against the wall.'

She turned from the glass with a sigh, and

Paul Marchmont was sitting in a low easychair before a blazing fire in the western drawrally called 'interesting;' the features were very She sat lost in such a reverie as this while her delicate and refined, the pale gray who blue eyes card upon a heavy salver emblazoned with the to a personal appearance that might otherwise Marchmont arms. This Olivia took the card almost mechanically. hair, fine, silky, and luxuriant, was white, althirty-seven years of age.

The uniovited guest rose as Olivia Marchmont

'I have the honor of speaking to my cousin's widow,' he said, with a courteous smile.

'Yes; I am Mrs. Marchmont.

Olivia seated herse f near the fire. The wet

artist and Mary; but he had said nothing more vantage of a very friendly letter written to me than this.

'The gentleman is waiting to see me, I sup
Paul Marchmont paused for a moment, keel-

ing sharp watch upon the widow's face; but no sorrowful expression, no evidence of emotion, was visible in that inflexible countenance.

·Although, I repeat, I never availed myself Tell him I will come to him immediately. Is of a sort of general invitation to come and shoot he in the drawing-room?

[A sort of general invitation to come and shoot his partridges, or borrow money of him, or take advantage of any of those other little privileges generally claimed by a man's poor relations, it is not to be supposed, my dear Mrs. Marchmont, that I was altogether forgetful of either Marchmont Towers or its owner, my cousin. I did not come here, because I am a hard-working man, and the idleness of a country house would have been ruin to me. But I heard sometimes of my cousin from neighbors of his.'

'Neighbors!' repeated Olivia, in a tone of

urprise.

'Yes; people near enough to be called neighbors in the country. My sister lives at Stan-

'No, I have never been there. It is five-and-

wenty miles from here.

'Indeed! too far for a drive, then. Yes, my seen Edward Arundel's eyes wander away from given if he forgot her in his prosperity. But she lid not forget him. We poor relations have exmellent memories. The Stanfield people have so drive before the terrace, and presently a subdued f they are inquisitive about the affairs of the ard Paulette, and the two medical men who had grand country gentry round about them. I attended John Marchmont, had returned to the heard of John through my sister. I heard of his Towers for the reading of the will. Hubert marriage through her'-he bowed to Olivia as Arundel had returned with them; but the other he said this- and I wrote immediately to con- followers in the funeral train had departed to gratulate him upon that happy event,' he bowed their several homes. The undertaker and his again here; 'and it was through Lavinia Weston, my sister, that I heard of poor John's death, the side-entrance, and were making themselves one day before the announcement appeared in very comfortable after the fulfillment of their the columns of the Times. I am sorry to find mournful duties. that I am too late for the funeral. I could have The will was to be read in the dining-room; wished to have paid my cousin the last tribute of and Mr. Paulette and the clerk who had accomesteem that one man can pay another.'

You would wish to hear the reading of the

will?' Olivia said, interrogatively.

Paul Marchmont shrugged his shoulders, with \ a low, careless laugh; not an indecorous laughnothing that this man did or said ever appeared ill advised or out of place. The people who disliked him were compelled to acknowledge that they disliked him unreasonably, and very much looking at some of the old pictures on the drawon the Doctor-Fell principle; for it was impossi- ing-room walls. ble to take objection to either his manners or his actions.

'That important legal document can have very little interest for me, my dear Mrs. Marchmont,' he said, gayly. 'John can have had nothing to leave me. I am too well acquainted with the terms of my grandfather's will to have any mercenary hopes in coming to Marchmont-Towers.'

He stopped, and looked at Olivia's impassable

'What on earth could have induced this woman to marry my cousin?' he thought. 'John could have had very little to leave his widow.'

He played with the jingling ornaments at his watch-chain, looking reflectively at the fire for

some moments.

'Miss Marchmont-my cousin, Mary March-

Olivia shrugged her shoulders.

'I am sorry to say that my step-daughter displays very little Christian resignation,' she said.

And then a spirit within her arose and whispered, with a mocking voice, 'What resignation do you show—you, who shou'd be so good a Christian? How have you learned to school your surely pace, looking at the carved doorways and rebellious heart?

said, presently. 'She was fifteen last July.'

Fifteen! Very young to be the owner of Marchmont Towers and an income of eleven thousand a year,' returned the artist. He walked to one of the long windows, and drawing aside the edge of the blind, looked out upon the stone terrace and the wide flats before the mansion. The rain dripped and splashed upon the stone steps; the rain-drops being upon the grim adornments of the carved balustrade, soaking into moss-grown escutcheons and half-obliterated coats-of-arms. The weird willows by the pools far away, and a solitary poplar near the house, looked gaunt and black against the dismal gray

Paul Marchmont dropped the blind, and turned away from the gloomy-landscape with a half-contemptuous gesture. 'I don't know that I envy my cousin after all,' he said; 'the place is as dreary as Tennyson's Moated Grange.

ittle to talk about, that it is scarcely any wolder murmur of hushed voices in the hall. Mr. Richmen had made their way back to Marchmont by

panied him to Marchmont Towers were already seated at one end of the long carved-oak table, busy with their papers and pens and ink, assuming an importance the occasion did not require. Olivia went out into the hall to speak to her father.

You will find Mr. Marchmont's solicitor in the dining-room,' she said to Paul, who was

A large fire was blazing in the wide grate at the end of the dining-room. The blinds had been drawn up. There was no longer need that the house should be wrapped in darkness. The Awful Presence had departed; and such light as there was in the gloomy October sky was free to enter the rooms which the death of one quiet, unobtrusive creature had made for a time desolate.

There was no sound in the room but the low voices of the two doctors talking of their late patient in under tones near the fire-place, and the occasional fluttering of the papers under the lawyer's hand. The clerk, who sat respectfully a little way behind his master, and upon the very edge of his ponderous morocco-covered chair, had been wont to give John Marchmont his orders, and to lecture him for being tardy mont, I should say—bears her loss pretty well, I with his work a few years before, in the Lin-hope?' Lin office. He was wondering now whether he should find himself remembered in the dead man's will, to the extent of a mourning-ring or an old-fashioned silver snuff-box

Richard Paulette looked up as Olivia and her father entered the room, followed at a little distance by Paul Marchmont, who walked at a leithe pictures against the wainscot, and appearing, 'My cousin is very joung,' Paul Marchmont as he had declared himself, very little concerned in the important business about to be transacted.

'We shall want Miss Marchmont here, if you please,' Mr. Paulette said, as he looked up from

his papers.

'Is it necessary that she should be present?' Olivia asked.

'Very necessary.'

'But she is ill; she is in bed.'

'It is most important that she should be here when the will is read. Perhaps Mr. Bolton ? the lawyer looked toward one of the medical men - will see. He will be able to tell us whether Miss Marchmont can safely come down stairs.

Mr. Bolton, the Swampington surgeon who had attended Mary that morning, left the room with Olivia. The lawyer rose and warmed his hands at the blaze, talking to Hubert Arundel and the London physician as he did so. Paul Marchmont, who had not been introduced to any one, occupied himself entirely with the pictures

fire-place, fell into conversation with the three by Jahn's housekeeper and by Corson, the old gentlemen, contriving, advoitiy enough, to let valet, a confidential servant, who had attended them know who he was. The lawyer looked at upon Mr. Marchmont's predecessor. him with some interest—a professional interest, Richard Paulette began to read; and Mary, for no doubt; for Mr. Paulette had a copy of old the first time since she had taken her seat near Philip Marchmont's will in one of the japanned the fire, lifted her eyes, and listened breath-deed-boxes, inscribed with poor John's name. lessly, with faintly tremulous lips. Olivia sat He knew that this easy-going, pleasant-manner her step-daughter; and Paul Marchmont He knew that this easy-going, pleasant-man-nered, white-haired young gentleman was the Paul Marchmont named in that document, and fire-place, with his shoulders resting against the stood next in succession to Mary. Mary might massive oaken chimney-piece. The dead man's die unmarried, and it was as well to be friendly will ran thus: and civil to a man who was at least a possible 'I John M

Turkey hearth-rug for some time talking of the feel my dear little daughter Mary will be left dead man, the wet weather, the cold autumn, unprotected by any natural guardian. My the dearth of partridges, and other very safe young friend Edward Arundel I had hoped when topics of conversation. Olivia and the Swamp- in my poverty would have been a friend and adington doctor were a long time absent, and viser to her if not a protector but her tender Richard Paulette, who stood with his back to years and his position in life must place this the fire, glanced every now and then toward the now out of the question and I may die before a

opening of that ponderous mansion-door, and guardianship and care of my dear little Mary for the first time saw his second cousin, the Chring her minority Now I will and desire young mistress of Marchmont Towers. He that my wife Olivia shall act as guardian adviser started as he looked at her, though with a and mother to my dear little Mary and that she scarcely perceptible movement, and a change place herself under the charge and guardianwith every acute emotion.

this frail life all that stands between me and ring which I wish her to wear in memory of her

flame, likely to be extinguished by any rude age and capable of acting on her own judgment breath from the course outer world. Mary I also request my executrix to present my young Marchmont was deadly pale; black shadows en-friend Edward Arundel also with a diamond circled her wistful hazel eyes. Her stiff new ring of the value of at least one hundred guineas mourning-dress, with its heavy trimmings of as a slight tribute of the regard and esteem lustreless crape, seemed to hang loose upon her which I have ever entertained for him slender figure; her soft brown hair, damp with As to all the property as well real as personal the water with which her burning forehead had over which I may at the time of my death have which her sorrow was repressed. She sat down ; dear little Mary.' in an easy-chair which Olivia indicated to her, and with her hands lying on the white handker-ing ring to the expectant clerk; and this was all. chief in her lap, and her swollen eyelids droop- Paul Marchmont had been quite right. Nobody ing over her eyes, waited for the reading of her could be less interested than himself in this will. father's will. It would be the last, the very last, But he was apparently very much interested she would ever hear of that dear father's words. in John's widow and daughter. He tried to She remembered this, and was ready to listen enter into conversation with Mary; but the girl's attentively; but she remembered nothing else. piteous manner seemed to implore him to leave What was it to her that she was sole heiress of the runmolested; and Mr. Bolton approached his all that great mansion, and of eleven thousand patient almost immediately after the reading of a year? She had never in her life thought of the will, and in a manner took possession of her the Lincolnshire fortune with any reference to Mary was very glad to leave the room once more,

for a little time; and then, strolling over to the out the aid of a lawyer, and was only witnessed

stood in a careless attitude at one corner of the

'I John Marchmont of Marchmont Towers declare this to be my last will and testament The four gentlemen stood upon the broad Being persuaded that my end is approaching I fond hope which I have long cherished can be It opened at Jast, and Mary Exarchment came realized and which may now never be realized into the room, followed by her step-mother. I now desire to make my will more particularly Paul Marchmont turned at the sound of the to provide as well as I am permitted for the came over his face. The feminine pinky due ship of my wife. And as she will be an heiress in his cheeks faded suddenly and left them of very considerable property I would wish her white. It had been a peculiarity of Paul Marsh-to be guided by the advice of my said wife in mont's, from his bayhood, always to turn pale the management of her property and particularly in the choice of a husband As my dear little What was the emotion which had now blanched. Mary will be amply provided for on my death I his cheeks? Was he thinking, Is this fragile make no provision for her by this my will but I creature the mistress of Marchmont Towers? Is direct my executrix to present to her a diamond eleven thousand a year? loving father so that she may always have me
The life which shone out of that feeble earthly in her thoughts and particularly of these my
tabernacle did indeed seem a froll and fitful wishes as to her future life until she shall be of

been bathed, fell in straight disordered tresses any control and capable of claiming or bequeathabout her shoulders. Her eyes were tearless, ing I give devise and bequeath to my wife Olivia her small mouth terribly compressed. The absolutely And I appoint my said wife sole rigidity of her face betokened the struggle by executrix of this my will and guardian of my

There were a few very small legacies, a mourn-

herself or her own pleasures, and she thought of and to go back into the dim chamber where it less than ever now.

Hester Pollard sat at needle-work. Olivia left The will was dated February 4, 1844, exactly her step-daughter to the care of this humble two months after John's marriage. It had been companion, and went back to the long diningmade by the master of Marchmont Towers with- room, where the gentlemen still hung listlessly

Paul to stay a few days at the Towers. She her hands and wail aloud in her sleep. Why did was virtually mistress of the house during Mary's she marry John Marchmont? His life gave her minority, and on her devolved all the troubles, little more than a fine house to live in. His death duties, and responsibilities attendant on such a leaves her with nothing but ten or twelve thouposition. Her father was going to stay with her sand pounds in the Three per Cents. What is her till the end of the week; and he therefore would mystery? what is her secret, I wonder? for she be able to entertain Mr. Marchmont. Paul unnust surely have one? hesitatingly accepted the widow's hospitality; Such thoughts as these filled his mind as the The old place was picturesque and interesting, train carried him away from the lonely little he said; there were some genuine Holbeins in station, and away from the neighborhood of the hall and dining-room, and one good Lely in Marchmont Towers, within whose stony walls the drawing-room. He would give himself a Mary by n her quiet chamber, weeping for her couple of days' holiday, and go to Stanfield by dead father, and wishing-God knows in what an early train on Saturday.

'I have not seen my sister for a long time,' he buried in the vault by his side, said; 'her life is dull enough and hard enough, Heaven knows, and she will be glad to see me

upon my way back to London.'
Olivia bowed. She did not persuade Mr.
Marchmont to extend his visit. The common courtesy she offered him was kept within the narrowest limits. She spent the best part of the time in the dead man's study during Paul's two days' stay, and left the artist almost entirely to her father's companionship.

when she took her accustomed place at the head existences that leave very little to be recorded. of the table; and Paul therefore had some opportexent the slow progress of the weeks and tunity of sounding the depths of the strangest months, the gradual changes of the seasons. nature he had ever tried to fathom. He talked Mary bore her sorrows quietly, as it was her nato her very much, listening with unvarying attenture to bear all things. The doctor's advice was tion to every word she uttered. He watched taken, and Olivia removed her step-daughter to her—but with no obtrusive gaze—almost inces- Scarborough soon after the funeral. But the santly; and when he went away from March- change of scene was slow to effect any change in mont Towers, without having seen Mary since the state of dull despairing sorrow into which the the reading of the will, it was of Olivia he girl had fallen. The ses-breezes brought no thought; it was the recollection of Olivia which color into her pale cheeks. She obeyed her interested as much as it perplexed him.

looked at the artist as he strolled up and down vember weather in search of health and strength. the quiet platform at Kemberling Station, with But wherever she went, she carried with her the his head bent and his eyebrows slightly con-awful burden of her grief; and in every changing tracted. He had a certain easy, careless grace cadence of the low winter winds, in every varyof dress and carriage, which harmonized well ing murmur of the moaning waves, she seemed to with his delicate face, his silken silvery hair, his hear her dead father's funeral dirge. carefully-trained auburn moustache, and rosy, I think that, young as Mary Marchmont was, womanish mouth. He was a romantic-looking this mournful period was the great crisis of her man. He was the beau-ideal of the hero in a life. The past, with its one great affection, had young-lady's novel. He was a man whom school-been swept away from her, and as yet there was girls would have called 'a dear.' But it had been better, I think, for any helpless wretch to future. Had any kindly matron, any gentle had been better, I think, for any helpless wretch to Christian creature, been ready to stretch out here. be in the bull-dog hold of the sturdiest Bill Sykes, Christian creature, been ready to stretch out her ever loosed upon society by right of his ticket-of- arms to the desolate orphan, Mary's heart would leave than in the power of Paul Marchmont, have melted, and she would have crept to the artist and teacher of drawing, of Charlotte Street, shelter of that womanly embrace, to nestle there Fitzroy Square.

fields on the outskirts of Kemberling.

woman-how handsome she is, with her accurate holy light of motherly love and tenderness, the profile and iron mouth; but what a raging fire semi-divine compassion of womanhood, ever ilthere is hidden some where in her breast, and dumined the dark chambers of her heart. Every devouring her beauty by day and night! If I night she questioned herself upon her knees as to wanted to paint the sleeping scene in Marbeth, her rigid performance of the level round of duty

over the fire, not knowing very well what to do conscience, and leaves her bedchamber in the with themselves.

Stillness of the night to walk up and down those Mrs. Marchmont could not do less than invite long oaken corndors at the Towers, and wring

utter singteness of heart—that she had been

CHAPTER XIII. OLIVIA'S DESPAIR.

The life which Mary and her step-daughter led at Marchmont Towers after poor John's But she was compelled to appear at dinner, death was one of those tranquil and monotonous step-mother's behests unmurmuringly; and wan-The few people waiting for the London train dered wearily by the sea-shore in the dismal No-

I think that, young as Mary Marchmont was, forever. But there was no one. Olivia March-He was thinking of Olivia as he walked slowly mont obeyed the letter of her husband's plemn up and down the bare platform, only separated appeal, as she had obeyed the letter of those Gosby a rough wooden paling from the flat open pel sentences that had been familiar to her from her childhood, but was utterly unable to compre-The little girl is as feeble as a pale February hend its spirit. She accepted the charge inbutterfly,' he thought; 'a puff of frosty wind might wither her away. But that woman, that formalish of mother light of mother is not a glimmer of the Yanted to paint the sleeping seem in viazotes, and right performance of the level round of duty I'd ask her to sit for the Thane's wicked wife. she had allotted to herself; every night—scrupu-Perhaps she has some bloody secret as deadly as lous and self-relentless as the hardest judge who the murder of a gray-headed Duncan upon her ever pronounced sentence upon a criminal—she

took note of her own shortcomings, and acknowl- girl of sixteen. They were never tired of lauding edged her deficiencies.

But, unhappily, this self-devotion of Olivia's in time to come.

pressed no less heavily upon Mary than on the "Did she sacrifice much this woman, whose widow herself. The more rigidly Mrs. March-spirit was a raging fire, who had the ambition of mont performed the duties which she understood a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the to be laid upon her by her dead husband's last resolution of a Lady Macbeth? Did she sacriwill and testament, the harder became the or-fice much in resigning such provincial gayeties phan's life. The weary tread-mill of education as might have adorned her life—a few dinnerworked on when the young student was well-contribet, an occasional county ball, a flirtation worked on, when the young student was well-parties, an occasional county ball, a flirtation nigh fainting upon every step on that hopeless with some ponderous landed gentleman or hunt-ladder of knowledge. If Olivia, on communing ing squire?

with herself at night, found that the day just No; these things would very soon have grown done had been too party a literary of Branch of the more of the more of the same of the s

one of my first duties is to give her a good edu-in the spirit of a prisoner who is glad to exchange cation, Olivia Marchmont thought. 'She is his old dungeon for a new one. But, alas, the inclined to be idle; but I must fight against her novelty of the prison-house had very speedily inclination, whatever trouble the struggle entails worn off, and that which Olivia Arundel had

for me, if I am conqueror.'

It was only thus that Olivia Marchmont could weetched woman, weary of herself and all the hope to be a good woman. It was only by the world, devoured by a slow-consuming and perrigid performance of hard duties, the patient petual fire.

practice of tedious rites, that she could hope to This woman was for two long melancholy years attain that eternal crown which simpler Chris- Mary Marchmont's sole companion and instructions soon to win so easily.

tians seem to win so easily.

daughter read the Bible together; morning and younger members of such few county families as night they knelt side by side to join in the same still called occasionally at the Towers, lest she familiar prayers: yet all these readings, and all should become empty-headed and frivolous by these prayers, failed to bring them any nearer such companionship, Olivia said. Alas! there together. No tender sentence of inspiration, not was little fear of Mary's becoming empty-headed. the words of Christ Himself, ever struck the same. As she grew taller and more slender, she seemed chord in these two women's hearts, bringing both to get weaker and paler, and her heavy head into sudden unison. They went to church three drooped wearily under the load of knowledge times upon each dreary Sunday-dreary from the which it had been made to carry, like some terrible uniformity which made one day a me-poor sickly flower oppressed by the weight of chanical repetition of another, and sat together the dew-drops which would have revivified a in the same pew; and there were times when hardier blossom. some solemn word, some sublime injunction, Heaven knows to what end Mrs. Marchmont seemed to fall with a new meaning upon the or-educated her step-daughter. Poor Mary could phan girl's heart; but if she looked at her step- have told the precise date of any event in unimother's face, thinking to see some ray of that versal history, ancient or modern; she could sudden light which had newly shone into her own have named the exact latitude and longitude of mind reflected there, the blank gloom of Olivia's the remotest island in the least navigable ocean, countenance seemed like a dead wall, across and might have given an accurate account of the

band's old friends, and that morning callers much as Mr. Charles Kingsley himself about the would be welcome at the Towers, and the stately history of a gravel-pit—though I doubt if she dinner-parties would begin again, when Mrs. could have conveyed her information in quite it was not so; Olivia closed her doors upon al- out every star in the broad heavens above Linmost all society, and devoted herself entirely to colnshire, and could have told the history of its the education of her step-daughter. The gossips discovery; she knew the hardest names that of Swampington and Kemberling; the country science had given to the familiar field-flowers gentry who had talked of her piety and patience; she met in her daily walks; yet I can not say ther's parish, talked now of her self-abnegation; because of this, or that her spirits grew any the the sacrifices she made for her step-daughter's lighter under the influence of this general mental sake; the noble manner in which she justified illumination. Other women would have intrusted the heiress's lieve that this laborious educationary process education to some hired governess, people said; was one of the duties she owed her step-daughother women would have been upon the look-out; ter; and when, at seventeen years of age, Mary for a second husband; other women would have emerged from the struggle, laden with such ingrown weary of the dullness of that lonely Lin-tellectual spoils as I have described above, the colnshire mansion, the monotonous society of a widow felt a quiet satisfaction as she contem-John Marchmont's confidence in her goodness.

Mrs. Marchmont as a model for all step-mothers

and pupil, the morrow's allowance of Roman of her empty life, more wearisome even than emperors and French grammar was made to do the perpetual wearmess of her own spirit. I pennace for yesterday's shortcomings. 'This girl has been intrusted to my care, and coming the wife of John Marchmont, she acted upon myself. The harder the battle, the better been at Swampington Rectory, Olivia Marchmont was now in the gaunt country mansion—a

ress. I say sole companion advisedly; for the girl Morning and night the widow and her step- was not allowed to become intimate with the

Heaven knows to what end Mrs. Marchmont which no glimmer of radiance ever shone.

They went back to Marchmont Towers in the been called upon to do so. She was alarmingly early spring. People imagined that the young learned upon the subject of tertiary and old red widow would cultivate the society of her hus sandstone, and could have told you almost as Marchmont's year of mourning was over. But such a pleasant manner; she could have pointed her unflinching devotion to the poor of her fa- that her conversation was any the more brilliant

But Mrs. Marchmont did most earnestly be-

least, I have done my duty.'

neath which her health had nearly succumbed, and then, and she permitted Mary to renew the the girl had learned one thing that was a source farmer's lease upon sufficiently advantageous of pleasure to herself. She had learned to be-terms, and to make occasional presents to her come a very brilliant musician. She was not a favorite, Hester. But all stolen visits to the farmmusical genius, remember; for no such vivid flame yard, all evening rambles with the farmer's daughas the fire of genius had ever burned in her gentle ter in the apple-orchard at the back of the low breast; but all the tenderness of her nature, all white farm-house, were strictly interdicted; and the poetry of a hyper-poetical mind, centred in though Mary and Hester were friends still, they this one accomplishment, and, condemned to per- were fain to be content with a chance of meeting petual silence in every other tongue, found a new once in the course of a dreary interval of months, and glorious language here. The girl had been and a silent pressure of the hand.

forbidden to read Byron and Scott, but she was 'You mustn't think that I am proud of my most forbidden to girl had been and a silent pressure of the hand. forbidden to read Byron and Scott, but she was 'You mustn't think that I am proud of my monot forbidden to sit at her piano when the day's ney, Hester,' Mary said to her friend, 'or that I tolls word over any and the day's new, Hester,' Mary said to her friend, 'or that I toils were over, and the twilight was dusky in her quiet room, playing dreamy melodies by Beethoven and Mozart, and making her own poetry to liked; but papa had seen a great deal of poverty. I think her soul } Mendelssohn's wordless songs. must have shrunk and withered away had it not been for this one resource, this one refuge, in { which her mind regained its elasticity, springing \ her. up. like a trampled flower, into new life and

after hour at her piano. She had learned to play \ Her submission to Olivia's lightest wish was only well and brilliantly herself, mastering all diffi- a part of the homage we culties with the proud determination which was a loved father's memory. part of her strong nature; but she had no special love for music. All things that compose the poetry and beauty of life had been denied to this by reason of that grave and thoughtful character woman, in common with the tenderness which She { makes the chief loveliness of womankind. sat by and listened while Mary's slight hands wandered over the instrument, carrying the player's soul away into trackless regions of dreamland and beauty; but she heard nothing in the music except so many chords, so many tones and

semi-tones, played in such or such a time.

It would have been scarcely natural for Mary Marchmont, reserved and self-contained though { she had been ever since her father's death, to have had no yearning for more genial companionship { than that of her step mother. The girl who had kept watch in her room by the doctor's suggestion was the one friend and confidente whom the young mistress of Marchmont Towers fain would have chosen. But here Olivia interposed, sternly forbidding any intimacy between the two girls. Hester Pollard was the daughter of a small tenant farmer, and no fit associate for Mrs. Marchmout's step-daughter. Olivia thought that this saite for obscure company was the fruit of Mary's early training; the taint left by those bitter, debasing days of poverty, in which John Marchmont and his daughter had lived in some wretched Lambeth lodging.

'But Hester Pollard is fond of me, mamma, the girl pleaded, 'and I feel so happy at the old farm-house. They are all so kind to me when I go there—Hester's father and mother, and little brothers and sisters, you know; and the poultry-yard, and the pigs and horses, and the green-pond. with the geese cackling round it, remind me of my aunt's in Berkshire. I went there once with poor papa for a day or two; it was such a change

after Oakley Street.'

point. She would allow her step-daughter to pay a ceremonial visit now and then to Farmer Pollard's, and to be entertained with cowship-wine del's youngest son was not doing less than his and pound-cake in the low old-fashioned parlor, duty, the letters said. He had gained his capwhere all the polished mahogany chairs were so 'taincy, and was well spoken of by great soldiers,

plated her work, and said to herself, In this, at shining and slippery that it was a marvel how any body ever contrived to sit down upon them. Among all the dreary mass of instruction be- Olivia allowed such solemn visits as these now

forget you now that we see each other so seldom. Papa used to let me come to the farm whenever I Mamma keeps me almost always at home at my studies; but she is very good to me, and of course I am bound to obey her; papa wished me to obey

The orphan girl never for a moment forgot the terms of her father's will. He had wished her to Olivia was well pleased to see the girl sit hour (obey; what should she do then but be obedient? a part of the homage which she paid to that be-

It was thus she grew to early womanhood; a All things that compose the po- \child in gentle obedience and docility; a woman which had been peculiar to her from her very infancy. It was in a life such as this, narrow, monotonous, joyless, that her seventeenth birthday came and went, scarcely noticed, scarcely remembered, in the dull uniformity of the days which left no track behind them; and Mary Marchmont was a woman-a woman with all the tragedy of life before her; infantine in her innocence and inexperience of the world outside Marchmont Towers. .

The passage of time had been so long unmarked by any break in its tranquil course, the dull rouine of life had been so long undisturbed by change, that I believe the two women thought their lives would go on for ever and ever. Mary, at least, had never looked beyond the dull horizon of the present. Her habit of castle-building had died out with her father's death. What need had she to build castles now that he could no longer inhabit them? Edward Arundel, the bright boy she remembered in Oakley Street, the dashing young officer who had come to Marchmont Towers, had dropped back into the chaos of the past. father had been the keystone in the arch of Macy's existence: he was gone, and a mass of chaotic ruins alone remained of the familiar visions which had once beguiled her. The world had ended with John Marchmont's deth, and his daughter's life since that great sorrow had been at best only a passive endurance of existence.-They had heard very little of the young soldier at Marchmont Towers. Now and then a letter from some member of the family at Dangerfield had come to the Rector of Swampington. varfare was still raging far away in the East, cruel and desperate battles were being fought, But Mrs. Marchmont was inflexible upon this and brave Englishmen were winning loot and faurels, or perishing under the cimeters of Sikhs and Afghans, as the case may be. Squire Arun-

sometimes looking over his shoulder at the crum-ther, and she thought of him by night and day. pled letter, as he read aloud to her of her cousin's ablaze with lurid light as the widow's greedy eyes devoured it. How commonplace the letters were! What frivolous nonsense Letitia Arundel enough for her. Her powerful mind wasted and Intermingled with the news of her brother!— shriveled for want of worthy employment. It shriveled for want of worthy employment. It was like one yest roll of parchment whereon helf got the better of his lameness. Papa gave a hunting-breakfast on Tuesday week. Lord Mountlitchcombe was present: but the hunting men are scribed, but on which was only written over and litchcombe was present; but the hunting men are over again, in maddening iteration, the name of very much aggravated about the frost, and I fear we shall have no crocuses. Edward has got his captaincy, papa told me to tell you; Sir Charles have gone to America, and entered herself among Vanier and Major Outram have snoken very the feminine professors of law and medicine—if Nanier and Major Outram have snoken very Napier and Major Outram have spoken very the teminine professors of law and highly of him; but he—Edward, I mean—got a she could have set up a printing-press in Blooms-highly of him; but he—Edward, I mean—got a bury, or even written a novel—I think she might sabre-cut on his lest arm, besides a wound on his have been saved. The superabundant energy of forehead, and was laid up for nearly a month. I dare say you remember old Colonel Toilesley, at Halburton Lodge? He died last November, and was, she did none of these things. She had only has left all his money to—' And the young lady dreamed one dream, and by force of perpetual ran on thus with such gossings the thought with the dream had become a madness. ran on thus with such gossip as she thought might be pleasing to her uncle; and there were no more But the monotonous life was not to go on for-tidings of the young soldier, whose life-blood had ever. The dull, gray, leaden sky was to be ilso nearly been spilt for his country's glory.

cut upon his arm, and pictured him wounded and tary women. bleeding, lying beneath the canvas shelter of a tent, comfortless, lonely, forsaken.

morrow.'

lamity arose before her so vividly and hideously as-dust studies of her early girlhood. She had distinct that she thought for one brief moment of \nothing to do but accompany her step-mother agony, 'This is not a fancy, it is a presentiment; hither and thither among the poor cottagers it is second sight; the thing will occur.'

the ceaseless surging of the sea; the prim servantchintz curtains flapping in the open window; the dry leaves fluttering in the garden without There would be nothing changed except her fa- { ther's face, which would be a little graver than usual. And then, after a little hesitation, after a brief preamble about the uncertainty of life, the necessity for looking always beyond this world, the horrors of war—the dreadful words would be upon his lips, when she would read all the { hideous truth in his face, and fall prone to the sermons very often. But Mary had grown accround before he could say, Edward Arundel is customed to monotony. She had ceased to hope dead.'

Yes; she felt all the anguish. It would be ? this—this sudden paralysis of black despair. She owed to dawdle through a dreary life which was tested the strength of her endurance by this im- atterly without aim or purpose. She sat oppoaginary torture-scarcely imaginary surely, when it seemed so real—and asked herself a strange ques- { tion: Am I strong enough to bear this, or would it be less terrible to go on, suffering forever-for ever abased and humiliated by the degradation of my love for a man who does not care for me?'

would have been true to herself and to her mare warm yellow radiance; one of the old diamond-riage vow; but her husband's death, in setting paned windows was open, and the tinkling of a her free, had cast her back upon the madness of sheep-bell far away in the distance, and the hum

whose very names were like the sound of the her youth. It was no longer a sin to think of war-trumpet to English ears. Edward Arundel. Having once suffered this idea Olivia heard all this. She sat by her father, to arise in her mind, her idol grew too strong for

> Yes: she thought of him for ever and ever! The familiar name seemed to be all. The narrow life to which she doomed herself, the her mind would have found a new object. As it

lumined by sudden bursts of sunshine, and swept Olivia thought of him as she rode back to by black thunder-clouds whose stormy violence Marchmont Towers. She thought of the sabre- was to shake the very universe for these two soli-

John Marchmont had been dead nearly three Mary's humble friend, the farmer's vears. Better for me if he had died,' she thought; daughter, had married a young tradesman in the better for me if I were to hear of his death to-village of Kemberling, a mile and a half from the Towers. Mary was a woman now, and had seen And with the idea the picture of such a ca-i the last of the Roman Emperors and all the dryabout Kemberling and two or three other small She imagined herself going to see, her father parishes within a drive of the Towers, doing as she had gone that morning. All would be the good, after Olivia's fashion, by line and rule. same: the low gray garden-wall of the Rectory. At home the young lady did what she pleased, sitting for hours together at her piano, or wading maid; the familiar study, with its litter of books through gigantic achievements in the way of emand papers; the smell of old eigar-smoke; the broidery-work. She was even allowed to read novels now, but only such novels as were especially recommended to Olivia, who was one of the patronesses of a book-club at Swampington.

The two women went to Kemberling Church gether three times every Sunday. It was together three times every Sunday. rather monotonous; the same church, the same rector and curate, the same clerk, the same congregation, the same old organ tunes and droning voices of Lincolnshire charity-children, the same or care for anything since her father's death, and was very well contented to be let alone, and alsite her step-mother on one particular afternoon in the state pew at Kemberling, which was lined with faded red baize, and raised a little above he pews of meaner worshipers; she was sitting ith her listless hands lying in her lap, looking houghtfully at her step-mother's stony face, and So long as John Marchmont had lived this wo istening to the dull droning of the rector's voice man would have been true to the terrible victor above her head. It was a sunny afternoon in she had won upon the eve of her bridal. She sarly June, and the church was bright with a

he quiet of the hot atmosphere.

eries. Mary tried very hard to keep herself wake. Mrs. Marchinent had frowned darkly at her once or twice already, for to fall asleep in } but the drowsiness was not easily to be con-quered, and the girl was sinking into a peaceful Olivia was slumber in the face of her step-mother's menacing frowns, when the sound of a sharp footfall on one of the gravel pathways in the church-yard aroused her attention,

Heaven knows why she should have been awoke out of her sleep by the sound of that step. It was different perhaps to the footsteps of the Kemberling congregation. The brisk, sharp sound of the tread, striking lightly but firmly on the gravel, was not compatible with the shuffling gait of the tradespeople and farmers' men who {suddenly, as if she had been turned into stone; formed the greater part of the worshipers at that quiet Lincolnshire church. Again, it would have been a monstrous sin in that tranquil place for bade him welcome to Lincolnshire. any one member of the congregation to disturb the rest by emstering at such a time as this. It said. was a stranger, then, evidently. What did it 'S matter? Miss Marchmont scarcely cared to lift man answered; and I have not even been home. her eyelids to see who or what the stranger was; I came to Marchmont Towers at once.' but the intruder let in such a flood of June sunshine when he pushed open the ponderous oaken standing a little behind her step-mother. door under the church porch that she was dazzled by that sudden burst of light, and involuntarily in his, 'I was so sorry for you when I heardopened her eyes.

porch, not caring to advance any farther, or to her Polly, the old familiar name, which she had disturb the congregation by his presence.

Mary could not see him very plainly at first. She could only dimly define the outline of his tall figure, the waving masses of chestnut hair church-yard, and Edward Arundel went back tinged with gleams of gold; but, little by little, to Marchmont Towers with the two ladies. He his face seemed to grow out of the shadow, until had reached the house a quarter of an hour after she saw it all—the handsome patrician features, they had left it for afternoon church, and had the luminous blue eyes, the amber mustache—the face which in Oakley Street, eight years ago, she had elected as her type of all manly perfection, her ideal of heroic grace.

Yes; it was Edward Arundel. Her eyes lighted up with an unwonted rapture as she looked at was Mary Marchmont whom he had come to see, him; her lips parted, and her breath came in faint then; not her. Was she never to be any thing? gasps. All the monotonous years, the terrible Was she to be forever insulted by this humiliatagonies of sorrow, dropped away into the past; Ing indifference? A dark flush came over her

glorious present.

back. The one link, the almost forgotten link, glance. He was bending over Mary, telling her that bound her to every day-dream of those fool-) in a low, tender voice, of the grief he had felt at ish early days, was united once more by the pre- learning the news of her father's death. sence of the young soldier. All that happy time, nearly five years ago-that happy time in which tinizing gaze at her step-daughter. Could it be the tennis-court had been built, and the boat- possible that Edward Arundel m ght ever come house by the river restored—those sunny autumn (to love this girl? Could such a thing be possible? days before her father's second marriage—re- A hideous depth of horror and confusion seemed turned to her. There was pleasure and joy in to open before her with the thought. In all the

f bees in the church-yard, sounded pleasantly in a father came back to her mind, and her eyes filled with tears. How sorry Edward would be to see The young mistress of Marchmont Towers felt his old friend's empty place in the western drawhe drowsy influence of that tranquil summer ing-room; how sorry for her and for her loss! veather creeping stealthily upon her. The Olivia Marchmont saw the change in her step-leavy eyelids drooped over her soft brown eyes, daughter's face, and looked at her with stern hose wistful eyes which had looked so long amazement. But, after the first shock of that vearily out upon a world in which there seemed delicious surprise, Mary's training asserted itself. o little joy. The rector's sermon was a very She folded her hands—they trembled a little, but ong one this warm afternoon, and there was a Olivia did not see that—and waited patiently, ow sound of snoring somewhere in one of the with her eyes cast down and a faint flush lighting hadowy and shattered pews beneath the gal-{up her pale cheeks, until the sermon was finished and the congregation began to disperse. She was not impatient. She felt as if she could have waited thus peacefully and contentedly forever, church was a dire iniquity in Olivia's rigid creed; knowing that the only friend she had on earth

> Olivia was slow to leave her pew; but at last she opened the door and went out into the quiet aisle, followed by Mary, out under the shadowy porch and into the gravel-walk in the churchyard, where Edward Arundel was waiting for the two ladies.

John Marchmont's widow uttered no cry of surprise when she saw her cousin standing a little away apart from the slowly-dispersing Kemberling congregation. Her dark face faded a little, and her heart seemed to stop its pulsation but this was only for a moment. She held out her hand to Mr. Arundel in the next instant, and

'I did not know you were in England,' she

'Scarcely any one knows it yet,' the young

He turned from his cousin to Mary, who was

'Dear Polly,' he said, taking both her hands

He stopped, for he saw the tears welling up to The stranger let the door swing softly to be-her eyes. It was not his allusion to her father's hind him, and stood beneath the shadow of the death that had distressed her. He had called never heard since that dead father's lips had last spoken it.

The carriage was waiting at the gate of the walked over to Kemberling.

'I was so anxious to see you, Polly,' he said, 'after all this long time, that I had no patience to wait until you and Livy came back from church.

Olivia started as the young man said this. It and there was nothing but the present, the all-face, as she drew her head up with the air of an offended empress, and looked angrily at her The one friend of her childhood had come cousin. Alas! he did not even see that indignant

Olivia Marchmont looked with an eager, scruthe world, after all; and then the memory of her past, among all things she had imagined, among

all the calamities she had pictured to herself, she being under the spell of Edward Arundel's prehad never thought of any thing like this. Would sence. such a thing ever come to pass? Would she ever grow to hate this girl—this girl, who had been ping at the Towers, though a word from her intrusted to her by her dead husband—with the would have effectually hindered his coming. A most terrible hatred that one woman could feel dull torpor of despair took possession of her; a toward another?

had never yet learned to think of Mary as a we- nothing to what she was about to suffer. Let it man. She had never thought of her otherwise be, then. What could she do to keep this torthan as the pale childlike girl who had come to ture away from her? Let it come, since it her meekly, day after day, to recite difficult les- seemed that it must come in some shape or other. sons, standing in a submissive attitude before her, She thought all this while she sat back in a and rendering obedience to her in all things. corner of the carriage watching the two faces are cornerated by the same standard and Mary, seated Was it likely, was it possible, that this pale-copposite to her, as Edward and Mary, seated faced girl would enter into the lists against her with their backs to the horses, talked together in the great battle of her life? Was it likely that low, confidential tones, which scarcely reached she was to find her adversary and her conqueror her ear. She thought all this during the short large in the most shirt and in the scarce of the short large in the most shirt and in the short large. here, in the meek child who had been committed drive between Kemberling and Marchmont to her charge?

She watched her step-daughter's face with a jealous, hungry gaze. Was it beautiful? No! The features were delicate; the brown eyes soft and dovelike, almost lovely, now that they were } irradiated by a new light, as they looked shyly wan and colorless. It lacked the splendor of for a very long time that you began to think the { face rather pretty.

The five years during which Edward Arundel? had been away had made little alteration in him. He was rather stouter, perhaps; his amber mustache thicker; his manner more dashing than of ther despair. Her jealous soul prophesied the old. The mark of a sabre-cut under the cluster-{evil which she dreaded. This man, whose indifing chestnut curls upon the temple gave him a {ference to her was almost an insult, would fall in certain soldierly dignity. He seemed a man of love with Mary Marchmont—with Mary Marchmont and the seemed a man of love with mary marchmont with Mary Marchmont. the world now, and Mary Marchmont was rather mont, whose eyes lit up into new beauty under afraid of him. He was so different to the Lin-the glances of his, whose pale face blushed into colnshire squires, the bashful younger sons who faint bloom as he talked to her. The girl's undashing, so elegant, so splendid! From the wav-man's vanity, and he would fall in love with her ing grace of his hair to the tip of the polished out of very frivolity and weakness of purpose. boot peeping out of his well-cut trowsers (there the is weak and vain, and foolish and frivolous, were no peg-tops in 1847, and it was le genre to lare say, Olivia thought; 'and if I were to show very little of the boot), he was a creature ding myself upon my knees at his feet, and tell to be wondered at, to be almost reverenced, Mary him that I loved him, he would be fattered and thought. She could not help admiring the cut of grateful, and would be ready to return my affect his coat, the easy nonchalance of his manner, the tion. If I could tell him what this girl tells him that I loved him what this girl tells him the coat, the case of his manner, the coat, the case of his manner, the case of his manner. waxed ends of his curved mustache, the dang? in every look and word, he would be as pleased ling toys of gold and enamel that jingled at his with me as he is with her.' watch-chain, the waves of perfume that floated Her lip curled with unutterable scorn as she away from his cambric handkerchief. She was thought this. She was so despicable to herself childish enough to worship all these external at-{by the deep humiliation of her wasted love, that tributes in her hero.

'Shall' I invite him to Marchmont Towers?' Olivia thought; and while she was deliberating Arundel against all the tortures she had endured upon this question, Mary Marchmont cried out, for his sake, and forever finding him wanting. You will stop at the Towers, won't you, Mr.: He must have been a demi-god if his perfections

your hospitality as confidingly as I did a long { was-a generous hearted, candid, honorable young time ago in Oakley Street, when you gave me hot man-not a great man or a wonderful man-a rolls for my breakfast.

Mary laughed aloud; perhaps for the first time of a good woman's love. since her father's death. Olivia bit her lip. She was of so little account, then, she thought, that they did not care to consult her. A gloomy the room which had been his in John Marchshadow spread itself over her face. Already, mont's lifetime; and a new existence began for she began to hate this palefaced, childish orphan Mary. The young man was delighted with his girl, who seemed to be transformed into a new old friend's daughter. Amidst all the Calcutta

But she made no attempt to prevent his stopblack apprehension paralyzed her mind. She In the next moment she was angry with her-self for the abject folly of this new terror. She signorant feet. All that she had suffered was as

She thought all this while she sat back in a Towers; and when the carriage drew up before the low Tudor portico, the dark shadow had settled on her face. Her mind was made up. Let Edward Arundel come; let the worst come. She had struggled; she had tried to do her duty; she had striven to be good. But her destiny was. up at Edward Arundel. But the girl's face was stronger than herself, and had brought this young soldier over land and sea, safe out of every danbeauty. It was only after you had looked at her too. I think that in this crisis of her life the last faint ray of Christian light faded out of this lost woman's soul, leaving utter darkness and desolation. The old landmarks, dimly described in the weary desert, sank forever down into the quicksands, and she was left alone-alone with were to be educated for the Church. He was so disguised admiration would flatter the young

the object of that foolish passion seemed despicable also. She was forever weighing Edward Arundel, as you did when poor papa was alive?' could have outweighed so much misery; and for 'Most decidedly, Miss Marchmont,' the young this reason she was unjust to her cousin, and man answered. 'I mean to throw myself upon could not accept him for that which he really brave and honest-minded soldier, very well worthy

Mr. Arundel stayed at the Towers, occupying

race-course, he could remember no one as fasci- headache throughout the burning summer day, nating as this girl, who seemed as childlike now, and had kept her room. Edward Arundel had in her early womanhood, as she had been wo- gone out early in the morning upon a fishing exmanly while she was a child. Her naive tender- cursion to a famous trout-stream seven or eight ness for himself bewitched and enraptured him. miles from the Towers, and was not likely to re-Who could have avoided being charmed by that turn until after nightfall. There was no chance, pure and innocent affection, which was as freely therefore, of a meeting between Mary and the given by the girl of eighteen as it had been by young officer, Olivia thought; no chance of any the child, and was unchanged in character by the confidential talk which she would not be by to lapse of years? The young officer had been so hear. much admired and caressed in Calcutta, that per-/ Did Edward Arundel love the pale-faced girl haps, by reason of his successes, he had returned who revealed her devotion to him with such child-to England heart-whole; and he abandoned him-/like unconsciousness? Olivia Marchmont had not self, without any arriere-pensee, to the quiet hapbeen able to answer that question. She had piness which he felt in Mary Marchmont's society, sounded the young man several times upon his I do not say that he was intoxicated by her beauty, feelings toward her step daughter; but he had which was by no means of the intoxicating order, met her hints and insinuations with perfect frankor that he was madly in love with her. The gen-ness, declaring that Mary seemed as much a child the fascination of her society crept upon him be-to him now as she had appeared nearly nine years fore he was aware of its influence. He had before in Oakley Street, and that the pleasure he never taken the trouble to examine his own feel-took in her society was only such as he might ings; they were disengaged—as free as butterflies have felt in that of any innocent and confiding est; and he had therefore no need to put himself; 'Her simplicity is so bewitching, you know, under a course of rigorous self-examination. As Livy,' he said; 'she looks up in my face, and yet he believed that the pleasure he now felt in trusts me with all her little secrets, and tells me

and under flowering hedgerows, beside the waving tions and their complete manual of flirtation, the green corn. Olivia watched them with untiring same forever and ever. She is such a pretty little eyes. The tortures to which a jealous woman spontaneous darling, with her soft, shy, brown may condemn herself are not much greater than eyes, and her low voice, which always sounds those she can inflict upon others. Mrs. March to me like the cooing of the doves in the poultrymont took good care that her ward and her cousin yard.' were not too happy. Wherever they went she I th went also; whenever they spoke she listened; despair, took some comfort from such speeches whatever arrangement was most likely to please as these. Was this frank expression of regard them was opposed by her. Edward was not cox- for Mary Marchmont a token of love? No; not comb enough to have any suspicion of the reason, as the widow understood the stormy madness. of this conduct on his cousin's part. He only, Love to her had been a dark and terrible passion, smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and attributed a thing to be concealed, as monomaniacs have her watchfulness to an overstrained sense of her sometimes contrived to keep the secret of their responsibility and the necessity of surveillance.

be thought, that she fears to leave me alone with ruin. my dead friend's orphan daughter, lest I should? whisper corruption into her innocent ear? How alone, and drove away from the Towers at four little these good women know of us, after all! o'clock on a blazing summer afternoon, more at What vulgar suspicions and narrow-minded fears peace perhaps than she had been since Edward influence them against us! Are they honorable Arundel's coming. She paid her dutiful visit to and honest toward each other, I wonder, that they her father, sat with him for some time, talked to can entertain such pitiful doubts of our honor and the two old servants who waited upon him, honesty?

Marchmont kept watch and ward over Edward Towers. and Mary. It was strange that love could blossom in such an atmosphere; it seems strange that she entered the hall was Edward Arundel's fishthe cruel gaze of those hard gray eyes did not ing-tackle lying in disorder upon an oaken chill the two innocent hearts, and prevent their bench near the broad arched door that opened free expansion. But it was not so. The egotism out into the quadrangle. An angry flush mounted of love was all omnipotent. Neither Edward to her face as she turned upon the servant near nor Mary was conscious of the evil light in the her. glance that so often rested upon them. The universe narrowed itself to the one spot of earth upon which these two stood side by side.

Edward Arundel had been more than a month \ Marchmont. at Marchmont Towers when Olivia went, upon } a hot July evening, to Swampington, on a brief room?'
visit to the Rector—a visit of duty. She would? 'No, ma'am; she came down to the drawing.

belles whom he had danced with at Government-doubtless have taken Mary Marchmont with her, House balls, and flirted with upon the Indian but the girl had been suffering from a violent

Mary's society was the same order of the enjoy her dreams about her dead father, and all her foolment he had experienced five years before, when ish, innocent fancies, as confidingly as if I were he had taught her chess, and promised her long some play-fellow of her own age and sex. She's rambles by the sea-shore. They had no long rambles now in solitary lanes cutta ball-room, with their stereotyped fascina-

I think that Olivia, in the depth of her gloomy mania, until it burst forth at last, fatal and irre-

So Olivia Marchmont took an early dinner walked two or three times up and down the So hour after hour and day after day Olivia neglected garden, and then drove back to the

The first object upon which her eyes fell as

'Mr. Arundel has come home?' she said.

'Yes, ma'am-he came in half an hour ago; but he went out again almost directly with Miss

'Indeed! I thought Miss Marchmont was in her

noom about an hour after you left. Her head you. It is your innocence I love, Polly dear-let was better, ma'am, shelsaid.

know which way they went?

'Yes, ma'am; I heard Mr. Arundel say he ever came back to Marchmont Towers?' wanted to look at the old boat-house by the; river.

'And they have gone there?'

'I think so, ma'am.

Marchmont must not stop out in the night-air. The dew is falling already.'

The door leading into the quadrangle was open, and Olivia swept across the broad threshold, haughty and self-possessed, very stately-looking fen. in her long black garments. She still wore mourning for her dead busband. What inducement had she ever had to cast off that sombre attire? What need to trick herself out in gay a fortune-hunter, and declare that I came to colors? What loving eyes would be charmed by Marchmont Towers bent upon stealing its heirher splendor? She went out of the door, across the quadrangle, under a stone archway, and into \ the low stunted wood, which was gloomy even in the summer time. The setting sun was shining { upon the western front of the Towers; but here all seemed cold and desolate. The damp mists were rising from the sodden ground beneath the trees. The frogs were croaking down by the river-side. With her small white teeth set, and her breath coming in fitful gasps, Ohvia Marchmont hurried to the water's edge, winding in and { out between the trees, tearing her black dress (among the brambles, scorning all beaten paths, heedless where she trod, so long as she made her way speedily to the spot she wanted to reach.

At last the black sluggish river and the old { boat-house came in sight, between a long vista of ugly distorted trunks and gnarled branches of pollard oak and willow. The building was dreary and dilapidated looking, for the improvements commenced by Edward Arundel five years ago had never been fully carried out; but it was sufficiently substantial, and bore no traces of positive if I were not rich? decay. Down by the water's edge there was a great cavernous recess for the shelter of the boats, and above this there was a pavilion, built of brick and stone, containing two decent-sized in silence, shyly at first, and then more boldly, chambers, with latticed windows overlooking the with a beautiful light kindling in her eyes. river. A flight of stone steps with an iron balus- I love you dearly, too, Mr. Arunde trade led up to the door of this pavilion, which said, at last; and I would rather you had my was supported upon the solid side-walls of the money than any one else in the world; and

boat-house below.

In the stillness of the summer twilight Olivia heard the voices of those whom she came to seek. They were standing down by the edge of the water, upon a narrow pathway that ran along by the sedgy brink of the river, and only a few paces from the pavilion. The door of the boat-house was open; a long-disused wherry lay rotting upon the damp and mossy flags. Olivia crept into the shadowy recess. The coor that faced the river had fallen from its rusty hinges, and the slimy wood-work lay in ruins upon the threshold of the dark recess. Sheltered by the stone archway that had once been closed by this door, Olivia listened to the voices beside the still water.

Mary Marchmont was standing close to the liver's edge; Edward stood beside her, leaning

the water. 'My childish darling,' the young man murhad said, and so you think, because you are the sorrowful past and of the unknown future; simple minded and innocent, I am not to love the beautiful untrodden region, in which they

me call you Polly, as I used five years ago—and 'And she went out with Mr. Arundel? Do you I wouldn't have you otherwise for all the world Do you know that sometimes I am almost sorry I

'Sorry you came back?' cried Mary, in a tone of alarm. 'Oh, why do you say that, Mr.

Arundel?'

Because you are heiress to eleven thousand 'Very good; I will go down to them. Miss a year, Mary, and the Moated Grange behind us; and this dreary wood, and the river-the river is yours, I dare say, Miss Marchmont; and I wish you joy of the possession of so much sluggish water and so many square miles of swamp and

'Eut what then?' Mary asked, wonderingly.

'What then? Do you know, Polly darling, that if I ask you to marry me people will call me ess's innocent heart before she had learned the value of the estate that must go along with it? God knows they'd wrong me, Polly, as cruelly as ever an honest man was wronged; for, so long as I have money to pay my tailor and tobacconistand I've more than enough for both of them-I want nothing further of the world's wealth. What should I do with all this swamp and fen, Miss Marchmont—with all that horrible compli-cation of expired leases to be renewed, and income-taxes to be appealed against, that rich people have to endure? If you were not rich, Polly, I-'

He stopped and laughed, striking the toe of his boot among the weeds, and knocking the pebbles into the water. The woman crouching in the shadow of the archway listened with whitened cheeks and glaring eyes; listened as she might have listened to the sentence of her death, drinking in every syllable, in her ravenous desire to lose no breath that told her of her anguish.

'If I were not rich!' murmured Mary; 'what

'I should tell you how dearly I love you, Poliy, and ask you to be my wife by-and-by.

The girl looked up at him for a few moments

'I love you dearly, too, Mr. Arundel,' she there was something in papa's will that made me think—

'He would wish this, Polly,' cried the young man, clasping the trembling little figure to his breast. 'Mr. Paulette sent me a copy of the will, Polly, when he sent my diamond ring; and I think there were some words in it that hinted at such a wish. Your father said he left me this legacy, darling-I have his letter still-the legacy of a helpless girl. God knows I will try to be worthy of such a trust, Mary dearest; God knows I will be faithful to my promise, made nine years

The woman listening in the dark archway sank down upon the damp flags at her feet, among the slimy rotten wood and rusty iron nails and hinges. liver's edge; Edward stood beside her, leaning She sat there for a long time, not unconscious, against the trunk of a willow that grew close to but quite motionless, her white face leaning against the moss-grown arch, staring blankly out of the black shadows. She sat there and listened, inured, as if in reply to something his companion while the lovers talked in low tender murmurs of and the grave. She sat and listened till the loved her. How good she would have been! moonlight faintly shimmered upon the water, and The hardness of her iron nature would have been the faintly shimmered upon the water, and the hardness of her iron nature would have been the faintly and the death of her layer and the footsteps of the lovers died away upon the melted and subdued in the depth of her love and narrow pathway by which they went back to the tenderness for him. She would have learned to house.

self upon the ground in the darkness.

swered, with a hoarse voice, that she was ill, and whole nature would have undergone a wondrous wished to be alone. Neither Mary nor the old transfiguration, purified and exalted by the woman-servant who had nursed Olivia, and bad strength of her affection. All this might have some little influence over her, could get any other come to pass if he had loved her—if he had only answer than this.

CHAPTER XIV

DRIVEN AWAY.

guess at the tortures of that desperate woman, Marchmont with a mad and wicked hatred. If whose benighted soul was plunged in a black gulf she could have thought meanly of Edward Arunof horror by reason of their innocent love? How del-if she could have believed him to be acshould these two-very children in their igno- tuated by mercenary motives in his choice of the rance of all stormy passions, all direful emo-orphan girl—she might have taken some comfort tions—know, that in the darkened chamber from the thought of his unworthiness, and of where Olivia Marchmont lay, suffering under Mary's probable sorrow in the days to come. But some vague illness, for which the Swampington she could not think this. Little as the young soldoctor was fain to prescribe quinine, in utter un- dier had said in the summer twilight beside the consciousness as to the real nature of the disease river, there had been that in his tones and looks which he was called upon to cure—how should that had convinced the wretched watcher of his they know that in that gloomy chamber a wicked truth. Mary might have been deceived by the heart was abandoning itself to all the devils that shallowest pretender; but Olivia's eyes devoured had so long held patient watch for this day?,

Yes, the struggle was over. Olivia Marchmont flung aside the cross she had borne in dull, her step-daughter. mechanical obedience, rather than in Christian love and truth. Better to have been sorrowful mont. What had she done, this girl who had Magdalene, forgiven for her love and tears, than never brown what it was to fight a battle with this cold, haughty, stainless woman, who had her own rebellious heart-what had she done, never been able to learn the sublime lessons that all this wealth of love and happiness should which so many sinners have taken meekly to drop into her lap unsought—comparatively unheart. The religion which was wanting in the vital principle of Christianity, the faith which showed itself only in dogged obedience, failed chamber, thinking over these things; no longer this woman in the hour of her agony. Her pride fighting the battle with her own heart, but utterly arose; the defiant spirit of the fallen angel as-

serted its gloomy grandeur.

'What have I done that I should suffer like this?' she thought. 'What am I that an emptyheaded soldier should despise me, and that I should go mad because of his indifference. Is should go mad because of his indifference? Is Swampington, therefore, upon a dutiful visit to this the recompense for my long years of obe- his uncle; but rode to the Towers every day to dience? Is this the reward Heaven bestows upon inquire very particularly after his cousin's prome for my life of duty?

She remembered the histories of other women-women who had gone their own way and had been happy; and a darker question arose in

his agony.

obedient and submissive, patient and untiring? spirit. He loved his innocent childish com-Has all my life been a great mistake, which is to panion with the purest and truest devotion; and he end in confusion and despair?"

were to go hand in hand through all the long And then she pictured to hersen the me that years of quiet happiness between that moment might have been hers if Edward Arundel had have been! be loving and tender to others. Her wealth of Olivia Marchmont did not move until an hour effection for him would have overflowed in genafter they had gone. Then she raised herself tleness and consideration for every creature in with an effort, and walked with stiffened limbs the universe. The lurking bitterness which had slowly and painfully to the house, and to her own lain hidden in her heart ever since she had first room, where she locked her door and flung her- loved Edward Arundel, and first discovered his indifference to her; and the poisonous envy of Mary came to her to ask why she did not come happier women, who had loved and were beto the drawing-room, and Mrs. Marchmont and loved—would have been blotted away. Her loved her. But a pale-faced child had come between her and this redemption, and there was nothing left for her but despair.

Nothing but despair? Yes; perhaps something

further-revenge.

But this last idea took no tangible shape. She only knew that in the black darkness of the gulf into which her soul had gone down there was, far MARY MARCHMONT and Edward Arundel were away somewhere, one ray of lurid light. She They were happy; and how should they only knew this as yet, and that she hated Mary every glance; Olivia's greedy ears drank in every tone; and she knew that Edward Arundel loved

She knew this, and she hated Mary March-

valued, perhaps.

John Marchmont's widow lay in her darkened abandoning herself to her desperation-reckless,

hardened, impenitent.

Edward Arundel could not very well remain at the Towers while the reputed illness of his hostess kept her to her room. He went over to gress, and to dawdle on the sunny western terrace with Mary Marchmont.

Their innocent happiness needs little description. Edward Arundel retained a good deal of her mind, almost the question which Job asked in that boyish chivalry which had made him so eager to become the little girl's champion in the 'Is there neither truth nor justice in the deal-days gone by. Contact with the world had not ings of God, she thought. 'Is it useless to be much sullied the freshness of the young man's was proud of the recollection that in the day of

his poverty John Marchmont had chosen hlm as for her pleasure. He talked to her of the Indian the future shelterer of this tender blossom.

womanly, Polly,' he said sometimes to the young ments, fainting camels, lurking tigers in the dark-mistress of Marchmont Towers. 'Remember ness of the jungle, intercepted supplies of proas the little girl in the shabby pinafore, who tails of the war. poured out my tea for me one bleak December morning in Oakley Street.'

had loved and comprehended him.

you know, Edward, 'she said; 'and of course he could be happy together in spite of her. was very grateful to her; but I don't think he came down stairs, therefore, and renewed her ever loved her quite as he loved you. You were watch, chaining her step-daughter to her side, and the friend of his poverty, Edward; he never for- interposing herself forever between the lovers. got that.'

Mary Marchmont put her little hand through her possession of her.

lover's arm, and looked up shyly in his face.
'Did papa say that, Edward?' she whispered;

'did he really say that?'

'Did he really say what, darling?' 'That he left me to you as a legacy?'

man; 'I'll bring you the letter to-morrow.'

the yellow sheet of letter-paper and the faded to disturb the even current of her days. writing, which had once been black and wet under her dead father's hand. Mary looked through mont's leaving her room and the evening appointed her tears at the old familiar Oakley Street ad- for the ball, Edward Arundel found no very condress, and the date of the very day upon which venient opportunity of informing his cousin of Edward Arundel had breakfasted in the shabby the engagement entered into between himself and lodging. Yes; there were the words: 'The Mary. He had no wish to hurry this disclosure; legacy of a child's helplessness is the only be- for there was something in the orphan girl's childquest I can leave to the only friend I have.'

helpless while I am near you, Polly darling,' the mind. He wanted to go back to India and win more soldier said, as he refolded his dead friend's epis- laurels, to lay at the feet of the mistress of Marchtle. 'You may defy your enemies henceforward, mont Towers. He wanted to make a name for Mary, if you have any enemies. Oh, by-the-by, himself, which should cause the world to forget you have never heard anything of that Paul that he was a younger son—a name that the vil-

Marchmont, I suppose?'

'Papa's cousin, Mr. Marchmont the artist?'

'Yes.'

'He came to the reading of papa's will.'

mont talked to me a little; but I can't remember; ings for Mary. what he said.'

'And he has never been here since?'

'Never.'

Paul Marchmont could not be such a designing little darling to marry me until she is old enough villain, after all, or surely he would have tried to { push his acquaintance with his rich cousin.

'I dare say John's suspicion of him was only one of the poor fellow's morbid fancies,' he thought. 'He was always full of morbid fan-

cies.

Mrs. Marchmont's rooms were in the western front of the house; and through her open windows she heard the fresh young voices of the lovers, as Mary was not slow to perceive the change in the they strolled up and down the terrace. The cavally officer was content to carry a watering-pot cold, and sometimes severe; but it was now alfull of water for the refreshment of his young most abhorrent. The girl shrank appalled from mistress's geraniums in the stone vases on the the sinister light in her step-mother's gray eyes, balustrade, and to do other under-gardener's work as they followed her unceasingly, dogging her

campaign; and she asked a hundred questions You must never grow any older or more about midnight marches and solitary encampthat I always love you best when I think of you vision, stolen ammunition, and all the other de-

Olivia arose at last, before the Swampington surgeon's saline draughts and quinine mixtures They talked a great deal of John Marchmont. had subdued the fiery light in her eyes, or cooled It was such a happiness to Mary to be able to the raging fever that devoured her. She arose betalk unreservedly of her father to some one who cause she could no longer lie still in her desolation, knowing that for two hours in each long sum-'My step-mama was very good to poor papa, mer's day Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont

The widow arose from her sick-bed an altered Once, as they strolled side by side together woman, as it appeared to all who knew her. A upon the terrace in the warm summer noontide, mad excitement seemed to have taken sudden She flung off her mourning garments, and ordered silks and laces, velvets and sating from a London milliner; she complained of the absence of society, the monotonous dullness of her Lincolnshire life; and, to the surprise of every one, sent out cards of invitation for a ball 'He did indeed Polly,' answered the young at the Towers in honor of Edward Arundel's return to England. She seemed to be seized with a And the next day he showed Mary Marchmont desire to do something, she scarcely cared what,

During the brief interval between Mrs. Marchishness and innocence that kept all definite ideas 'And you shall never know what it is to be of an early marriage very far away from her lover's est tongue would never dare to blacken with the epithet of fortune-hunter.

The young man was silent therefore, waiting for a fitting opportunity in which to speak to 'Indeed! and did you see much of him?' Mary's step-mother. Perhaps he rather dreaded 'Oh, no, very little. I was ill, you know,' the the idea of discussing his attachment with Olivia; girl added, the tears rising to her eyes at the re- for she had looked at him with cold angry eyes, collection of that bitter time. 'I was ill, and I and a brow as black as thunder, upon those occadidn't notice any thing. I know that Mr. March- sions on which she had sounded him as to his feel-

She wants poor Polly to marry some grandee, I dare say,' he thought; 'and will do all she can to oppose my suit. But her trust will cease with Edward Arundel shrugged his shoulders. This Mary's majority; and I don't want my confiding to choose for herself, and to choose wisely. She will be one-and-twenty in three years; and what are three years? I would wait as long as Jacob for my pet, and serve my fourteen years' apprenticeship under Sir Charles Napier, and be true to her all the time.'

> Olivia Marchmont hated her step-daughter .most abhorrent. The girl shrank appalled from

footsteps with a hungry and evil gaze. The gen- did rooms, on all that grassy flat, dry and burning, the girl wondered what she had done to offend her under the blazing summer sun. She had wandered guardian, and then, being unable to think of any out upon the waste of barren turf, with her head possible delinquency by which she might have here to the hot sky, and had loitered here and hungred Mrs. March months displacement that the statill reals leaking sleemily at the curred Mrs. Marchmont's displeasure, was fain there by the still pools, looking gloomily at the to attribute the change in Olivia's manner to the black tideless water, and wondering what the irritation consequent upon her illness, and was agony of drowning was like. Not that she had thus more gentle and more submissive than of old; any thought of killing herself. No; the idea of enduring cruel looks, returning no answer to bit- death was horrible to her; for after her death Edter speeches, but striving to conciliate the supposed ward and Mary would be happy. Could she ever invalid by her sweetness and obedience find rest in the grave knowing this? Could there invalid by her sweetness and obedience.

spairing woman. Her jealousy fed upon every jealous fury? Surely the fire of her hate—it was charm of the rival who had supplanted her. That no longer love, but hate, that raged in her heart fatal passion fed upon Edward Arundel's every look and tone, upon the quiet smile which rested its intensity. ery, in meek silence thinking of her lover. The Olivia Marchmont's pale face was lit up with self-tortures which Olivia Marchmont inflicted eyes that flamed like fire; but she took her accusupon herself were so horrible to bear, that she tomed place very quietly, with her father opposite turned, with a mad desire for relief, upon those, to her, and Mary and Edward upon either side. she had the power to torture. Day by day and hour by hour she contrived to distress the gentle 'you're as pale as death, and your hand is dry girl, who had so long obeyed her, now by a word, and burning. I'm afraid you've not been obedinow by a look, but always with that subtle power ent to the Swampington doctor.' of aggravation which women possess in such an eminent degree; until Mary Marchmont's life became a burden to her-or would have so become, but for that inexpressible happiness, of which her tormentor could not deprive her—the joy she felt in her knowledge of Edward Arundel's love

She was very careful to keep the secret of her step-mother's altered manner from the young soldier. Olivia was his cousin, and he had said long ago that she was to love her. Heaven knows she some good reason for the alteration in her conduct, and it was Mary's duty to be patient. The orphan girl had learned to suffer quietly when the great affliction of her father's death had fallen decorated and fitted up as a ball-room for the ocupon her; and she suffered so quietly now, that her distress. How could she grieve him by telling an involuntary expression of surprise. In all his

brought such unutterable joy to her?
So, on the morning of the ball at Marchmon! had been given in that grim Lincolnshire mansion, that glowed with the warm hues of rich wine in since young Arthur Marchmont's untimely death the lamplight. Her massive hair was coiled in a mer Pollard's daughter-who was now Mrs. Ma- tered amidst the thick bands that framed her pleson, the wife of the most prosperous carpenter broad white brow. Her stern classical beauty in Kemberling. Hester had come up to the Tow- was lit up by the unwonted splendor of her dress, and upon this particular occasion Olivia had not 'Am I a woman to be despised for the love of a cared to prevent Mary and her humble friend pale-faced child? spending half an hour together. Mrs. Marchmont roamed from room to room upon this day. with a perpetual restlessness. to show himself for an hour or two at his daugh- her father on her fourteenth birthday. Mary had met her stepter's entertainment. mother several times that morning in the corridors and on the staircase; but the widow had passed her in silence, with a dark face, and a shivering, almost abhorrent gesture.

The bright July day dragged itself out at last, with hideous slowness for the desperate woman, who could not find peace or rest in all those splen-

find rest in the grave knowing this? Could there But the girl's amiability only irritated the de-be any possible extinction that would blot out her -would defy annihilation, eternal by reason of When the dinner-hour came, and on Mary's face as the girl sat over her embroid- Edward and his uncle arrived at the Towers,

'I'm sure you're ill, Livy,' the young man said;

Mrs. Marchmont shrugged her shoulders with a short contemptuous laugh.

'I am well enough,' she said. 'Who cares whether I am well or ill?'

Her father looked up at her in mute surprise. The bitterness of her tone startled and alarmed

him; but Mary never lifted her eyes. It was in such a tone as this that her step-mother had spo-

ken constantly of late.

But two or three hours afterward, when the had tried to do so, and had failed most miserably; flats before the house were silvered by the moonbut her belief in Olivia's goodness was still un- light, and the long ranges of windows glittered shaken. If Mrs. Marchmont was now irritable, with the lamps within, Mrs. Marchmont emerged capricious, and even cruel, there was doubtless from her dressing-room another creature, as it seemed.

Edward and his uncle were walking up and down the great oaken banqueting-hall, which had been casion, when Olivia crossed the wide threshold of even her lover failed to perceive any symptoms of the chamber. The young officer looked up with him of her sorrows, when his very presence, acquaintance with his cousin he had never seen brought such unutterable joy to her?

The gloomy, black-robed woman was transformed into a Semiramis. She wore a Towers—the first entertainment of the kind that voluminous dress of a deep claret-colored velvet, -Mary sat in her room, with her old friend Far- knot at the back of her head, and diamonds gliters to pay a dutiful visit to her young patroness; and asserted itself as obviously as if she had said,

Mary Marchmont came into the room a few minutes after her step-mother. Her lover ran to Edward Arundel welcome her, and looked fondly at her simple was to dine at the Towers, and was to sleep there dress of shadowy white crape, and the pearl cirafter the ball. He was to drive his uncle over clet that crowned her soft brown hair. The pearls from Swampington, as the Rector had promised she wore upon this night had been given to her by

Olivia watched the young man as he bent over Mary Marchmont.

He wore his uniform to-night for the special gratification of his young mistress, and he was looking down with a tender smile at her childish admiration of the bullion ornaments upon his coat, and the decoration he had won in India,

The widow looked from the two lovers to ap

lighting up her hollow cheeks.

'I might have been beautiful if he had loved me, she thought; and then she turned to her father, looked wistfully at the broad flagged quadrangle, and began to talk to him of his parishioners, the beautified by the light of the full summer moon. old pensioners upon her bounty, whose little his-He glanced back into the room; it was nearly tories were so hatefully familiar to her. Once empty now; and Mrs. Marchmont was standing more she made a feeble effort to tread the old near the principal doorway, bidding the last of hackneyed pathway; which she had toiled upon ther guests good-night. with such weary feet; but she could not—she; 'Come into the quadrangle, Polly,' he said, could not. After a few minutes she turned away; and take a turn with me under the colonnade, abruptly from her father, and seated herself in a It was a cloister once, I dare say, in the good old recess of the window, from which she could see days, before Harry the Eighth was king; and Edward and Mary.

gan to arrive, the sound of carriage wheels their shriveled old fingers. Come out into the seemed perpetual upon the crisp gravel-drive be- quadrangle, Polly; all the people we know or fore the western front, the names of half the care about are gone; and we'll go out and walk great people in Lincolnshire were shouted by the in the moonlight, as true lovers ought.' old servants in the hall. The band in the music- The soldier led his young companion across gallery struck up a quadrille, and Edward Arun- the threshold of the window, and out into a

To Olivia that long night seemed all glare and noise and confusion. ball-room, she received her guests, she meted out } due attention to all; for she had been accustomed onnade. from her earliest girlhood to the stereotyped round ?

were always before her. Arundel and Mary Marchmont went her eyes fol- You will let me smoke out of doors, won't you, lowed them, her fevered imagination pursued Polly? But suppose I should leave some of my them. Once, and once only, in the course of that limbs on the banks of the Sutlej, and come limplong night, she spoke to her step-daughter.

tain Arundel, Miss Marchmont?' she said:

But before Mary could answer, her step-mother?

mont's angry tone.

Edward and Mary were standing in one of the deep embayed windows of the banqueting-hall; when the dancers began to disperse, long after widely-opened and wondering eyes, and the supper. The girl had been very happy that evening, in spite of her step-mother's bitter words and disdainful glances. For almost the first time you that would make me love you less now, she in her life the young mistress of Marchmont said, naively. I dare say at first I liked you a Towers had felt the contagious influence of other little because you were handsome, and different people's happiness. The orilliantly-lighted ball- to every one else I had ever seen. You were so room, the splendid dresses of the dancers, the very handsome, you know, she added, apologetijoyous music, the low sound of suppressed laughter, the bright faces which smiled at each other upon every side, were as new as anything in fairyland to this girl, whose narrow life had been { overshadowed by the gloomy figure of her stepmother forever interposed between her and the Mostyn, and the other pupils sneered at him and outer world. The young spirit arose and shook ridiculed him. How can I ever forget that, Edoff its fetters, fresh and radiant as the butterfly ward? How can I ever love you enough to rethat escapes from its chrysalis-shell. The new pay you for that? In the enthusiasm of her inlight of happiness illumined the orphan's delicate nocent devotion she lifted her pure young brow, face, until Edward Arundel began to wonder at and the soldier bent down and kissed that white her loveliness, as he had wondered once before throne of all virginal thoughts, as the lovers that night at the fiery splendor of his cousin stood side by side, half in the moonlight, half in Olivia.

I had no idea that Olivia was so handsome, or

antique glass upon an ebony bureau in a niche opyou so pretty, my darling,' he said, as he stood
posite to her, which reflected her own face—her with Mary in the embrasure of the window.
own face, more beautiful than she had ever seen (You look like Titania, the queen of the fairies,
it before, with a feverish glow of vivid crimson Polly, with your cloudy draperies and crown of
lighting up her hollow cheeks pearls.

The window was open, and Captain Arundel

cowled monks have paced up and down under its But Mrs. Marchmont's duties as hostess soon shadow, muttering mechanical prayers, as the demanded her attention. The county families be-beads of their rosaries dropped slowly through

del led the youthful mistress of the mansion to cloister-like colonnade that ran along one side of the place in the dance. The shadows of the Gothic pillars were black upon the moonlit flags of the quadran-She did the honors of the gle, which was as light now as in the day; but a pleasant obscurity reigned in the sheltered col-

of country society. She neglected no duty; but is the best of all your possessions, Polly, the she did all mechanically, scarcely knowing what she said or did in the feverish tumult of her soul. Come home from India a general, as I mean to Yet, amidst all the bewilderment of her senses, do, Miss Marchmont, before I ask you to become in all the confusion of her thoughts, two figures where I shared here. Wherever Edward the still support and and down here in the sense of 'I think this little bit of pre-Lutheran masonry Wherever Edward the still summer evenings smoking my cheroots. ing home to you with a wooden leg, would you 'How often do you mean to dance with Cap- have me then, Mary; or would you dismiss, me with ignominy from your sweet presence, and shut the doors of your stony mansion upon my-self and my calamities? I'm afraid, from your had moved away upon the arm of a portly coun-self and my calamities? I'm afraid, from your try squire, and the girl was left in sorrowful admiration of my gold epaulets and silk sash, wonderment as to the reason of Mrs. March-that glory in the abstract would have very little attraction for you.'

Mary Marchmont looked up at her lover with clasp of her hand tightened a little upon his arm.

'There is nothing that could ever happen to cally; 'but it was not because of that only that I loved you; I loved you because papa told me you were good and generous, and his true friend when he was in cruel need of a friend. Yes, you were his friend at school, when your cousin, Martin the shadow.

Olivia Marchmont came into the embrasure of

watch them.

She came again to the torture. From the reseen the two figures giide out into the moonlight, me like that? Why have you been so changed to She had seen them, and had gone on with her me lately? I can not tell you how unhappy I courteous speeches, and had repeated her for have been. Mamma, mamma, what have I done mula of hospitality. with the fire in her heart devouring and consuming her. She came again, to watch and to listen, and to endure her self-imwatch and to listen, and to endure her self-im- uplifted entreatingly to her, and held them in her posed agonies; as mad and foolish in her fatal own—held them as if in a vice. She stood thus, passion as some besotted wretch who should come } willingly to the wheel upon which his limbs had her eyes fixed upon the girl's face. Two streams been well-nigh broken, and supplicate for a re-} newal of the torture. She stood rigid and motionless in the shadow of the arched window, the widow's hollow cheeks. hiding herself, as she had hidden in the dark; 'What have you done?' she cried. 'Do you cavernous recess by the river; she stood and think I have toiled for nothing to do the duty listened to all the childish babble of the lovers as which I promised my dead husband to perform they loitered up and down the vaulted cloister. for your sake? Has all my care of you been so How she despised them in the haughty superi-/little, that I am to stand by now and be silent, ority of an intellect which might have planned a when I see what you are? Do you think that I revolution or saved a sinking state! What bitter am blind, or deaf, or besotted, that you defy me scorn curled her lip as their roolish talk fell upon and outrage me, day by day, and hour by hour, her ear! They talked like Florizel and Perdita, by your conduct?' like Romeo and Juliet, like Paul and Virginia, 'Mamma, mamma, what do you mean?' like Romeo and Juliet, like Paul and Virginia, (Mamma, mamma, what do you mean?' and they talked a great deal of nonsense, no (Heaven knows how rigidly you have been doubt; soft, harmonious foolishness, with little educated; how carefully you have been secluded more meaning in it than there is in the cooing of from all society, and shelld conserve infludoves. but tender and musical, and more than ence, lest harm or danger should come to you. I beautiful, to each other's ears. A tigress, fam-have done my duty, and I wash my hands of you ished and desolate, and but lately robbed of her The debasing taint of your mother's low breedwhelps, would not be likely to listen very pa-ling reveals itself in your every action. You run tiently to the communing of a pair of prosperous after my cousin Edward Arundel, and advertise ring-doves. Olivia Marchmont listened with her your admiration of him to himself, and every brain on fire, and the spirit of a murderess raging creature who knows you. You fling yourself into in her breast. What was she that she should be his arms, and offer him yourself and your forpatient? All the world was lost to her. She was tune; and in your low cunning try to keep the sethirty years of age, and she had never yet won cret from me, your protectress and guardian, apthe love of any human being. She was thirty pointed by the dead father whom you pretend to years of age, and all the sublime world of affect have loved so dearly.' tion was a dismal blank for her. From the outer Olivia Marchmont still held her step-daugh-darkness in which she stood she looked with wild ter's wrists in her iron grasp. The girl stared and ignorant yearning into that bright region wildly at her with her eyes distended, her trem-which her accursed foot had never trodden, and bling lips apart. She began to think that the saw Mary Marchmont wandering hand in hand widow had gone mad. with the only man she could have loved, the only

quadrangle struck the first quarter after three: scullery-maid in this house, who would have be-the moon was fading out, and the colder light of haved as you have done. I have watched you,

It's getting cold, my dear, and it's high time heard you offer yourself to my cousin.'
the mistress of Marchmont should retire to her. Mary drew herself up with an indignant gestony bower. Good-night, and God bless you, ture, and over the whiteness of her face there my darling! I'll stop in the quadrangle and swept a sudden glow of vivid crimson, that faded smoke a cheroot before I go to my room. Your, as quickly as it came. Her submissive nature restep-mamma will be wondering what has become volted against her step-mother's horrible tyrof you, Mary, and we shall have a lecture upon anny. The dignity of innocence arose and as-the proprieties to-morrow; so, once more, good-serted itself against Olivia's shameful upbraiding.

nal of pearls, stopped to watch Mary while she other very truly, and because I think and believe crossed the threshold of the open window, and papa wished me to marry his old friend. then strolled away into the flagged court with his

cigar-case in his hand.

window when her step-daughter entered the suppose, then, as well as for your own. You

the open window, and took her place there to seen before—the horrible darkness that overshadows the souls of the lost.

'Mamma!' the girl cried, clasping her hands motest end of the long banqueting-room she had in sudden affright, 'mamma! why do you look at to offend you?

Olivia Marchmont grasped the trembling hands with her step-daughter pinioned in her grasp, and of lurid light seemed to emanate from those dilated gray eyes; two spots of crimson blazed in

'What have you done?' she cried. 'Do you

'I blush for you, I am ashamed of you,' cried creature who had ever had the power to awake Olivia. It seemed as if the torrent of her words the instinct of womanhood in her soul. burst forth almost in spite of herself. There is She stood and waited until the clock in the not a village-girl in Kemberling, there is not a early morning glimmered in the eastern sky. Mary Marchmont, remember, and I know all. I mustn't keep you out here any longer, Polly, know your wanderings down by the river-side. I Captain Arundel said, pausing near the window, heard you. Yes, by the Heaven above me, I

ght.'

(If I offered myself to Edward Arundel, He kissed the fair young brow under the coro
mamma, she said, it was because we love each

Because we love each other very truly! Olivia echoed, in a tone of unmitigated scorn. Olivia Marchmont stood a few Mees from the You can answer for Captain Arundel's heart, I room, and Mary paused involuntarily, terrified by must have a tolerably good opinion of yourself, the cruel aspect of the face that frowned upon Miss Marchmont, to be able to venture so much. her: terrified by something that she had never Bah! she cried, suddenly, with a disdainful gehas won Edward Arundel? Do you think he has mother, but straight before her into vacancy, as not had women fifty times your superior, in every if her tearless eyes were transfixed by the vision quality of mind and body, at his feet out yender; of all her shattered hopes, filling with wreck and in India? Are you idiotic and besotted enough main the desolate fore-ground of a blank future. to believe that it is anything but your fortune this, 'I dore say you are right, mamma; it was very man cares for? Do you know the vile things feoish of me to think that Edward—that Captain people will do, the lies they will tell, the base Arundel could care for me, fer-for-ray own comedies of guilt and falsehood they will act, for sake; but if-if he wants my fortune, i should the love of eleven thousand a year? And you wish him to have it. The money will rever be think that he loves and of the loves. think that he loves you! Child, dupe, fool, are any good to me, you know, mamma; and Ie was you weak enough to be deluded by a fortune- so kind to papa in his poverty—so kind. I will hunter's pretty pastoral flatteries? Are you weak never, never believe anything against him; but I enough to be duped by a man of the world, world couldn't expect him to love me. I shouldn't have out and jaded no doubt so to the world's place of fine to be the world to have out and jaded, no doubt, as to the world's pleas offered to be his wife. I ought only to have ures; in debt, perhaps, and in pressing need of offered him my fortune. money; who comes here to try and redeem his) She heard her tover's footstep in the quadfortunes by a marriage with a semi-imbecile rangle without, in the stillness of the summer heiress?

statue of horror and despair.

man rode rough-shod over the simple confidence wondering, as she thought in how short a time of the ignorant girl. Until this moment Mary the happiness of a future might be sweet away Marchmont had believed in Edward Arundel as into chaos. implicitly as she had trusted in her dead father. Good-night, mamma, she said presently, with But now, for the first time, a dreadful region of an accent of weariness. She did not look at her doubt appear have the formal trusted in her dead father. doubt opened before her; the foundations of her step-mother, who had turned away from her now, world reeled beneath her feet. Edward Arundel and had walked toward the open window, but a fortune-hunter! This woman, whom she had (stole quietly from the room, ercessed the hall, and obeyed for five weary years, and who had ac-\{\) went up the broad staircase to her own lonely quired that ascendancy over her which a deter-\{\} chamber. Heiress though she was, she had no mined and vigorous nature must always exercise (special attendant of her own; she had the priviover a morbidly sensitive disposition, told her {lege of summoning Olivia's maid whenever she that she had been deluded. This woman laughed had need of assistance; but he sett ined the sim-aloud in bitter scorn of her credulity. This wo-{ple habits of her early life, and very rarely trouman, who could have no possible motive for tor-{bled Mrs. Marchmont's grim and elderly Abigail. turing her, and who was known to be scrupu- Olivia stood looking out into the stony quad-lously conscientious in all her dealings, told her, rangle; it was broad daylight now; the cocks as plainly as the most cruel words could tell a were crowing in the distance, and a sky-ia:k cruel truth, that her own charms could not have singing somewhere in the blue heaven, high up won Edward Arundel's affection.

away from her. She had never questioned her-ling sunshine; the lamps were burning still, for self as to her worthiness of her lover's devotion. the servants waited until Mrs. Marchmont should She had accepted it as she accepted the sunshine have retired before they entered the room. Edand the starlight, as something beautiful and in-{ward Arun el was walking up and down the comprehensible, that came to her by the benefi-{cloister, smoking his second cigar. cence of God, and not through any merits of her own. But as the fabric of her happiness dwindled window. away, the fatal spell exercised over the girl's weak nature by Olivia's violent words evoked a hundred doubts. How should he love her? why should he love her in preference to every other woman in the world? Set any woman to ask herself this question, and you fill her mind with a young man answered, laughing. 'If the parthousand suspicions, a thousand jealous doubts of tridges were in I should be going out shooting her lover, though he were the truest and noblest this lovely morning, instead of going ignomin-

in the universe.

Olivia Marchmont stood a few paces from her step-daughter, watching her while the black shadow of doubt blotted every joy from her heart, and utter despair crept slowly into her innocent breast. The widow expected that the go to bed in the face of all that eastern glory. I girl's self-esteem would assert itself; that she would contradict and defy the traducer of her lover's truth; but it was not so. When Mary spoke again her voice was low and subdued, her fast-hour. They're stacking the rew hay in the manner as submissive as it had been two or three meadows beyond the park. Don't you smell it?' years before, when she had stood before her step-I dare say you are right, mamma, she said; senseless this man's talk seemed to her! She was

ture of her head; 'do you think your pitiful face in a low dreamy tone, looking, not at her step-

She heard her tover's footstep in the quadmorning, and shivered at the sound. It was less Olivia Marchmont released her hold of the than a quarter of an hour since she had been shrinking girl, who seemed to have become trans- walking with him up and down the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which she stood, a pale way, in which his footsteps were echoing with a status of horses and down in the cloistered fixed to the spot upon which has been status of horses and the status of horses are status of the spot upon which has been status of horses and the status of horses and the status of horses are status of horses and the status of horses are status of horses are status of horses and the status of horses are status of horses and the status of horses are status of horses and horses are status of horse hollow sound: and now- Even in the confusion The iron will of the strong and resolute wo- of her anguish Mary Marchmont could not help

ple habits of her early life, and very rarely trou-

above Marchmont Towers. The faded garlands All the beautiful day-dreams of her life melted in the banqueting-room looked wan in the morn-

He stopped presently, seeing his cousin at the

'What, Livy,' he cried, 'not gone to bed yet?' 'No; I am going directiv.'

'Mary has gone, I hope?'

'Yes; she has gone. Good-night.'

'Good-morning, my dear Mrs. Marchment,' the iously to bed, like a worn-out reveler who has drunk too much sparkling hock. I like the still best, by-the-by-the Johannisherger, that poor John's predecessor imported from the Rhine. But I suppose there is no help for it, and I must should be mounting for a gallop on the racc-course if I were in Calcutta. But I'll go to bed, Mrs. Marchmont, and humbly await your break-

Olivia shrugged her shoulders with an impatient frown. Good heavens! how frivolous and

plunging her soul into an abyss of sin and ruin come of my mad folly, after all; and I may have for his sake; and she hated him, and rebelled saved this girl from a life of misery by the words against him, because he was so little worthy of I have spoken to-night. the sacrifice.

to death.'

oak staircase after her, whistling a serenade from excitement of the long night, and to dream hor-Fra Diavolo as he went. He was one of those rible dreams. The servants, with the exception people to whom life seems all holiday. Younger of one who rose betimes to open the great house, son though he was, he had never known any of slept long after the unwonted festival. Edward the pitfalls of debt and difficulty into which the Arundel slumbered as heavily as any member of junior members of rich families are so apt to that wearied household; and thus it was that there plunge headlong in early youth, and from which was no one in the way to see a shrinking, tremthey emerge, enfeebled and crippled, to endure bling figure creep down the sunlit staircase, and an after-life embittered by all the shabby mise-steal across the threshold of the wide hall-door. ries which wait upon aristocratic pauperism. There was no one to see Mary Marchmont's Brave, honorable, and simple-minded, Edward silent flight from the gaunt Lincolnshire mansion, Arundel had fought the battle of life like a good in which she had known so little real happiness. soldier, and had carried a stainless shield where (There was no one to comfort the sorrow-stricken the fight was thickest, and victory hard to win. girl in her despair and desolation of spirit. She His sunshiny nature won him friends, and his crept away, like some escaped prisoner, in the better qualities kept them. Young men trusted early morning, from the house which the law and respected him, and old men, gray in the ser-called her own.
vice of their country, spoke well of him. His And the hand of the woman whom John Marchhandsome face was a pleasant decoration at any mont had chosen to be his daughter's friend and festival; his kindly voice and hearty laugh at a counseler was the hand which drove that daughter dinner-table were as good as the music in the from the shelter of her home. The voice of her gallery at the end of a banqueting-chamber.

for the calamities of others.

is one insult the more to me.'

The widow paced up and down her room in the morning sunshine, thinking of the things she had said in the banqueting-hall below, and of her step-daughter's white despairing face. What had she done? What was the extent of the sin she had committed? Olivia Murchmont asked her-self these two questions. The old habit of selfexamination was not quite abandoned yet. She sinned, and then set herself to work to try and justify her sin.

win the love of a man who despises me?'

like stainless marble against the rich ruby dark- had faded out of her eyes, and they looked dim ness of her velvet drass. She had snatched the and heavy. diamond ornaments from her head, and her long black hair fell about her box in in thick waveless (Mary is not up yet, I suppose?)

tresses.

'I am handsomer than she is, and cleverer; and I love him better, ten thousand times, than she loves him,' Olivia Marchmont thought, as she loves him,' Olivia Marchmont thought, as she turned contemptuously from the glass. 'Is it likely, then, that he cares for anything but har fortune? Any other woman in the world would have argued as I argued to-night. Any woman would have believed that she did her duty in warning this besotted girl against her folly. What do I know of Edward Arundel that should lead me to think him better or nobler than other and how many men sell themselves for the

The devils—forever lying in wait for this wo-'Good-morning,' she said, abruptly. 'I'm tired man, whose gloomy pride rendered her in some She moved away and left him.

Tive minutes afterward he went up the great

She lay down at last to sleep, worn out by the

whom the weak father had trusted in, fearful to He had that freshness of spirit which is the pe-confide his child into the hands of God, but culiar gift of some natures; and he had as yet blindly confident in his own judgment, was the never known sorrow, except, indeed, such tender voice which had uttered the lying words, whose and compassionate sympathy as he had often felt every syllable had been as a separate dagger thrust in the orphan girl's lacerated heart. Olivia Marchmont heard her cousin's cheery was her father—her father who had placed this tenor voice as he passed her chamber. 'How woman over her, and had entailed upon her the happy he is!' she thought. 'His very happiness awful agony that drove her out into an unknown world, careless whither she went in her despair.

CHAPTER XV.

MARY'S LETTER.

Ir was past twelve o'clock when Edward Arundel strolled into the dining-room. The windows 'How should he love her?' she thought. 'What were open, and the scent of the mignonnette upon is there in her pale, unmeaning face, that should the terrace was blown in upon the warm summer breeze.

She stopped before a cheval-glass, and sur- Mrs. Marchmont was sitting at one end of the veyed herself from head to foot, frowning angrily long table, reading a newspaper. She looked up at her handsome image, hating herself for her as Edward entered the room. She was pale, but despised beauty. Her white shoulders looked not much paler than usual. The feverish light

'I believe not.

men? and how many men sell themselves for the dashing girl; she looks you full in the face, and love of a woman's wealth! Perhaps good may talks to you about hunting with as much gusto as

Hawley's three tall, sandy-haired daughters; but to her mistress. Fred Hawley's a capital fellow; it's a pity he's a In short, my dear Olivia, take it altogether, I think your ball was a success, and I hope you'll give us another in the huntingseason.

Mrs. Marchmont did not condescend to reply to her cousin's meaningless rattle. She sighed wearily, and began to fill the tea-pot from the old-fashioned silver urn. Edward loitered in one of the windows, whistling to a peacock that was stalking solemnly backward and forward upon the stone balustrade.

'I should like to drive you and Mary down to the sea shore, Livy, after breakfast. Will you go?'

Mrs. Marchmont shook her head.

'I am a great deal too tired to think of going I am of your affection.

out to-day,' she said, ungraciously.

'And I never felt fresher in my life,' the young man responded, laughing; 'last night's festivities seem to have revivified me. I wish Mary would come down,' he added, with a yawn; 'I could give her another lesson in billiards, at any rate. Poor little girl, I'm afraid she'll never make a cannon.'

Captain Arundel sat down to his breakfast, and drank the cup of tea poured out for him by Olivia. Had she been a sinful woman of another type, she would have put arsenic into the cup perhaps, and so have made an end of the young officer and of her own folly. As it was, she only sat by, with her own untasted breakfast before her, and watched him while he ate a plateful of raised pie, and drank his cup of tea, with the healthy appetite which generally accompanies youth and a good conscience. He sprang up from the table directly he had finished his breakfast, and cried out, impatiently,

'What can make Mary so lazy this morning?

she is usually such an early riser.

Mrs. Marchmont rose as her cousin said this, and a vague feeling of uneasiness took possession She remembered the white face of her mind. which had blanched beneath the angry glare of her eyes, the blank look of despair that had come over Mary's countenance a few hours before.

'I will go and call her myself,' she said. 'N--no; I'll send Barbara.' She did not wait to ring the bell, but went into the hall and called sharply, 'Barbara! Barbara!'

A woman came out of a passage leading to the housekeeper's room, in answer to Mrs. Marchmont's call; a woman of about fifty years of age, a man in a dream, doubtful of his own identity, dressed in gray stuff, and with a grave inscruta- doubtful of the reality of the world about him, ble face, a wooden countenance that gave no token of its owner's character. Barbara Simmons line by line again and again, first in dull stupe facmight have been the best or the worst of women, } a Mrs. Fry or a Mrs. Brownrigg, for any evidence her face afforded against either hypothesis.

'I want you to go up stairs, Barbara, and call Miss Marchmont, Olivia said. 'Captain Arundel and I have finished breakfast.'

The woman obeyed, and Mrs. Marchmont returned to the dining-room, where Edward was trying to amuse himself with the Times of the previous day.

into the room carrying a letter on a silver waiter. ground. Olivia Marchmont stooped to pick it up. Had the document been a death-warrant, or a tel- Her movement aroused the young man from his egraphic announcement of the landing of the stupor, and in that moment he caught the sight French at Dover, the well-trained servant would of his cousin's livid face.

an old whipper-in. I don't think much of Major have placed it upon a salver before presenting it

'Miss Marchmont is not in her room, ma'am, she said; 'the bed has not been slept on; and I found this letter, addressed to Captain Arundel, upon the table.'

Olivia's face grew livid; a horrible dread rushed into her mind. Edward snatched the letter which

the servant held toward him.

'Mary not in her room! What, in Heaven's name, can it mean?' he cried.

He tore open the letter. The writing was not easily decipherable for the tears which the orphan girl had shed over it:

'My own DEAR EDWARD,—I have loved you so dearly and so foolishly, and you have been so kind to me, that I have quite forgotten how unworthy But I am forgetful no longer. Something has happened which has opened my eyes to my own folly—I know now that you did not love me; that I had no claim to your love; no charms or attractions such as so many other women possess, and for which you might have loved me. I know this now, dear Edward, and that all my happiness has been a foolish dream; but do not think that I blame any but Take my formyself for what has happened. tune: long ago, when I was a little girl, I asked my father to let me share it with you. I ask you now to take it all, dear friend; and I go away forever from a house in which I have learnt how little happiness riches can give. Do not be unhappy about me. I shall pray for you alwaysalways remembering your goodness to my dead father; always looking back to the day upon which you came to see us in our poor lodging. I am very ignorant of all worldly business, but I hope the law will let me give you Marchmont Towers and all my fortune, whatever it may be. Let Mr. Paulette see this latter part of my letter, and let him fully understand that I abandon all my rights to you from this day. Good-bye, dear friend; think of me sometimes, but never think of me MARY MARCHMONT. sorrowfully.

This was the letter which the This was all. heart-broken girl had written to her lover. It was in no manner different from the letter she might have written to him nine years before in Oakley Street. It was as childish in its ignorance and inexperience; as womanly in its tender self-abnegation.

Edward Arundel stared at the simple lines like a man in a dream, doubtful of his own identity, in his hopeless wonderment. He read the letter tion and muttering the words mechanically as he read them, with the full light of their meaning dawning gradually upon him.

Her fortune! He had never loved her! She had discovered her own folly! What did it all mean? What was the clew to the mystery of this letter, which had stunned and bewildered him, until the very power of reflection seemed lost? The dawning of that day had seen their parting, and the innocent face had been lifted to his, beaming with love and trust. And now?— The letter Ten minutes afterward Barbara Simmons came { dropped from his hand, and fluttered slowly to the

'Read that letter, Olivia Marchmont!' he said. The woman obeyed. Slowly and deliberately she read the childish epistle which Mary had written to her lover. In every line, in every he thought ever so bitterly. word, the widow saw the effect of her own deadly \. word, the widow saw the effect of her own deadly. Listen to me, Olivia Marchmont, the young work; she saw how deeply the poison, dropped man said, while the woman still crouched upon from her own envenment to have been been as a superior of the control of the c from her own envenomed tongue, had sunk into the ground near his feet, self-confessed in the the innnocent heart of the girl.

eyes. His tall soldierly frame trembled in the edness, I will follow her. My answer to the lie intensity of his passion. He followed his cousin's eyes along the lines in Mary Marchmont's letter, mediate marriage with my old friend's orphan waiting till she should come to the end. Then child. He knew me well enough to know how the tumultuous storm of indignation burst forth, far I was above the baseness of a fortune-hunter,

cousin's glance.

despised? Was this the curled and perfumed mont's ear. It is not the individual only whom representative of swelldom, whose talk never you traduce. You slander the cloth I wear, the soared to higher flights than the description of a ramily to which I belong, and my best justificaday's snipe-shooting, or a run with the Burleigh tion will be the contempt in which I hold your fox-hounds? The wicked woman's eyelids drooped infamous insinuations. When you hear that I over her averted eyes; she turned away, shrink- have squandered Mary Marchmont's fortune, or ing from this fearless accuser.

Marchmont!' Edward Arundel cried. 'It is you world that your kinsman, Edward Dangerfield who have slandered and traduced me to my dead friend's daughter! Who else would dare accuse would be vile enough to call my father's son a the dining-room door making inquiries of the serliar and a traitor? It is you who have whispered vants. They could tell him nothing of Mary's flight. shameful insinuations into this poor child's inno-Her bed had not been slept in; nobody had seen cent ear! I scarcely need the confirmation of her leave the house; it was most likely, therefore, your ghastly face to tell me this. It is you who that she had stolen away very early, before the have driven Mary Marchmont from the home in servants were astir.
which you should have sheltered and protected Where had she gone? Edward Arundel's heart her! You envied her, I suppose—envied her the beat wildly as he asked himself that question. He thousands which might have ministered to your remembered how often he had heard of women, always held you aloof from those who might have had rushed to destroy themselves in a tumult of loved you; the ambition that has made you a agony and despair. How easily this poor child, loved you; the ambition that has made you a soured and discontented woman, whose gloomy occasion upon which you might stab her to the a new Ophelia, pale and pure as the Danish very core of her tender heart. What other mo-prince's slighted love, floating past the weird tive could you have had for doing this deadly branches of the willows, borne up for a while by when ? None so held me Heaven! wrong? None, so help me Heaven!

No other motive! Olivia Marchmont dropped; farther down the stream. down in a heap on-the ground near her total feet; not kneeling, but groveling upon the carin the next dismissed the thought. Mary's letter
peted floor, with her hands twisted one in the
than of wild despair. I shall always pray for down in a heap on-the ground near her cousin's head falling forward on her breast. She uttered you; I shall always remember you, she had writno syllable of self-justification or denial. The ten. pitiless words rained down upon her provoked no reply. But in the depths of her heart sounded the echo of Edward Arundel's words: 'The pride which has always held you aloof from those who a discontented wo-

'O God!' she thought, 'he might have loved me, then! He might have loved me, if I could It is the soul untutored by affliction, the rebellious have locked my anguish in my own heart, and heart that has never known calamity, which besmiled at him and flattered him!'

He started as if a thunder-bolt had burst at repudiated and hated her? He had never loved his feet. An idea, sudden as some inspired reve- her. His careless friendliness had made as wide lation, rushed into his mind.

a gulf between them as his bitterest hate could ever make. Perhaps, indeed, his new-born hate would be nearer to love than his indifference had been, for at least he would think of her now, if

abandonment of her despair. 'Wherever this Edward Arundel watched her with flaming girl may have gone, driven hence by your wickuntil Olivia cowered beneath the lightning of her and he wished that I should be his daughter's husband. I should be a coward and a fool were I to Was this the man she had called frivolous? be for one moment influenced by such a slander as Was this the boyish, red-coated dandy she had that which you have whispered in Mary Marchcheated the children I pray God she may live to This mischief is some of your work, Olivia bear me, it will be time enough for you to tell the Arundel, is a swindler and a traitor.

He strode out into the hall, leaving his cousin a Dangerfield Arundel of baseness? who else on the ground; and she heard his voice outside

wicked pride and ambition; the pride which has as young and innocent as Mary Marchmont, who who believed that the dream of happiness was face repels all natural affection. You envied the forever broken, might have crept down through gentle girl whom your dead husband committed the gloomy wood to the edge of the sluggish river, to your care, and who should have been most sa- to drop into the weedy stream and hide her sorcred to you. You envied her, and seized the first row under the quiet water! He could fancy her, the current, to sink in silence among the shadows

He thought of these things in one moment, and Her lover remembered how much sorrow the orphan girl had endured in her brief life. He looked back to her childish days of poverty and self-denial; her early loss of her mother; her grief at her father's second marriage; the shock might have loved you; a discontented wo- of that beloved father's death. Her sorrows had man, whose gloomy face repels all natural affections of the sorrows had man, whose gloomy face repels all natural affections of the sorrows had man, whose gloomy face repels all natural affections of the sorrows had not been sorrows had man, whose gloomy face repels all natural affections of the sorrows had not been s of that beloved father's death. Her sorrows had only narrow intervals of peace between each new agony. She was accustomed, therefore, to grief. comes mad and desperate, and breaks under the And then an icy indifference took possession of first blow. Mary Marchmont had learned the her. What did it matter that Edward Arundel habit of endurance in the hard school of sorrow

TEdward Arundel walked out upon the terrace, and re-read the missing girl's letter. He was to the Towers till I bring her step-daughter with a re-read the missing girl's letter. The was to the Towers till I bring her step-daughter with a resid to the ground and then, without stopcalmer now, and able to face the situation with me, he said to the groom; and then, we houtstopall its difficulties and perplexities. He was losing ping to utter another word, he shook the rein on time, perhaps, in stopping to deliberate, but it his horse's neck, and galloped away along the was no use to rush off in reckless haste, undeter-graveled drive leading to the great iron gates of mined in which direction be should seek for the Marchment Towers. lost mistress of Marchment Towers. One of the grooms was busy in the stables saddling Captain ken in a c'ear loud voice, like some knightly defi-Arundel's horse, and in the mean time the young fance, sounding trumpet-like at a castle gate. She man went out alone upon the sunny terrace to stood in one of the windows of the dining-room, deliberate upon Mary's letter.

Complete resignation was expressed in every line of that childish epistle. The heiress spoke knight-errant of the chival our post, and as true most decisively as to her abandonment of her for as Bayard himself. tune and her home. It was clear, then, that she meant to leave Lincolnshire; for she would know that immediate steps would be taken to discover / her hiding-place, and bring her back to Marchmont. Towers.

Where was she likely to go in her inexperience of the outer world? where but to those humble relations of her dead mother's, of whom her ling station resulted in an immediate success. A

'I'll make inquiries at the Kemberling station tweive.

to begin with, he thought. 'There's a through' Edward looked at his watch. It was ten n intrain from the north that stops at Kemberling a tutes to two o'cook. The express did not stop at

plied with rather a sulky air to his numerous? The woman re-; shire that night. plied with rather a sulky air to his numerous? They darling irl will not discover how feelish questions; but she told him that Miss Marchmont, her doubts have been until to-morrow, he thought, had left her ball dress upon the bed, and had put? Silly child! has my love so little the aspect of on a gray cashmere dress trimmed with black rib-truth that she can could me? bon, which she had worn as half-mourning for? He sprang on his horse again, flung a shilling had taken with her a small carpet bag, some linen-; clocks in the gray old Norman turrets were sh the little morocco case in which she kept her pearl istone archway. ornaments, and the diamond ring left her by her father.

'Had she any money?' Edward asked.

spent a good deal among the poor people she vis- low-roofed rectory, and rode away to the outited with my mistress; but I dare say she may skirts of the town, where the station glared in have had between ten and twenty pounds in her fall the brilliancy of new red bricks, and dazzling

purse.'

'She will go to Berkshire,' Edward Arundel thought; the idea of going to her humble friends ? would be the first to present itself to her mind. [platform two minutes after Edward had taken his She will go to her dead mother's sister, and give ticket; and in another minute the clanging bell her all her jewels, and ask for sherer in the quiet pealed out its discordant signal, and the young farm-house. She will act like one of the hero-{man was borne, with a shrick and a whistle, away ines in the old-fashioned novels she used to read upon the first stage of his search for Mary Warchin Oakley Street, the simple-minded damsels of mont. those innocent story-books, who think nothing of resigning a castle and a coronet, and going out Euston Square; and he only got to the Paddinginto the world to work for their daily bread in a ton station in time to hear that the last train for white satin gown, and with a string of pearls to Marlingford had just started. There was no posbind their disheveled locks.'

the terrace-steps, as he stood with Mary's letter reasonable distance of the obscure station. There in his hand, waiting to rush away to the rescue of was no help for it therefore. his sorrowful love.

"Tell Mr. Marchmont that I shall not return;

hidden by the faded velvet curtain, and watched her cousin ride away, brave and handsome as any

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW PROTECTOR.

——◆c⊹---—

CAPTAIN ARUNDEL'S inquiries at the Kemberfather had spoken in his letter to Edward Arun-del, and with whom the young man knew she had called her—dressed in black wearing a crape kept up an occasional correspondence, sending veil over her face, and carrying a small carpet-them many little gifts out of her pocket-money. bag in her bear had taken a send-delass ticket. These people were small tenant-farmers at a for London by the 5.50, a parliamentary train, place called Marlingford, in Berkshire. Edward which stepped at almost every station on the knew their name and the name of the farm. line, and reached Eusten Square at half past

little before six. My poor darling may have Kemberling; but he would be able to catch it at easily caught that, if she left the house at five. Swampington at o quarter past three. Even then, Captain Arundel went back into the hall and however, he could scarcely hope to get to Berk-

her father; a black straw bonnet, with a crape to the railway porter who had held the bride, veil, and a silk mantle trimmed with crape. She and rode away along the Swampington mad. The for the linen drawer of her wardrobe was open, ing three as the young man crossed the bride, and the things scattered confusedly about—and and paid his toll at the little toll-house by the

The streets were as lonely as usual in the hot July afternoon; and the long line of sea beyond the dreary maishes was blue in the sunshine. 'Yes, Sir; she was never without money. She Captain Arundel passed the two churches, and the studeed chimneys, athwart a desert of waste

The express train came tearing up to the quiet

It was nearly seven o'clock when he reached nd their disheveled locks.' Sibility of his reaching the little tierkshire vil-Captain Arundel's horse was brought round to lage that night. No mail train stopped within a Captain Arundel had nothing to do but to wait for the next morning.

nuch disheartened by this discovery.

'I'd better sleep at some hotel up this way,' he hought, as he strolled listlessly in the direction / cried. f Oxford Street, 'so as to be on the spot to catch minutes.' he first train to-morrow morning. What am I to ainty about Mary?

vas staying at the hotel in Covent Garden where Edward himself stopped, when business detained

im in London for a day or two.

'Shall I go and see Lucas?' Captain Arundel (bought. 'He's a good fellow, and won't bore) ne with a lot of questions, if he sees I've some- and Waterloo, and talking to a neighbor. There may be some letters? hing on my mind. or me at E-'s. Poor little Polly!

The young soldier walked through the lamp-lit? assuring himself that his instinct had not deceived my own poor Eliza Jane, as she looked. him, and that Mary must have gone straight to the might have said it was Eliza Jane come back to seized with a sudden terror that it might be otherwise: the helpless girl might have gone out into in a crop, as Eliza Jaa world of which she was as ignorant as a child, determined to hide herself from all who had ever talk, which rambled on in an unintermitting known her.

He would put advertisements in the papers, calling upon his betrothed to trust him and return; is. people in this world the least likely to look into father's friend, and her affianced husband. to draw up an appeal to the missing girl.

It was past ten o'clock when Captain Arundel? came to this determination, and he had reached me to her; pray take me to her at once!' the neighborhood of Covent Garden and of the The proprietress of the wardrobe specified. theatres. every threshold, and fluttered against every door-candlestick upon the counter, and led the way up post; and the young soldier, going into a tobacconist's to fill his cigar-case, stared abstractedly at a gaudy blue and red announcement of the last room upon the first-floor, in which the crippled dramatic attraction to be seen at Drury Lane. It easile brooded over the convex mirror, and stood was scarcely strange that the Captain's thoughts aside upon the threshold while Captain Arundel wandered back to his boyhood, that shadowy time entered the room. A tallow-candle was burning far away behind his later days of Indian warfare dimly upon the table, and a girlish form lay upon and glory; and that he remembered the December the narrow horse-hair sofa, shrouded by a woolen night upon which he had sat with his cousin in a box at the great patent theatre, watching the consumptive supernumgrary struggling under the the went to sleep about half an hourago, Sir, weight of his banner. From the box at Drury the woman said; and she cried herself to sleep, weight of his banner. Lane to the next morning's breakfast in Oakley pore lamb, I think. I made her some tea, and Street was but a natural transition of thought; but of best fresh; but she wouldn't touch nothin', beth lodging, with the sisters of the humble Lam- or only a few spoonfuls of the test in the lodging with the sisters of the test in the sisters of the test in the sisters of the test in the lodging with the lodging with the sisters of the test in the lodging with the sister of the test in the lodging with the sister of the test in the lodging with the beth lodging, with the picture of a little girl in a me. What is it that's drove her away from her pina ore, sitting demurely at her father's table, 'ome, Sir, and such a good 'ome, too? She showed and meekly waiting on his guest, an idea flashed me a diamond ring as her pore par give her in his

more natural than that she should go back to the had my rent faithful to the very minute; and Miss thousand associations with her dead father?

Edward Arundel was almost too impatient to wait while the smart young damsel behind the to-fine, and Mary Marchmont awoke from her feverbacconist's counter handed him change for the ish sleep, and lifted her weary head from the hard half sovereign which he had just tendered her. horse-hair pillow and looked about her, half for-

He walked slowly away from the station, very rather than that upon which Providence had sent him a fare.

'Oakley Street, Lambeth,' the young man Double fare if you get there in ten

The tall raw-boned horse rattled off at that peo with myself all this night, racked with uncer-culiar pace common to his species, making as much noise upon the pavement as if he had been He remembered that one of his brother officers winning a metropolitan Derby, and at about twenty minutes past nine drew up, smoking and panting, before the dimly-lighted window of the Ladies' Wardrobe. The proprietress was lolling against the door-post, refreshing herself with the soft evening breezes from the roads of Westminster

'Bless her pore innercent 'art!' the woman was saying; 'she's cried herself to sleep at last. But you never heard any think so pitiful as she talked western streets thinking of the missing girl, now to me at fust, sweet love! and the very picture of Berkshire farmer's house, and in the next moment { life, only paler and more sickly like, and not that beautiful fresh color, and ringlets curled all round

Edward Arundel burst in upon the good woman's

stream, unbroken by much punctuation.

'Miss Marchmont is here,' he said; 'I know she Thank God, thank God! Let me see her, Perhaps Mary Marchmont was of all please, directly. I am Captain Arundel, her a newspaper; but at least it would be doing some-{remember me, perhaps? I came here nine years thing to do this, and Edward Arundel determined ago to breakfast, one December morning. I can upon going straight off to Printing-House Square recollect you perfectly, and I know that you were always good to my poor friend's daughter. think that I should find her here! You shal You shall be well rewarded for your kindness to her. But take

> The proprietress of the wardrobe snatched up The staring play-bills adorned almost one of the candles that guttered in a brass flat-

She opened the door of that shabby sitting-

'She went to sleep about half an hour ago, Sir,' across Edward Arundel's mind, and brought the hot blood into his face.

What if Mary had gone to Oakley Street? Was not this even more likely than that she should seek refuge with her kinsfolk in Berkshire? What I'm sure I never looked for nothink, havin' always familiar habitation, dear to her by reason of a Mary used to bring it down to me so pretty, and-

But the whispering had grown louder by this He darted out into the street, and shouted vie- getful of where she was, and of what had hap-lently to the driver of a passing hansom, who was, pened within the last eighteen hours of her life, after the manner of his kind, looking on any side 'The soft brown eyes wandered here and there, doubtful as to the reality of what they looked in Oakley Street, and compassionate and sentiupon, until the girl saw her lover's figure, tall and mental like all true play-goers. splendid in the humble apartment, a tender halfreproachful smile upon his face, and his handsome Edward Arundel asked, gayly, when the little love blue eyes beaming with love and truth. She saw scene was concluded. 'My mother and sister are him, and a faint shriek broke from her tremulous away, at a German watering-place, trying some lips as she tottered a few paces forward and fell unpronounceable Spa for the benefit of poor

do tove me!'

'Yes, my darling, as truly and tenderly as ever \(\)

woman was loved upon this earth.

And then the soldier sat down upon the hard bristly sofa, and with Mary's head still resting upon his breast, and his strong hand straying among her disordered hair, he reproached her for \ her foolishness, and comforted and soothed her; while the proprietress of the apartment stood, } with the brass candlestick in her hand, watching the young lovers and weeping over their sorrows, { as if she had been witnessing a scene in a play. Their innocent affection was unrestrained by the good woman's presence; and when Mary had smiled upon her lover, and assured him that she would never, never, never doubt him again, Captain Arundel was fain to kiss the soft-hearted landlady in his enthusiasm, and to promise her the handsomest silk dress that had ever been seen } in Oakley Street, among all the faded splendors } of silk and satin that ladies'-maids brought for } her consideration.

'And now, my darling, my foolish runaway } Polly, what is to be done with you? asked the young soldier. 'Will you go back to the Towers to-morrow morning?'

face, and began to tremble violently.

'Oh no, no, no!' she cried; 'don't ask me to go back, Edward. I can never go back to that house again, while -- '

'While my cousin Olivia Marchmont lives there, Captain Arundel said, with an angry frown. 'God knows it's a bitter thing for me to think that your troubles should come from any of my kith and kin, Polly. She has used you very badly, then, this woman? She has been very unkind to you?

'No, no! never before last night. It seems so long ago; but it was only last night, was it? Until then she was always kind to me. I didn't love her, you know, though I tried to do so for papa's sake, and out of gratitude to her for taking such } trouble with my education; but one can be grateful to people without loving them, and I never grew to love her. But last night-last night she said such cruel things to me—such cruel things. O Edward, Edward!' the girl cried suddenly. clasping her hands and looking imploringly at Captain Arundel, 'were the cruel things she said true? Did I do wrong when I offered to be you. wife?

How could the young man answer this question \ except by clasping his betrothed to his heart? So there was another little love scene, over which Mrs Pimpernel—the proprietress's name was Pimpernel-wept fresh tears, murmuring that the your father was a poor man, it was to me he Capting was the sweetest young man, sweeter than would have confided you. He changed his mind

'What shall I do with you, Miss Marchmont?' 'You love me, then, Edward,' she cried; 'you father's alone at Dangerfield. Letty's health. Reginald, is with them, and my So I can't take you down there, as I might have done if my mother had been at home; I don't much care for the Mostyns, or you might have stopped in Montague Square. There are no friendly friars nowadays who will marry Romeo and Juliet at half an hour's You must live a fortnight somewhere, notice. Polly: where shall it be?

'Oh, let me stay here, please,' Miss Marchmont

pleaded; 'I was always so happy here!'

'Lord love her precious heart!' exclaimed Mrs. Pimpernel, lifting up her hands in a rapture of admiration. 'To think as she shouldn't have a bit of pride, after all the money her pore par come into! To think as she should wish to stay in her old lodgins, where every think shall be done to make her comfortable; and the air back and front is very 'ealthy though you might not believe it, and the Blind School and Bedlam hard by, and Kennington Common only a pleasant walk, and beautiful and open this warm summer weather.

'Yes, I should like to stop here, please,' Mary murniured. Even in the midst of her agitation overwhelmed as she was by the emotions of the present, her thoughts went back to the past, and she remembered how delightful it would be to go Mary Marchmont clasped her hands before her and see the accommodating butcher, and the green grocer's daughter, the kind butterman who had called her 'little lady,' and the disreputable gray parrot. How delightful it would be to see these humble friends, now that she was grown up, and She stopped suddenly; looking piteously at her had money wherewith to make them presents it token of her gratitude!

'Very well, then, Polly, Captain Arundel said 'you'll stay here. And Mrs-

'Pimpernel,' the landlady suggested.

'Mrs. Pimpernel will take as good care of you as if you were Queen of England, and the wel fare of the nation depended upon your safety And I'll stop at my hotel in Covent Garden, and I'll see Richard Paulette-he's my lawyer as wel as yours, you know, Polly-and tell him some thing of what has happened, and make arrange ments for our immediate marriage.'

'Our marriage!'

Mary Marchmont echoed her lover's last words, and looked up at him almost with a bewildered She had never thought of an early marriage with Edward Arundel as the result of her flight from Lincolnshire. She had a vague notion that she would live in Oakley Street for years, and that in some remote time the soldier would come to claim her.

'Yes, Polly darling; Olivia Marchmont's conduct has made me decide upon a very bold step. It is evident to me that my cousin hates you; for what reason, Heaven only knows, since you can have done nothing to provoke her hate. When Mr. Macready in Claude Melnock; and that the latterward, very naturally, and chose another scene altogether reminded her of that cutting, autardian for his orphan child. If my cousin had episode where the proud mother went on against fulfilled this trust, Mary, I would have deferred the pore young man, and Miss Faucit came out to her authority, and would have held myself so heautiful. They are a play-going population

ask you to marry me without your step-mother's consent. But Olivia Marchmont has forfeited her right to be consulted in this matter. She has tortured you and traduced me by her poisonous slander. If you believe in me, Mary, you will consent to be my wife. My justification lies in the future. You will not find that I shall sponge upon your fortune, my dear, or lead an idle life because my wife is a rich woman.

Mary Marchmont looked up with shy tender-

ness at her lover.

'I would rather the fortune were yours than mine, Edward,' she said. 'I will do whatever you wish; I will be guided by you in everything.'

It was thus that John Marchmont's daughter consented to become the wife of the man she loved, the man whose image she had associated since her childhood with all that was good and beautiful in mankind. She knew none of those pretty stereotyped phrases by means of which well-bred young ladies can go through a graceful all the anguish which had given rise to her flight fencing-match of hesitation and equivocation, to from Marchmont Towers. The girl trembled at fencing-match of hesitation and equivocation, to from Marchmont Towers, the anguish of a doubtful and adoring suitor, every sound—the shutting of She had no notion of that delusive negative, that bewitching feminine 'no,' which is proverbially a book from the table to the floor, startled her understood to mean 'yes.' Weary courses of Roman Emperors, South Sea Islands, Sidereal .Heavens, Tertiary and Old Red Sandstone, had very ill-prepared this poor little girl for the stern realities of life.

'I will be guided by you, dear Edward,' she said; 'my father wished me to be your wife, and ? if I did not love you, it would please me to obey

It was eleven o'clock when Captain Arundel left Oakley Street. The hansom had been waiting all the time, and the driver, seeing that his fare was young, handsome, dashing, and what he called 'milingtary-like,' demanded an enormous

sum when he landed the young soldier before the portico of the hotel in Covent Garden.

Edward took a hasty breakfast the next morning, and then hurried off to Lincoln's-Inn Fields. But here a disappointment awaited him. Richard Paulette had started for Scotland upon a piscatorial exeursion. The elder Paulette lived in the south of France, and kept his name in the business as a fiction, by means of which elderly and obstinate country clients were deluded into the belief that the solicitor who conducted their affairs was the same legal practitioner who had: done business for their fathers and grandfathers before them. Mathewson, a grim man, was away among the Yorkshire wolds, superintending / the foreclosure of certain mortgages upon a bankrupt baronet's estate. It was not likely that Captain Arundel could sit down and pour his secrets into the bosom of a clerk, however trustworthy and confidential a personage that employé might be.

. The young man's desire had been that his marriagewith Mary Marchmont should take place at least with the knowledge and approbation of her dead father's lawyer; but he was impatient to assume the only title by which he might have a right to be the orphan girl's champion and protector; and he had therefore no inclination to wait until the long vacation was over, and Messrs. Paulette and Mathewson returned from their northern wanderings. Again, Mary March- final day of earthly separation. The girl clung mont suffered from a continual dread that her shivering to her lover, her husband now, as they

sume authority over her.

'Let me be your wife before I see her again, Edward,' the girl pleaded, innocently, when this terror was uppermost in her mind. 'She could not say cruel things to me if I were your wife. I know it is wicked to be so frightened of her, because she was always good to me until that night; but I can not tell you how I tremble at the thought of being alone with her at Marchmont Towers. I dream sometimes that I am with her in the gloomy old house, and that we two are all alone there, even the servants all gone, and you far away in India, Edward-at the other end of the world.'

It was as much as her lover could do to soothe and reassure the trembling girl when these thoughts took possession of her. Had he been less sanguine and impetuous, less careless in the buoyancy of his spirits, Captain Arundel might have seen that Mary's nerves had been terribly shaken by the scene between her and Olivia, and every sound—the shutting of a door, the noise of a cab stopping in the street below, the falling of almost as much as if a gunpowder-magazine had exploded in the neighborhood. The tears rose to her eyes at the slightest emotion. Her mind was tortured by vague fears, which she tried in vain to explain to her lover. Her sleep was broken by dismal dreams, foreboding visions of shadowy evil.

For a little more than a fortnight Edward Arundel visited his betrothed daily in the shabby first-floor in Oakley Street, and sat by her side while she worked at some fragile scrap of embroidery, and talked gayly to her of the happy future, to the intense admiration of Mrs. Pimpernel, who had no greater delight than to asssist in the pretty little sentimental drama being enacted on her first floor.

Thus it was that, on a cloudy and autumnal August morning, Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont were married in a great empty-looking church in the parish of Lambeth, by an indifferent curate, who shuffled through the service at railroad speed, and with far less reverence for the solemn rite than he would have displayed had he known that the pale faced girl kneeling before the altar-rails was undisputed mistress of eleven thousand a year. Mrs. Pimpernel, the pew-opener, and the registrar, who was in waiting in the vestry, and was beguiled thence to give away the bride, were the only witnesses to this strange wedding. It seemed a dreary ceremonial to Mrs. Pimpernel, who had been married at the same church five and twenty years before, in a einnamon-satin spencer, and a coal-scuttle bonnet, and with a young person in the dress-making line in attendance upon her as bridemaid.

It was rather a dreary wedding, no doubt. The drizzling rain dripped ceaselessly in the street without, and there was a smell of damp plaster in the great empty church. The me ancholy street-cries sounded domaily from the outer world, while the curate was hurrying through those portentous words which were to unite Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont until the step-mother would discover the secret of her went into the vestry to sign their names in the humble retreat, and would follow her and reas-marriage-register. Throughout the service she had expected to hear a footstep in the aisle be-

register.

Yes, my darling, forever and forever.'

'And nothing can part us now?' ' Nothing but death, my dear.

In the exuberance of his spirits, Edward Arun-she can be no longer welcome.' del spoke of the King of Terrors as if he had? The young wife's face turned been a mere nobody, whose power to change or at her husband's words. mar the fortunes of mankind was so trifling as to ?

be scarcely worth mentioning.

Marchmont Towers upon the first stage of her have cared for the place since papa's death; and bridal tour was nothing better than a hack cab. I couldn't go back while she is there, I'm so fright. The driver's garments exhaled stale tobacco-ened of her, Edward, I'm so frightened of her.' smoke in the moist atmosphere, and in lieu of the The vague apprehension burst forth in this flowers which are wont to bestrew the bridal childish cry. Edward Arundel clasped his wife pathway of an heiress, Miss Marchmont trody to his breast, and bent over her, kissing her pale upon damp and mouldy straw. But she was forehead, and murmuring soothing words, as he happy—happy, with a fearful apprehension that might have done to a child. her happiness could not be real—a vague terror 'My dear, my tlear,' he said, 'my darling of Olivia's power to torture and oppress her, Mary, this will never do; my own love, this is so which even the presence of her lever bushond vary toolich'. which even the presence of her lover-husband very foolish.' could not altogether drive away. She kissed 'I know, I know, Edward; but I can't help it, Mrs. Pimpernel, who stood upon the edge of the (I can't, indeed; I was frightened of her long ago; pavement, crying bitterly, with the slippery frightened of her even the first day I saw her, white lining of the new silk dress which Edward the day you took me to the Rectory; I was fright-Arundel had given her for the wedding gathered end of her when papa first told me he meant to tightly round her. tightly round her.

dealer in frayed satins and tumbled gauzes; 'l of her still.'
couldn't take this more to heart if you was my Captain Arundel kissed away the tears that
own Eliza Jane going away with the young man trembled on his wife's eyelids; but she had

heart, and given humbly.'

The latter part of Mrs. Pimpernel's speech light to a brief sojourn in that pretty Hampshire bore relation to a hard newspaper parcel, which village which Edward had chosen for the scene she dropped into Mary's lap. Mrs. Arundel of his honey-moon. opened the parcel presently when she had kissed 'Only a few days of quiet happiness, Polly,' her humble friend for the last time and the cab he said; 'a few days of utter forgetfulness of all was driving toward. Nine Flore, and found the the westdaywest tree, and the results was driving toward. ing about her tartan garments, very red legs, a and Mathewson, and all the people who ought to hat and feathers, and a curly sheep. Edward know of our marriage." put this article of virtu very carefully away in his? carpet-bag; for his bride would not have the present treated with any show of disrespect.

'How good of her to give it me!' Mary said; 'it used to stand upon the back-parlor chimneypiece when I was a little girl; and I was so fond of it. Of course I am not fond of Scotch shep-} herdesses now, you know, dear; but how should her desolate chamber, making no effort to find

room at the Towers, won't you Polly?' Captain perate.

of wifely dignity; but I'll take care of it, and the servants at the Towers having received no never have it broken or destroyed; and Mrs. injunctions to keep the matter secret—Mrs. Pimpernel shall see it when she comes to the Marchmont replied with such an air of cold and Towers—if I ever go back there, she added, with determined reserve as kept the questioners at bay a sudden change of manner. a sudden change of manner.

hind her, and Olivia Marchmont's cruel voice 'If you ever go back there!' cried Edward. crying out to forbid the marriage. 'Why, Polly, my dear, Marchmont Towers is 'I am your wife, now, Edward, am I not?' your own house. My cousin Olivia is only there she said, when she had signed her name in the upon sufferance, and her own good sense will have the had no right to remain there when tell her she has no right to remain there when ishe ceases to be your friend and protectress. She is a proud woman, and her pride will surely never suffer her to remain where she must feel

The young wife's face turned white with terror

'But I could never ask her to go, Edward,' she said. 'I wouldn't turn her out for the world. The vehicle in waiting to carry the mistress of She may stay there forever if she likes. I never

The vague apprehension burst forth in this

marry her; and I am frightened of her now; even God bless you, my dear!' cried the honest | now that I'm your wife, Edward, I'm frightened

as she was to have married, and as is now a scarcely grown quite composed even when the widower with five children, two in arms, and the cab stopped at the Nine-Elms railway station. youngest brought up by hand. God bless your it was only when she was seated in the carriage pretty face, my dear; and oh, pray take care of with hard husband, and the rain cleared away as her, Captain Arundel, for she's a tender flower. Captain Arundel, for she's a tender flower, the state of the pretty sir and truly needs your care. Sir, and truly needs your care. And it's but a pastoral country, that the bride's sense of happitrifle, my own sweet young missey, for the acceptance of such as you, but it's given from a fully turned to her. But by that time she was able to have a such as you, but it's given from a fully turned to her. But by that time she was able to have a such as you, but it's given from a fully turned to her. But by that time she was able to have a such as you, but it's given from a fully turned to her. smile in his face, and to look forward with de-

was driving toward Nine Elms, and found that the world except you, and then I must be a man Mrs. Pimpernel's wedding gift was a Scotch of business again, and write to your step-mother, shepherdess in china, with a great deal of gild-and my father and mother, and Messrs. Paulette

CHAPTER XVII.

PAUL'S SISTER.

OLIVIA MARCHMONT shut herself once more in Mrs. Pimpernel know that? She thought it the runaway mistress of the Towers; indifferent would please me to have this one.'

as to what the slanderous tongues of her neigh-'And you'll put it in the western drawing, bors might say of her; hardened, callous, des-

Arundel asked, laughing.

To her father, and to any one else who ques'I won't put it any where to be made fun of, tioned her about Mary's absence—for the story
Sir,' the young bride answered, with some touch of the girl's flight was soon whispered abroad,

So the kemberling people, and the Swamping-ther despair this woman had grown to doubt if ton people, and all the country gentry within either death ar madness could bring her oblivion reach of Marchmont Towers, had a mystery and of her anguish. She doubted the quiet of the a scandal provided for them, which afforded grave, and half believed that the torture of jealample scope for repeated discussion, and consid- ous rage and slighted love might mingle even erably relieved the dull monotony of their lives. with that silent rest, haunting her in her coffin, But there were some questioners whom Mrs. shutting her out of heaven, and following her Marchmont found it rather difficult to keep at a into a darker world, there to be her torment everdistance; there were some intruders who dared lastingly. There were times when she thought to force themselves upon the gloomy woman's madness must mean forgetfulness; but there were solitude, and who would not understand that other moments when she shuddered, horrortheir presence was hateful, and their society abstricken, at the thought that, in the wandering horrent to her.

reason of the death of a steady-going, gray-more terrible than the truth. Remembering the headed old practitioner, who for many years had dreams which disturbed her broken sleep—those shared with one opponent the responsibility of dreams which, in their feverish horror, were little watching over the health of the Lincolnshire vil- better than intervals of delirium—it is scarcely

the Towers.

the same room in which she had sat upon the extricate her soul from their dreadful power; marging of John Marchmont's funeral—a dark; but her most passionate endeavors were in vain. and gloomy chamber, wainscoted with blackened (Perhaps it was that she did not strive aright; it oak, and lighted only by a massive stone-framed) was for this reason, surely, that she failed so ut-Tudor window looking out into the quadrangle, terly to arise superior to her despair; for otherand overshadowed by that cloistered colonnade wise that terrible belief attributed to the Calvinbeneath whose shelter Edward and Mary had ists, that some souls are fore-doomed to damnawalked upon the morning of the girl's flight, tion, would be exemplified by this woman's ex-This wainscoted study was an apartment which perience. She could not forget. She could not most women, having all the rooms in Marchmont, put away the vengeful hatred that raged like an Towers at their disposal, would have been likely all-devouring fire in her breast, and she cried, in to avoid; but the gloom of the chamber harmon-, her agony, 'There is no cure for this disease.' ized with that horrible gloom which had taken possession of Olivia's soul, and the widow turned go to the right physician. She practiced quackery from the sunny western front, as she turned from with her soul as some people do with their bodies: all the sunlight and gladness in the universe, to trying her own remedies rather than the simple come here, where the summer radiance rarely crept through the diamond-panes of the window, where the shadow of the cloister shut out the which her pride revolted, she trusted to her intelglory of the blue sky.

She was sitting in this room—sitting near the into which her soul had gone down. She said: open window in a high-backed chair of carved. 'I am not a woman to go mad for the love of green cloth curtain, hanging in straight folds a woman to do this, and I will cure myself of my from the low ceiling to the ground, and making folly. a sombre back-ground to the widow's figure. Mrs. Marchmont had put away all the miserable old life, with its dull round of ceaseless duty, its gewgaws and vanities which she had ordered perpetual self-denial. If she had been a Roman from London in a sudden excess of folly or caprice, and had reassumed her mourning robes of vent, and prayed to be permitted to take such lustreless black. She had a book in her hand some new and popular fiction, which all Lincoln- self and the world; she would have spent the long, shire was eager to read; but although her eyes weary days in perpetual and secret prayer; she were fixed upon the pages before her, and her would have worn deeper indentations upon the were fixed upon the pages before her, and her would have worn deeper indentations upon the hand mechanically turned over leaf after leaf at stones already hollowed by faithful knees. As it regular intervals of time, the fashionable romance was, she made a routine of penance for herself, was only a weary repetition of phrases, a dull after her own fashion: going long distances on current of words, always intermingled with the foot to visit her poor, when she might have ridden images of Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont, in her carriage; courting exposure to rain and

less reader.

with a smothered cry of rage.

tered.

brain of a mad woman, the image of that grief These people were a surgeon and his wife, who, which had caused the shipwreck of her senses had newly settled at Kemberling; the best practice in the village falling into the market by ated—a gigantic unreality, ten thousand times , strange if Olivia Marchmont thought thus.

It was only a week after Mary Marchmont's. She had not succumbed without many struggles flight when these unwelcome guests first came to to her sin and despair. Again and again she had abandoned herself to the devils at watch to de-Olivia sat alone in her dead husband's study-stroy her, and again and again she had tried to

> I think her mistake was in this, that she did not prescriptions of the Divine Healer of all woes. Self-reliant, and scornful of the weakness against lect and her will to lift her out of the moral slough

'I am not a woman to go mad for the love of a and polished oak, with her head resting against boyish face; I am not a woman to die for a foolthe angle of the embayed window, and her hand, ish fancy that the veriest school-girl might be some profile thrown into sharp relief by the dark ashamed to confess to her companion. I am not

Mrs. Marchmont made an effort to take up her Catholic she would have gone to the nearest convows as might soonest set a barrier between herwhich arose out of every page to mock the hope- foul weather; wearing herself out with unnecessary fatigue, and returning foot-sore to her deso-Olivia flung the book away from her, at last, late home, to fall fainting into the strong arms of her grim attendant Barbara.

'Is there no cure for this disease?' she mut-/ But this self-appointed penance could not shut red. 'Is there no relief except madness or Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont from the widow's mind. Walking through a fiery furnace But in the infidelity which had arison out of their images would have haunted her still, vivid

and palpable even in the agony of death. The fatigue of the long, weary walks made Mrs. Anxiety and sadness dimly showed themselves in Marchmont wan and pale; the exposure to storm the stolid countenance of the lady's-maid. A and rain brought on a tiresome hacking cough, close observer, penetrating below that aspect of which worried her by day and disturbed her fitful wooden solemnity which was Barbara's normal slumbers by night. No good whatever seemed to expression, might have discovered a secret: the come of her endeavors; and the devils who re- quiet waiting woman loved her mistress with a joiced at her weakness and her failure claimed her as their own. They claimed her as their own; every change in its object. and they were not without terrestrial agents, working patiently in their service, and ready to help in securing their bargain.

The great clock in the quadrangle had struck the half hour after three; the atmosphere of the August afternoon was sultry and oppressive. Mrs. Marchmont had closed hereeyes after flinging aside her book, and had fallen into a doze: her nights were broken and wakeful, and the hot stillness of

the day had made her drowsy.

Barbara Simmons, who came into the room carrying two cards upon a salver—the same oldfashioned and emblazoned salver upon which. The war Paul Marchmont's card had been brought to the mistress. widow nearly three years before. The Abigail stood half-way between the door and the window yourself up a hit, before you see the folks, Miss

'She's changed since he came back, and changed again since he went away,' the woman thought; 'just as she always changed at the Rectory at his coming and going. Why didn't he take to her, I wonder? He might have known her fancy for him, if he'd had eyes to watch her

face, or ears to listen to her voice. She's handsomer than the other one, and cleaverer in booklearning; but she keeps 'em off-she seems allers

to keep 'em off.'

I think Olivia Marchmont would have torn the very heart out of this waiting-woman's breast had she known the thoughts that held a place in it; had she known that the servant who attended upon her, and took wages from her, dared to pluck out her secret, and to speculate upon her dared to intrude upon her, in a manner befitting suffering.

The widow awoke suddenly, and looked up with an impatient frown. She had not been awakened by the opening of the door, but by and there; the hearth and low fender were lit-that unpleasant sensation which almost always tered with heaps of torn letters—for Olivia Marchreveals the presence of a stranger to a sleeper of

nervous temperament.

'What is it, Barbara?' she asked; and then, as her eyes rested on the cards, she added, angrily, 'Haven't I told you that I would not see any callers to-day? I am worn out with my cough,

and feel too ill to see any one.'

'Yes, Miss Livy,' the woman answered-she called her mistress by this name still, now and then, so familiar had it grown to her during the childhood and youth of the Rector's daughter-'I didn't forget that, Miss Livy. I told Richardson you was not to be disturbed. But the lady and gentleman said if you saw what was wrote to make an exception in their favor. I think that { was what the lady said. She's a middle-aged lady, very talkative and pleasant-mannered, added the grim Barbara, in nowise relaxing the this room, in which her mistress-wan, haggard, stolid gravity of her own manner as she spoke.

Olivia snatched the cards from the salver. Why do people worry me so?' she cried, im-

some intruder or other?

Barbara Simmons looked at her mistress's face. jealous and watchful affection, that took heed of

Mrs. Marchmont examined the two cards, which bore the names of Mr. and Mrs. Weston, Kemberling. On the back of the lady's card

these words were written in pencil:

Will Mrs. Marchmont be so good as to see Livinia Weston, Paul Marchmont's younger sister, and a connection of Mrs. M.'s?'

Olivia shrugged her shoulders as she threw

down the card.

' Paul Marchmont! Lavinia Weston!' she mut-She was aroused from this half-slumber by tered; 'yes, I remember he said something about a sister married to a surgeon at Stanfield. Let these people come to me, Barbara.'

The waiting-woman looked doubtfully at her

'You'll maybe smooth your hair and freshen by which the widow sat, looking at her mistress's Livy,' she said, in a tone, of mingled suggestion face with a glance of sharp scrutiny.

'Ye've had a deal of worry lately, and it's made ye look a little fagged and haggardlike. I'd not like the Kemberling folks to say as you was ill.'

Mrs. Marchmont turned fiercely upon the Abi-

'Let me alone!' she cried. 'What is it to you, or to any one, how I look? What good have my looks done me that I should worry myself about them?' she added under her breath. 'Show these people in here, if they want to see me.'

'They've been shown into the western drawing-room, ma'am-Richardson took 'em in there.'

Barbara Simmons fought hard for the preservation of appearances. She wanted the Rector's daughter to receive these strange people, who had the dignity of John Marchmont's, widow. She glanced furtively at the disorder of the gloomy chamber. Books and papers were scattered here mont had no tenderness for the memorials of the past, and indeed took a fierce delight in sweeping away the unsanctified records of her joyless, loveless life. The high-backed oaken chairs had been pushed out of their places; the green-cloth cover had been drawn half off the massive table, and hung in trailing folds upon the ground. A book flung here, a shawl there, a handkerchief in another place; an open secretaire, with scattered documents and uncovered ink-stand, littered the room, and bore mute witness of the restlessness of its occupant. It needed no very subtle psychologist to read aright those separate tokens of a disordered mind; of a weary spirit, which upon the back of one of the cards you'd be sure had sought distraction in a dozen occupations, and had found relief in none. It was some vague sense of this fact that caused Barbara Simmons's anxiety. She wished to keep strangers out of and weary-looking-revealed her secret by so many signs and tokens. But before Olivia could make any answer to her servant's suggestion, the patiently. Am 1 not to be allowed even five door, which Barbara had left ajar, was pushed minutes' sleep without being broken in upon by open by a very gentle hand, and a sweet voice some intruder or other?'

as Olivia Marchmont rose from her chair, she put ments-depression of spirits, mental uneasiness-

watchful eyes that were looking at her.

earnest desire to rush into Olivia's arms. The out of the pharmacopæia. No, dear Mrs. March-surgeon's wife was a delicate-looking little wo-mont, you do not look well. I fear it is the mind, feminine reproduction of her brother Paul's, and so?' with very light hair—hair so light and pale that, had it turned as white as the artist's in a single asked this question, and smiled at Olivia with an night, very few people would have been likely to air of gentle insinuation. If the doctor's wife take heed of the change. Lavinia Weston was wished to plumb the depths of the widow's gloomy eminently what is generally called a lady-like wo- soul she had an advantage here; for Mrs. Marchman. She always conducted herself in that special mont was thrown off her guard by the question, and particular manner which was exactly fitted to which had been perhaps asked hap-hazard, or, it the occasion. She adjusted her behavior by the may be, with a deeply-considered design. Olivia nicest shades of color and hair-breadth scale of turned fiercely upon the polite questioner. measurement. She had, as it were, made for 'I have been suffering from nothing but a cold herself a homeophatic system of good manners, which I caught the other day,' she said; 'I am and could mete out politeness and courtesy in the not subject to any fine-ladylike hysteria, I can asveriest globules, never administering either too sure you, Mrs. Weston. much or too little. To her husband she was a treasure beyond all price; and if the Lincoln-sympathetic smile, not at all abashed by this reshire surgeon—who was a fat, solemn-faced man, buff. She had seated herself in one of the highwith a character as level and monotonous as the backed chairs, with her muslin skirt spread out flats and fens of his native county-was hen- about her. She looked a living exemplification pecked, the feminine autocrat held the reins of of all that is neat and prim and commonplace, in government so lightly that her obedient subject contrast with the pale, stern-faced woman, standwas scarcely aware how very irresponsible his ing rigid and defiant in her long black robes. wife's authority had become.

As Olivia Marchmont stood confronting the ton. timid, hesitating figure of the intruder, with the and from what my brother Paul said, I should width of the chamber between them, Lavinia have imagined that any one so highly organized Weston, in her crisp muslingdress and scarf, her must be rather nervous. But I really fear I am neat bonnet and bright ribbons and primly-ad- impertinent, and that I presume upon our very justed gloves, looked something like an adven- slighterelationship. It is a relationship, is it not, turous canary who had a mind to intrude upon although such a very slight one? the den of a hungry lioness. The difference, 'I have never thought of the physical and moral, between the timid bird and Marchmont replied, coldly. 'I suppose, how-

than that between the two women.

But Olivia did not stand forever embarrassed and silent in her visitor's presence. Her pride came to her rescue. She turned sternly upon the polite intruder.

Walk in, if you please, Mrs. Weston,' she said, and sit down. I was denied to you just answered the surgeon's wife. I see you take very now because I have been ill, and have ordered little interest in village gossip, Mrs. Marchmont,

my servants to deny me to every one.' or you would have 'But, my dear Mrs. Marchmont,' murmured berling.' Lavinia Weston in soft, almost dove-like accents, 'What change?' if you have been ill, is not your illness another?

'I am sure I may come in; may I not, Mrs. reason for seeing as, rather than for keeping us Marchmont? The impression my brother Paul's away from you? I would not, of course, say a description gave me of you is such a very pleasant one that I venture to intrude uninvited almost forbidden, perhaps.'

The voice and memora of the course of you have a regular medical attendant, no doubt; The voice and manner of the speaker was so from Swampington, I dare say-but a doctor's airy and self-possessed, there was such a world wife may often be useful when a doctor is himof cheerfulness and amiability in every tone, that, self out of place. There are little nervous ailher hand to her head, dazed and confounded, as from which women, and sensitive women, suffer if by the too boisterous caroling of some caged acutely, and which perhaps a woman's more rebird. What did they mean, these accents of glad-fined nature alone can thoroughly comprehend. ness, these clear and untroubled tones, which You are not looking well, my dear Mrs. Marchsounded shrill and almost discordant in the de-mont. I left my husband in the drawing-room, spairing woman's weary ears? She stood, pale for I was so anxious that our first meeting should and worn, the very picture of all gloom and misery, take place without witnesses. Men think women staring hopelessly at her visitor; too much aban-sentimental when they are only impulsive. Wesdoned to her grief to remember, in that first motion is a good simple-hearted creature; but he ment, the stern demands of pride. She stood knows as much about a woman's mind as he does still; revealing, by her look, her attitude, her of an Æollan harp. When the strings vibrate he silence, her abstraction, a whole history to the hears the low plaintive notes, but he has no idea whence the melody comes. It is thus with us, Mrs. Marchmont. These medical men watch us Mrs. Weston lingered on the threshold of the Mrs. Marchmont. These medical men watch us chamber in a petty, half-fluttering manner; which in the agonies of hysteria; they hear our sighs, was charmingly expressive of a struggle between they see our tears, and in their awkwardness and a modest poor-relation-like diffidence and an ignorance they prescribe commonplace remedies man, with features that seemed a miniature and the mind, which has been overstrained. Is it not

Mrs. Weston put her head on one side as she

The doctor's wife pursed up her lips into a

How very chy-arming!' exclaimed Mrs. Wes-'You are really not nervous. Dee-ar me;

'I have never thought of the subject,' Mrs. the savage forest-queen could be scarcely wider ever, that my marriage with your brother's cousin-

' And my cousin-'

'Made a kind of connection between us. But Mr. Marchmont gave me to understand that you lived at Stanfield, Mrs. Weston.

'Until last week, positively until last week.' or you would have heard of the change at Kem-

'My husband's purchase of poor old Mr. Dawn-

field's practice. The dear old man died a month bered in the neighborhood for a long time. We ago—you heard of his death, of course—and Mr., heard of this sad girl's flight.' Weston negotiated the purchase with Mrs. Dawnfield in less than a fortnight. We came here but made no answer. carly last week, and already we are making 'Was she—it really is such a very painful friends in the neighborhood. How strange that question, that I almost shrink from—but was Miss you should not have heard of our coming!

indifferently, 'and I hear nothing of the Kember-

'Indeed!' cried Mrs. Weston; 'and we hear so much of Marchmont Towers at Kemberling.

spoke, her stereotyped smile subsiding into a look sive movement. It seemed as if some idea preof greedy curiosity; a look whose intense eager- sented itself to her with a sudden force that alness could not be concealed.

That look, and the tone in which her last sentence had been spoken, said as plainly as the Weston; 'dee-ar me! It's a great comfort to plainest words could have done, 'I have heard of hear that. Of course Paul saw very little of his

Mary Marchmont's flight.'

depth of her own madness she had no power to rived at, are generally so very accurate—but he fathom the meanings or the motives of other people. She revolted against this Mrs. Weston, and Marchmont appeared a little-just a little-weak disliked her because the woman intruded upon in her intellect. I am very glad to find he was her in her desolation; but she never once thought mistaken.

of Lavinia Weston's interest in Mary's move-Olivia n ments; she never once remembered that the frail seated herself in her chair by the window; she life of that orphan girl only stood between this looked straight before her into the flagged quadwoman's brother and the rich heritage of March- rangle, with her hands lying idle in her lap. It mont Towers.

Blind and forgetful of every thing in the hideous egotism of her despair, what was Olivia indifference, she did not even care to affect any Marchmont but a fitting tool, a plastic and easilymoulded instrument in the hands of unscrupulous: people, whose hard intellects had never been trusive or impertment, she said, pleadingly, if I beaten into confused shapelessness in the fiery ask you to favor me with the true particulars of furnace of passion?

Mrs. Weston had heard of Mary Marchmont's flight; but she had heard half a dozen different their details as if half a dozen heiresses had fled some right to feel interested in the nave, therefore, from Marchmont Towers. from Marchmont Towers. Every gossip in the place had a separate story as to the circumstances which had led to the girl's running away from her graphic force and minute elaboration; the conversations that had taken place between Mary heard nor heeded it; she was brooding with a stuand her step-mother, between Edward Arundel and Mrs. Marchmont, between the Rector of Swampington and nobody in particular, would have filled a volume, as related by the gossips of Kemberling; but as every body assigned a different cause for the terrible misunderstanding at the Towers, and a different direction for Mary's flight-and as the railway official at the station, who could have thrown some light on the subject, was a stern and moody man, who had little sympathy with his kind, and held his tongue persistently—it was not easy to get very near the truth. Under these circumstances, then, Mrs. Weston determined upon seeking information at the fountain-head, and approaching the cruel step-mother, who, according to some of the reports, had starved and beaten her dead husband's child.

Yes, dear Mrs. Marchmont, said Lavinia Weston, seeing that it was necessary to come direct to the point if she wished to wring the ing clearly; it was wild and incoherent. truth from Olivia; 'yes, we hear of every thing at Kemberling; and I need scarcely tell you that sigh.

at Kemberling; and I need scarcely tell you that sigh.

Wild and incoherent! she murmured, in a we heard of the sad trouble which you have had 'Wild and incoherent!' she murmured, in a to endure since your ball—the ball that is spoken pensive tone. 'How grieved Paul will be to hear of as the most chy-arming entertainment remem-of this! He took such an interest in his cousin—

Mrs. Marchmont looked up with a dark frown.

Marchmont at all-eccentric-a little mentally 'I do not see much society,' Olivia answered, deficient? Pray pardon me, if I have given you pain by such a question; but-

Olivia started, and looked sharply at her visitor. 'Mentally deficient? No!' she said. But as she spoke her eyes dilated, her pale cheeks grew She looked full in the widow's face as she paler, her upper lip quivered with a faint convul-

most took away her breath.

'Not mentally deficient?' repeated Lavinia cousin, and he was not, therefore, in a position to Olivia understood this; but in the passionate judge—though his opinions, however rapidly argave me to understand that he thought Miss

> Olivia made no reply to this speech. She had seemed as if she were actually unconscious of her visitor's presence, or as if, in her scornful interest in that visitor's conversation.

> Lavinia Weston returned again to the attack. ' Pray, Mrs. Marchmont, do not think me inask you to favor me with the true particulars of this sad event. I am sure you will be good enough to remember that my brother Paul, my sister, and myself are Mary Marchmont's nearest relatives

By this very polite speech Lavinia Weston plainly reminded the widow of the insignificance of her own position at Marchmont Towers. In The accounts vied with each other in her ordinary frame of mind Olivia would have force and minute elaboration; the con-resented the lady-like slight; but to-day she neither pid, unreasonable persistency over the words 'mental deficiency,' 'weak intellect.' She only roused herself by a great effort to answer Mrs. Weston's question when that lady had repeated it in very plain words.

'I can tell you nothing about Miss Marchmont's flight,' she said, coldly, 'except that she chose to run away from her home. I found reason to object to her conduct upon the night of the ball; and the next morning she left the house, assigning no reason-to me, at any rate-for her ab-

surd and improper behaviour.

'She assigned no reason to you, my dear Mrs. Marchmont; but she assigned a reason to somebody, I infer, from what you say?

'Yes; she wrote a letter to my cousin, Captain

Arundel.'

'Telling him the reason of her departure?' 'I don't know-I forget. The letter told noth-

Mrs. Weston sighed; a long-drawn, desponding

told me. Yes, he took a very great interest in lady's black contemptuous scowl, and the bitter her, Mrs. Marchmont, though you may perhaps scorn and contumely concentrated in those four scarcely believe me when I say so. He kept words, Give me the daggers! Mr. Weston asked one or two commonplace time nature led him to about in fine particle led him to about in fine particle words. sitive nature led him to abstain from even reveal- questions about his wife's interview with John ing his interest in Miss Marchmont. His position, Marchmont's widow; but slowly apprehending you must remember, with regard to this poor dear that Lavinia did not care to discuss the matter, girl, is a very delicate-1 may say a very painful- he relapsed into meek silence, and devoted all his

wide-stretching farms, spreading far away into Street. which made Mary a wealthy heiress, were so far thought Lavinia Weston during that homeward from the dark thoughts of this woman's description. from the dark thoughts of this woman's desperate drive; has she ill-treated the girl, or is she plotheart, that she no more suspected Mrs. Weston of ting in some way or other to get hold of the Marchany mercenary design in coming to the Towers mont fortune? Pshaw! that's impossible. And than of burglarious intentions with regard to the yet she may be making a purse, somehow or other, silver spoons in the plate-room. She only thought out of the estate. Any how, there is bad blood that the surgeon's wife was a tiresome woman, between the two women.' against whose pertinacious civility her angry spirit chafed and rebelled, until she was almost driven to order her from the room.

In this cruel weariness of spirit Mrs. Marchmont gave a short impatient sigh, which afforded a sufficient hint to such an accomplished tactician (

'I know I have tired you, my dear Mrs. Marchmont, the doctor's wife said, rising and bride was within a few miles of Winchester. arranging her muslin scarf as she spoke, in token \ of her immediate departure; 'I am so sorry to } find you a sufferer from that nasty hacking cough; but of course you have the best advice, Mr. Pool-} ton from Swampington, I think you said?'-Olivia ? had said nothing of the kind—"and I trust the warm weather will prevent the cough taking any hold of your chest. If I might venture to suggest flannels—so many young women quite ridicule the idea of flannels—but, as the wife of a humble provincial practitioner, I have learned their value. Good-by, dear Mrs. Marchmont. I may come again, may I not, now that the ice is broken, and { Hampshire village seemed a rustic paradise, which we are so well acquainted with each other? Good- \ by.

Olivia could not refuse to take at least one of } the two plump and tightly gloved hands which were held out to her with an air of frank cordiality; but the widow's grasp was loose and nerveless, and inasmuch as two consentient parties are required to the shaking of hands, as well as to the getting up of a quarrel, the salutation was

not a very hearty one.

The surgeon's pony must have been weary of standing before the flight of shallow steps leading to the western portico, when Mrs. Weston took her seat by her husband's side in the gig, which aour, and had flung himself at full length upon

worthy couple's Hegira from Stanfield.

The surgeon was not an ambitious man, nor a designing man; he was simply stupid and lazy; lazy, although, in spite of himself, he led an active and hard-working life; but there are many square men whose sides are cruelly tortured by the pressure of the round holes into which they are ill-advisedly thrust, and if our destinies were meted out to us in strict accordance with our { temperaments, Mr. Weston should have been a slight that lit up the rippling waters of the wanlotus-eater. As it was, he was content to drudge on, mildly complying with every desire of his wife; doing what she told him, because it was less trouble to do the hardest work at her bidding the bubbling plash of a mill-stream sounded like than to oppose her. It would have been surely {

a delicate and fragile-looking young creature, he business of the murder than to have endured my

intellectual powers to the task of keeping the Olivia remembered nothing. The value of the pony out of the deeper ruts in the rugged road be-Marchmont estates; the sordid worth of those tween Marchmont Towers and Kemberling High

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STOLEN HONEY-MOON.

THE village to which Edward Arundel took his The young soldier had become familiar with the place in his early boyhood, when he had gone to spend a part of one bright mid-summer holiday at the house of a school-fellow; and had ever since cherished a friendly remembrance of the winding trout-streams, the rich verdure of the valleys, and the sheltering hills that shut in the pleasant little cluster of thatched cottages, the pretty whitewalled villas, and the gray old church.

But to Mary, whose experiences of town and country were limited to the dingy purlieus of Oakley Street and the fenny flats of Lincolnshire, this neither trouble nor sorrow could ever approach. She had trembled at the thought of Olivia's coming in Oakley Street; but here she seemed to lose all terror of her stern step-mother—here, sheltered and protected by her young husband's love, she fancied that she might live her life out happy and secure.

She told Edward this one sunny morning, as they sat by the young man's favorite trout-stream. Captain Arundel's fishing-tackle lay idle on the turf at his side, for he had been beguiled into torgetfulness of a ponderous trout he had been watching and finessing with for upward of an had been newly painted and varnished since the the mossy margin of the water, with his un-

covered head lying in Mary's lap.

The childish bride would have been content to sit forever thus in that rural solitude, with her fingers twisted in her husband's chestnut curls, and her soft eyes keeping timid watch upon his handsome face-so candid and unclouded in its careless repose. The undulating meadow-land lay half-hidden in a golden haze, only broken here and there by the glitter of the brighter sundering streams that intersected the low pastures. The massive towers of the cathedral, the grav walls of St. Cross, loomed dimly in the distance; some monotonous lullaby in the drowsy summer less painful to Macbeth to have finished that ugly atmosphere. Mary looked from the face she

loved to the fair landscape about her, and a tender solemnity crept into her mind, a reverent against the man, I believe; but it was only a preju-

How pretty this place is, Edward; she said. 'I had no idea there were such places in all the and be Lady Bountiful-in-chief in your neighborwide world. Do you know, I think I would hood, and look after your property, and have long rather be a cottage-girl here than an heiress in interviews with Mr. Gormby, and become alto-Lincolnshire. Edward, if I ask you a favor, will you grant it?

She spoke very earnestly, looking down at Mary intercupted him with a little cry: her husband's upturned face; but Captain Arundel only laughed at her question, without even do you mean, Edward?' caring to lift the drowsy eyelids that drooped

over his blue eyes.

of the moon, I suppose your devoted husband is scarcely likely to refuse it. Our honey-moon is

grant?'

'I want you to live here always, Edward, leave my darling in the service of my country.' darling,' pleaded the girlish voice. 'Not for a Mary clasped her hands in despair, and look fortnight or a month, but for ever and ever. I piteously at her lover-husband, with the te have never been happy at Marchmont Towers. Papa died there, you know, and I can not forget that. Perhaps that ought to have made the place sacred to me; and so it has; but it is sacred like papa's tomb in Kemberling Church, } and it seems like profanation to be happy in it, it is all yours. I remember the words in the Maror to forget my dead father even for a moment. riage Service, with all my goods I thee endow. or to forget my dead father even for a moment. Don't let us go back there, Edward. Let my step-mother live there all her life. It would seem selfish and cruel to turn her out of the house she has so long been mistress of. Gormby will go on collecting the rents, you and I am proud to think of your noble courage, know, and can send us as much money as we and all the brave deeds you did in India. But want; and we can take that pretty house we you have fought for your country, Edward; you saw to let on the other side of Milldale—the house have done your duty. Nobody can expect more with the rookery, and the dove-cots, and the sloping lawn leading down to the water. You know you don't like Lincolnshire, Edward, any more defend me while our lives last! You won't leave than I do, and there's scarcely any trout-fishing me-you won't leave me, will you?' near the Towers.

Captain Arundel opened his eyes, and lifted himself out of his reclining position before he

answered his wife.

'My own precious Polly,' he said, smiling fondly at the gentle childish face turned in such. earnestness toward his own; 'my runaway little wife, rich people have their duties to perform as well as poor people; and I am afraid it would never do for you to hide in this out-of-the-way Hampshire village, and play absentee from stately. Marchmont and all its dependencies. I love that pretty, infantine, unworldly spirit of yours, my darling; and I sometimes wish we were two grownup babes in the wood, and could wander about gathering wild flowers, and eating blackberries and hazel-nuts, until the shades of evening closed in, and the friendly robins came to bury us. Don't fancy I'm tired of our honey-moon, Polly, or that I care for Marchmont Towers any more than you do: but I fear the non-residence plan would never answer. The world would call my little wife eccentric, if she ran away from her grandeur: and Paul Marchmont, the artist-of both die now, in this early noontide of their hapwhom your poor father had rather a bad opinion, piness. hy-the-way-would be taking out a statute of

lunacy against you.
'Paul Marchmont,' repeated Mary.

papa dislike Mr. Paul Marchmont?'

Well poor John had a sort of a prejudice love and admiration for this beautiful earth, dice, for he freely confessed that he could assign which was almost akin to awe.

no reason for it. But whatever Mr. Paul March. mont may be, you must live at the Towers, Mary, gether a woman of business; so that when I go back to India-

'I mean, my darling that my business in life is to fight for my Queen and country and not to 'Well, my pet, if you want any thing short sponge upon my wife's fortune. You don't suppose I'm going to lay down my sword at seven-andtwenty years of age, and retire upon my pension? not a fortnight old yet, Polly dear; you wouldn't No, Polly; you remember what Lord Nelson said have me turn tyrant quite as soon as this. Speak on the deck of the Trafalgar. That saying can out Mrs. Arundel, and assert your dignity as a never be so hackneyed as to lose its force. I must British matron. What is the favor 1 am to do my duty, Polly; I must do my duty; even if do my duty, Polly; I must do my duty; even if duty and love pull different ways and I have to

> Mary clasped her hands in despair, and looked piteously at her lover-husband, with the tears

streaming down her pale cheeks.

'Oh, Edward,' she cried, 'how cruel you are; how very, very cruel you are to me! What is the use of my fortune if you won't share it with meif you won't take it all; for it is yours, my dearest; I have given you Marchmont Towers, Edward: nobody in the world can take it away from you. You never, never, never could be so cruel as to leave me. I know how brave and good you are, of you; nobody shall take you from me. darling, my husband, you promised to shelter and

Edward Arundel kissed the tears away from his wife's pale face, and drew her head upon his

bosom.

'My love,' he said tenderly, 'you can not tell how much pain it gives me to hear you talk like this. What can I do? To give up my profession would be to make myself next kin to a pauper. What would the world say of me, Mary? Think of that. This runaway marriage would be a dreadful dishonor to me if it were followed by a life of lazy dependence on my wife's fortune. Nobody can dare to slander the soldier who spends the brightest years of his life in the service of his country. You would not surely have me be less than true to myself, Mary darling? For my honor's sake I must leave you.'

'Oh, no, no, no!' cried the girl, in a low wailing voice. Unselfish and devoted as she had been in every other crisis of her young life, she could not be reasonable or self-denying here; she was seized with despair at the thought of parting with her husband. No, not even for his honor's sake could she let him go. Better that they should

'Edward, Elward,' she sobbed, clinging convulsively about the young man's neck, 'don't leave 'Did me; don't leave me!

.Will you go with me to India, then, Mary?'

husband in the face, with the gladness in her eyes lowest motive for the widow's bad feeling. She shining through her tears, like an April sun envies my poor little girl her fortune and positive out the same of through a watery sky.

'I would go to the end of the world with you, for me if I were with you, Edward.'

Captain Arundel smiled at her earnestness.

many ladies go to India with their husbands, Polly, and come back very little the worse for 'And you shall not, my darling,' answered the the climate or the voyage; and except your young man, enfolding the slender, trembling money, there is no reason you should not go with a gare in his strong arms. 'My own childish me.

that.

must consult Richard Paulette as to the future, shall sail with me, my pearl. Mary, look up I don't think I did right in marrying you during and smile at me, and let's have no more talk of his absence; and I have delayed wrong to him cruel step-mothers. How strange it seems to too long, Polly. Those letters must be written one, Polly dear, that you should have been so this afternoon.

• The letter to Mr. Paulette and to your father? 'Yes, and the letter to my cousin Olivia.'

Arundel said this.

"Must you tell my step-mother of our marriage?' she said.

'Most assuredly, my dear. Why should we keep her in ignorance of it? Your father's will gave her the privilege of advising you, but not the power to interfere with your choice, what { Jupiter liked Hebe any the less because she was

reason have you to fear my cousin Olivia? Clotho, or Atropos, or some one or other of the 'No reason, perhaps,' the girl answered, sadly; elderly maiden ladies of Hades, to wait upon but I do fear her. I know I am very foolish, him as cup-bearer. I wouldn't have you other-Edward, and you have reason to despise me— wise than you are, Polly, by so much as one you, who are so brave. But I could never tell thought.'
you how I tremble at the thought of being ones. you how I tremble at the thought of being once? more in my step-mother's power. She said cruel of innocent affection. things to me, Edward. Every word she spoke? 'I am too happy, Edward,' she said, in a low, seemed to stab me to the heart; but it isn't that awe-stricken whisper. 'I am too happy. So only. There's something more than that; some-{much happiness can never last.' thing that I can't describe, that I can't under-

always so, you know. She used to be only cold customed to sorrow; but these brief glimpses of and reserved; but lately her manner has changed { perfect happiness filled her with a dim sense of I thought that she was ill, perhaps, and that my terror. She felt like some earthly wanderer who presence worried her. People often wish to be had strayed across the threshold of Paradise. In alone, I know, when they are ill. O Edward, I the misst of her delight and admiration she have seen her shrink from me, and shudder if her the moment in which the ruthless dress brushed against mine, as if I had been some angels, bearing flaming swords, should drive her horrible creature. What have I done, Edward, from the celestial gates. that she should hate me?

Captain Arundel knitted his brows, and set 'Can't last, Polly!' cried the young man; himself to work out this womanly problem; but why, my dove is transformed all at once into a he could make nothing of it. Yes, what Mary ravel. We have outlived our troubles, Polly, had said was perfectly true: Olivia hated her. like the hero and heroine in one of your novels: The young man had seen that upon the morning and what is to prevent our living happy ever afterof the girl's flight from Marchmont Towers He ward. What them? If you remember, my dear, no had seen vengeful fury and vindictive passion sorrow or trials ever fall to the lot of people raging in the dark face of John Marchmont's after narriage. The persecutions, the separawidow. But what reason could the woman have tions, the estrangements, are all antenuptial. for her hatred of this innocent girl? Again and When once your true novelist gets his hero and again Olivia's cousin asked himself this question; heroine up to the altar rails in real earnest—he

She lifted her head suddenly, and looked her that he could only answer it by imagining the

tion,' he thought.

'But you won't leave me alone with my stepmy own darling, she said; 'the burning sands mother, will you, Edward?' Mary said, recurring and the dreadful jungles would have no terrors to her old prayer. I am not afraid of her, nor of any body or any thing in the world, while you are with me-how should I be?-but I think, if I 'I won't take you into the jungle, my love,' he were to be alone with her again, I should die. answered, playfully; 'or, if I do, your palki shall She would speak to me again as she spoke upon be well guarded, and all ravenous beasts kept at a the night of the ball, and her bitter taunts would respectful distance from my little wife. A great kill me. I could not bear to be in her power again, Edward.'

pet, you shall never be exposed to any woman's 'Oh, never mind my money; let any body have analience or tyranny. You shall be sheltered and protected, and hedged in on every side by your 'Polly,' cried the soldier very seriously, 'we husband's love. And when I go to India you comanly when you were a child, and yet are so chiidlike now you are a woman!

The mistress of Marchmont Towers looked Mary's face grew sorrowful again, as Captain doubtfully at her husband, as if she feared her childishness might be displeasing to him.

'You don't love me any the less because of that, do you, Edward?' she asked, timidly.

Because of what, my treasure?

'Because I am so-childish?' 'Polly,' cried the young man, 'do you think ever that choice might be. You were your own as fresh and innocent as the nectar she served out mistress, Mary, when you married me. What to him: If he had, my dear, he'd have sent for reason have you to fear my cousin Olivia? (Clotho, or Atropos, or some one or other of the

The girl looked up at her husband in a rapture

Alas! the orphan girl's experience of this life stand; something which tells me that she hate had early taught her the lesson which some people learn so late. She had learned to distrust 'Hates you, darling?' the equal blue of a summer sky, the glorious 'Yes, Edward, yes; she hates me. It wasn't splendor of the blazing sunlight. She was ac-

'It can't last, Edward,' she murmured.
'Can't last, Polly!' cried the young man; and he was so far away from the truth at last; gets them into the church sometimes, and then

sorbids the bans, or brings a former wife, or a froom with every breath of the warm August restiful husband, pale and denouncing, from be-{breeze, and hung trembling in the folds of the hand a pillar, and drives the wretched pair out chintz curtains. Mr. Arundel's gaze wandered again, to persecute them through three hundred dreamily away through this open window to the papers more before he lets them get back again—{primitive picture without—the scattered cottages but when once the important words are spoken upon the other side of the green, the cattle standand the knot tied, the story's done, and the happy ing in the pond, the cackling geese hurrying couple get forty or fifty years' wedded bliss as a homeward across the purple ridge of common, and off against the miseries they have endured in the village gossips loitering beneath the faded

man finished speaking.

go home, my pet. I mean to be business-like liar property in stationery, Polly?

day Captain Arundel had made some such decla- husband. ration with regard to his intention of being 'No; I see you haven't,' said the young man. business-like; that is to say, setting himself de- 'How should you, you fortunate Polly? you've liberately to the task of writing those letters never had to write any business-letters yet, though which should announce and explain his marriage you are an heiress. The peculiarity of all stato the people who had a right to hear of it. But tionery, my dear, is, that it is possessed of an in-the soldier had a dislike to all letter-writing, and tuitive knowledge of the object for which it is to a special horror of any epistolary communica- be used. If one has to write an unpleasant letter, tion which could come under the denomination Polly, it might go a little smoother, you know; of a business-letter; so the easy summer days one might round one's paragraphs, and spell the slipped by—the delicious drowsy noontides, the difficult words—the "believes" and "receives," soft and dreamy twilight, the tender moonlit the "tills" and "untils," and all that sort of nights—and the Captain put off the task for which the tender with a pleasant pen, an easy-going, dinner, and from after breakfast until after jolly, soft-nibbed quill, that would seem to say, dinner, and from after dinner until after break
"Cheer up, old fellow, I'll carry you through it; first; always beguiled away from his open trav
we'll get to 'your very obedient servant' before eting-desk by a word from Mary, who called him the look at a profit of th to the window to look at a pretty child on the your heart, Polly, let a poor, unbusiness-like felvillage green before the inn, or at the black llow try to write a business-letter, and every smith's dog, or the tinker's donkey, or a tired thing goes against him. The pen knows what Italian organ-boy who had strayed into that outof the way nook, or at the smart butcher from paper like a broken-down screw; the ink turns Winchester, who rattled over in a pony-early thick and lumpy, the paper gets as greasy as a twice a week to take orders from the gentry London pavement after a fall of snow, till a poor round about, and to insult and defy the local pur- fellow gives up, and knocks under to the force of veyor, whose stock generally seemed to consist circumstances. You see if my pen doesn't splutof one leg of mutton and a dish of pig's fry.

The young couple walked slowly through the lette."

meadows, crossing rustic wooden bridges that Captain Arundel was very careful in the adspanned the winding stream, loitering to look justment of his sheet of paper, and began his letdown into the clear water at the fish which Cap- ter with an air of resolution : tain Arundel pointed out, but which Mary could never see, that young lady always fixing her eyes upon some long trailing weed affoat in the trans-{ parent water, while the silvery trout indicated? by her husband glided quietly away to the sedgy bottom of the stream. They lingered by the water-mill, beneath whose shadow some children tude, and then, with his elbow on the table, fell were fishing; they seized upon every pretext for to staring at his pretty young wife and drumming lengthening that sunny homeward walk, and only his fingers on his cliin. Mary was sitting opporeached the inn as the village clocks were strik-site her husband at the open window, working, ing four, at which hour Captain Arundel had or making a pretense of being occupied with

ordered dinner.

But after the simple little repast, mild and artles- in its nature as the fair young spirit of the bride herself; after the landlord, sympathetic yet Polly!' said the soldier; 'you call those things respectful, had in his own person attended upon frocks, don't you? And that blue sash, too-you his two guests; after the pretty rustic chamber ought always to wear white, Mary, like your had been cleared of all evidence of the meal that namesakes abroad who are vouce an blanc by had been eaten-Edward Arundel began to se-{their faithful mothers, and who are a blessing to riously consider the business in hand.

casement; the scented blossoms blew into the that's better-"I write this to inform you that

the troubled course of a twelve-month's court-sign that hung before the low white tavern at the ship. That's the sort of thing, isn't it, Polly? angle of the road. He looked at all these things The clock of St. Cross, sounding faintly as he flung his leathern desk upon the table, and athwart the meadows, struck three as the young made a great parade of unlocking and opening it.

'The letters must be written,' he repeated, with Three o'clock, Polly!' he cried; 'we must a smothered sigh. 'Did you ever notice a pecu-

Mrs. Edward Arundel only opened her brown Upon each day in that happy honey-moon holi- eyes to their widest extent, and stared at her

ter, Polly, the moment I address Richard Pau-

WHITE HART INN, MILLDALE, NEAR WINCHESTER August 14

'MY DEAR SIR'-

He wrote as much as this with great promptisome impossible fragment of Berlin wool-work, while she watched her husband.

'How pretty you look in that white frock, the laundresses for the first seven or fourteen The letters must be written, Polly, he said, years of their lives. What shall I say to Pauseating himself at a table near the open window. Lette? He's such a jolly fellow, there oughn't to be much difficulty about the matter. "My dear made a frame-work round the diamond-paned Sir," seems absurdly stiff; "My dear Paulette"— Polly ?'

the afternoon letters from London. Captain so soon? Arundel flung down his pen and went to the window. He had some interest in this young man's } arrival, as he had left orders that such letters as were addressed to him at the hotel in Covent Garden should be forwarded to him at Milldale.

Polly,' he said, eagerly. 'My mother and Letitia are capital correspondents; I'll wager any thing there's a letter, and I can answer it in the one I'm going to write this evening, and that'll be } killing two birds with one stone. I'll run down

to the postman, Polly.

Captain Arundel had good reason to go after his letters, for there seemed little chance of those missives being brought to him. The youthful postman was standing in the porch drinking ale out of a ponderous earthen-ware mug, and talking to the landlord, when Edward went down.

Any letters for me, Dick?' the Captain asked. He knew the Christian name of almost every visitor or hanger-on at the little inn, though he had not staid there an entire fortnight, and was as popular and admired as if he had been some free-spoken young squire to whom all the land round about belonged.

"Ees, Sir,' the young man answered, shuffling

off his cap; 'there be two letters for ye.'

He handed the two packets to Captain Arundel, who looked doubtfully at the address of the uppermost, which, like the other, had been redirected by the people at the London hotel. The original address of this letter was in a handwriting that was strange to him; but it bore the post-mark of the village from which the Danger- had grown very white; and the hands that were field letters were sent.

The back of the inn looked into an orchard, and through an open door opposite to the porch Edward Arundel saw the low branches of the trees, and the ripening fruit red and golden in the afternoon sunlight. He went out into this orchard to read his letters, his mind a little disturbed by the strange handwriting upon the Dan-

gerfield epistle.

The letter was from his father's housekeeper, Arundel and Mr. Reginald were away in Germany. The faithful old servant implored the younger son to lose no time in hurrying home, if he wished to see his father alive.

The soldier stood leaning against the gnarled gray trunk of an old apple-tree, staring at this

letter with a white awe-stricken face.

What was he to do? He must go to his father, of course. He must go without a moment's delay. He must eatch the first train that would carry him westward from Southampton. There could be no question as to his duty. He must go; he must leave his young wife.

His heart sank with a sharp thrill of pain, and with perhaps some faint shuddering sense of an

unknown terror, as he thought of this.

'It was lucky I didn't write the letters,' he reflected; 'no one will guess the secret of my dar-} ling's retreat. She can stay here till I come fered, as it was her habit to suffer, quietly and back to her. God knows I shall hurry back the uncomplainingly. moment my duty sets me free. These people will take eare of her. No one will know where ward down stairs to the porch, before which the

your client, Miss Mary March—'' What's that, to look for her. I'm very glad 1 didn't write to Olivia. We were so happy this morning! Who It was the postman, a youth upon a pony, with could think that sorrow would come between us

Captain Arundel looked at his watch. It was a quarter to six o'clock, and he knew that an express left Southampton for the west at eight. There would be time for him to catch that train with the help of a sturdy pony belonging to the 'I dare say there's a letter from Germany, \ landlord of the White Hart, which would raitle him over to the station in an hour and a half. There would be time for him to catch the train; but, oh, how little time to comfort his darling; how little time to reconcile his young wife to the temporary separation!

He hurried back to the porch, briefly explained. to the landlord what had happened, ordered the pony and gig to be got ready immediately, and then went very, very slowly up stairs, to the room in which his young wife sat by the open

window waiting for his return.

Mary looked up at his face as he entered the room, and that one glance told her of some new sorrow.

'Edward,' she cried, starting up from her chair with a look of terror, 'my step-mother has come!

Even in his trouble the young man smiled at his foolish wife's all-absorbing fear of Olivia Marchmont.

'No, my darling,' he said; 'I wish to Heaven our worst trouble were the chance of your father's widow breaking in upon us. Something has happened, Mary; something very sorrowful, very serious for me. My father is ill, Polly dear, dangerously ill, and I must go to him.

Mary Arundel drew a long breath. Her face linked tightly together upon her husband's shoul-

der trembled a little.

'I will try to bear it,' she said; 'I will try to bear it.'

'God bless you, my darling!' the soldier answered, fervently, clasping his young wife to his breast. 'I know you will. It will be a very short parting, Mary dearest. I will come back to you directly I have seen my father. If he is worse, there will be little need for me to stop at imploring him most earnestly to go down to the Dangerfield; if he is better, I can take you back Park without delay. Squire Arundel had been there with me. My own darling love, it is very seized with an attack of paralysis, and was de-bitter for us to be parted thus; but I know clared to be in imminent danger. Mrs. and Miss that you will bear it like a heroine. Won't you, Polly?

'I will try to bear it, dear.'

She said very little more than this, but clung about her husband, not with any desperate force not with any clamorous and tumultuous grief, but with a half-despondent resignation; as a drowning man, whose strength is well-nigh exhausted, may cling, in his hopelessness, to a spar which he knows he must presently abandon.

Mary Arundel followed her husband hither and thither while he made his brief and hurried preparations for the sudden journey; but although she was powerless to assist him—for her trembling hands let fall every thing she tried to hold, and there was a mist before her eyes which distorted and blotted the outline of each object she looked at—she hindered him by no noisy lamen-tations, she distressed him by no tears. She suf-

The sun was sinking when she went with Ed-

landlord's pony and gig were in waiting, in cus-ihis father out of danger-restored to health, pertody of a smart lad who was to drive Mr. Arun-haps—and to return to her before the stars glimdel to Southampton. There was no time for any mered through the darkness of another summer's protracted farewell. It was better so, perhaps, night. She prayed for him, hoping and believing Edward thought. He would be back so soon that every thing; though at the hour in which she the grief he felt in this parting—and it may be knelt, with the faint starlight shimmering upon that his suffering was scarcely less than Mary's—ther upturned face and clasped hands, Edward seemed wasted anguish, to which it would have Arundel was lying, maimed and senseless, in the been sheer cowardice to give way. But for all wretched waiting-room of a little railway-station this the soldier very nearly broke down when he in Dorsetshire, watched over by an obscure counsaw his childish wife's piteous face, white in the try surgeon, while the frightened officials scudevening sunlight, turned to him in mute appeal, ded here and there in search of some vehicle in as if the quivering lips would fain have entreated which the young man might be conveyed to the him to abandon all and to remain. He lifted the nearest town. fragile figure in his arms—alas! it had never? There had been one of those accidents which seemed so fragile as now—and covered the pale seem terribly common on every line of railway, face with passionate kisses and fast-dropping however well managed. A signal-man had mis-

keep-

He was ashamed of the huskiness of his voice, and putting his wife suddenly away from him, he kets. Two men had been killed, and a great sprang into the gig, snatched the reins from the many passengers hurt; some very seriously. Edboy's hand, and drove away at the pony's best ward Arundel's case was perhaps one of the most speed. The old-fashioned vehicle disappeared in serious among these.

a cloud of dust; and Mary, looking after her husband with eyes that were as yet tearless, saw nothing but glaring light and confusion, and a? pastoral landscape that reeled and heaved like a stormy sea.

It seemed to her, as she went slowly back to her room, and sat down amidst the disorder of; open portmanteaus and overturned hat-boxes, which the young man had thrown here and there in his hurried selection of the few things neces-visit to Marchmont Towers at her writing-desk, sary for him to take on his hasty journey—it which, like every thing else appertaining to her, seemed as if the greatest calamity of her life had was a model of neatness and propriety; perfect now befallen her. As hopelessly as she had in its way, although it was no marvellous specithought of her father's death, she now thought of men of walnut-wood and burnished gold, no elections and the same of the court of the cou Edward Arundel's departure. She could not see gant structure of papier-maché and mother-ofbeyond the acute anguish of this separation. She pearl, but simply a school-girl's resewood vel-could not realize to herself that there was no vet-lined desk, bought for fifteen shillings or a cause for all this terrible sorrow; that the part-; guinea. ing was only a temporary one; and that her husband would return to her in a few days at the refreshment of weak tea, stale bread, and strong furthest. Now that she was alone, that the ne-butter to her meek husband, and had dismissed cessity for heroism was past, she abandoned her-bim to the surgery, a sunken and rather cellarrelf utterly to the despair that had held possession like apartment opening out of the prim second-

watcher. But Mary had locked the door of her his wife. bedchamber, and sat with her head upon the sill \ dim orchard. It was only when the stars glim- mind! mered in the tranquil sky that the girl's blank despair gave way before a sudden burst of tears,

taken one train for another; a flag had been ·God bless and defend you, Mary! God dropped too soon; and the down express had run into a heavy luggage-train blundering up from Exeter with farm produce for the London mar-

CHAPTER XIX.

SOUNDING THE DEPTHS.

Mrs. Westen had administered the evening of her soul from the moment in which Captain best parlor, and approached from the village Arundel had told her of his father's illness.

Street by a side-door. The surgeon was very The sun went down behind the purple hills, well content to employ himself with the prepathat sheltered the western side of the little vil-(ration of such draughts and boluses as were rethat sheltered the western side of the little virturation of such draughts and bodies as were relage. The tree-tops in the orchard below the quired by the ailing inhabitants of Kemberling, open window of Mrs. Arundel's bedroom grew while his wife sat at her desk in the room above dim in the gray twilight. Little by little the him. He left his gallipots and pestle and morsound of voices in the rooms below died away tar once or twice in the course of the evening into stillness. The fresh rosy-cheeked country to clamber ponderously up the three or four stairs girl who had waited upon the young husband and leading to the sitting-room, and stare through wife came into the sitting-room with a pair of the keyhole of the door at Mrs. Weston's thought-wax candles in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, ful face, and busy hand gliding softly over the and lingered in the room for a little time, expect- smooth note-paper. He did this in no prying or ing to receive some order from the lonely suspicious spirit, but out of sheer admiration for

'What a mind she has!' he murmured, rapof the open window, looking wearily out into the turously, as he went back to his work; 'what a

The letter which Lavinia Weston wrote that evening was a very long one. She was one of and she flung herself down beside the white-cur-{ those women who write long letters upon every tained bed to pray for her young husband. She convenient occasion. To night she covered two prayed for him in an ecstatic fervor of love and sheets of note-paper with her small neat hand-faith, carried away by the new hopefulness that writing. Those two sheets contained a detailed faith, carried away by the new hopefulness that writing. Those two sheets contained a detailed arose out of her ardent supplications, and pictur-account of the interview that had taken place ing him going triumphant on his course to find that day between the surgeon's wife and Olivia,

very hard work; and George Weston, who looked nation of Mr. Marchmont's visit.

'Kemberling isn't a very lively place for you, Mr. Paul,' he said, apologetically—he always called his wife's brother Mr. Paul—'but I dare say Lavinia will contrive to make you comfortable. She persuaded me to come here when old his suggestions respecting the course it was her Dawnfield died; but I can't say she acted with { her usual tact, for the business ain't as good as my Stanfield practice; but I don't tell Lavinia } 50.

Paul Marchmont smiled.

'The business will pick up by-and-by, I dare say,' he said. 'You'll have the Marchmont Towers' family to attend to in good time, I sup-

'That's what Lavinia said,' answered the sur-'Mrs. John Marchmont can't refuse to geon. employ a relation,' she says; 'and as first cousin to Mary Marchmont's father, I ought'-meaning herself, you know-' to have some influence in that quarter.' But then, you see, the very week } we come here the gal goes and runs away; which in you—one hears of these things, Mrs. Marchrather, as one may say, puts a spoke in our wheel, you know.'

as he concluded thus. He was a man given to ther duty—if she can be won to such a sense. spending his leisure hours—when he had any leisure, which was not very often-in tavern } parlors, where the atlairs of the nation were settled and unsettled every evening over sixpenny; should question him. glasses of Hoilands and water; and he regretted his removal from Stanfield, which had been as, the uprooting of all his dearest associations. He mont has fallen is the result of a mental rather was a solemn man, who never hazarded an opinion lightly-perhaps because he never had an epinion to hazard—and his stolidity won him a good deal of respect from strangers; but in the swered the artist, gravely; one of the most powhands of his wife he was meeker than the doves erful evidences of the soundness of a man's brain that cooed in the pigeon-house behind his dwelling, and more plastic than the knob of white wax upon which industrious Mrs. Weston was wont? to rub her thread when engaged in the mysteries of that elaborate and terrible science which women paradoxically call plain needle-work.

Towers upon the day after his arrival at Kem-, berling. His interview with the widow was a very long one. He had studied every line of his sister's letter; he had weighed every word that had fallen from Olivia's lips and had been recorded by Lavinia Weston; and taking the knowledge thus obtained as his starting-point, he took his dissecting-knife and went to work at an intellectual autopsy. He anatomized the wretched woman's soul. He made her tell her secret, and bare her tortured breast before him; now wring- no cause for flight; while, on the other hand. ing some hasty word from her impatience, now entrapping her into some admission—if only as much as a defiant look, a sudden lowering of the dark brows, an involuntary compression of the She was within a few years of becoming undislips. He made her reveal herself to him. Poor puted mistress of a very large estate. And yet, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were sorry blun- immediately after having assisted at a festive en-

and the letter was addressed to the artist, Paul ing, and were easily put out by a few quips and Marchmont.

Quaint retorts from the mad Danish prince; Perhaps it was in consequence of the receipt Paul Marchmont would have played upon Hamet of this letter that Paul Marchmont arrived at more deftly than ever mortal physician played his sister's house at Kemberling two days after upon pipe or recorder, and would have fathomed Mrs. Weston's visit to Marchmont Towers. He the remotest depths of that sorrowful and erratie told the surgeon that he came to Lincolnshire for soul. Olivia writhed under the torture of that a few days' change of air, after a long spell of polite inquisition, for she knew that her secrets were being extorted from her; that her pitiful upon his brother-in-law as an intellectual demi- folly—that folly which she would have denied god, was very well content to accept any expla- even to herself, if possible—was being laid bare in all its weak foolishness. She knew this; but she was compelled to smile in the face of her bland inquisitor, to respond to his commonplace expressions of concern about the protracted absence of the missing girl, and meekly to receive duty to take. He had the air of responding to her suggestions, rather than of himself dictating any particular line of conduct. He affected to believe that he was only agreeing with some understood ideas of hers, while he urged his own views upon her.

'Then we are quite of one mind in this, my dear Mrs. Marchmont,' he said, at last; 'this unfortunate girl must not be suffered to remain away from her legitimate home any longer than we can help. It is our duty to find and bring her back. I need scarcely say that you, being bound to her by every tie of affection, and having, beyond this, the strongest claim upon her gratitude for your devoted fulfillment of the trust confided mont, in a country village like Kemberling-I need scarcely say that you are the most fitting Mr. George Weston rubbed his chin reflectively person to win the poor child back to a sense of Paul Marchmont added, after a sudden pause and a thoughtful sigh, 'I sometimes fear-

He stopped abruptly, waiting until Olivia

'You sometimes fear--?'

'That-that the error into which Miss Marchthan of a moral deficiency.'

'What do you meah?'

'I mean thie, my dear Mrs. Marchmont,' anis his capability of assigning a reasonable motive for every action of his life. No matter how unreasonable the action in itself may seem, if the motive for that action can be demonstrated. But the moment a man acts without motive, we begin to take alarm and to watch him. He is eccentric; Paul Marchmont presented himself at the his conduct is no longer amenable to ordinary rule; and we begin to trace his eccentricities to some weakness or deficiency in his judgment or intellect. Now, I ask you what motive Mary Marchmont can have had for running away from this house?

Olivia quailed under the piercing scrutiny of the artist's cold gray eyes, but she did not at-

tempt to reply to his question.

'The answer is very simple,' he continued, after that long scrutiny; the girl could have had every reasonable motive that can be supposed to actuate a woman's conduct was arrayed against her. She had a happy home, a kind step-mother. derers in that art which is vulgarly called pump- tertainment, to all appearance as gay and happy

in the dead of the night, abandoning the mansion her. which is her own property, and assigning no reason whatever for what she does. Can you wonder; then, if I feel confirmed in an opinion that I formed upon the day on which I heard the reading of my cousin's will?'

What opinion?

That Mary Marchmont is as feeble in mind as {

she is fragile in body.'

He launched this sentence boldly, and waited for Olivia's reply. He had discovered the widow's secret. He had fathomed the cause of widow's secret. He had fathomed the cause of For three years it had been so, and for three her jealous hatred of Mary Marchmont; but years Paul Marchmont had waited—patiently, as even he did not yet understand the nature of the it was his habit to wait—the hour and the opporconflict in the desperate woman's breast. She tunity for action. The hour and opportunity had could not be wicked all at once. Against every come, and this woman, Olivia Marchmont, only fresh sin she made a fresh struggle, and she stood in his way. She must become either his would not accept the lie which the artist tried to enemy or his tool, to be baffled or to be made force upon her.

my step-daughter's intellect,' she said, resolutely.

She was beginning to understand that Paul Marchmont wanted to ally himself with her found, I will communicate with you, and I know against the orphan heiress, but as yet she did not you will not refuse to fulfill the trust confided to understand why he should do so. She was slow you by your late husband. You will bring your to comprehend feelings that were utterly foreign step-daughter back to this house, and henceforto her own nature. There was so little of mercenary baseness in this strange woman's soul, that had the flame of a candle alone stood between her and the possession of Marchmont Towers, I doubt if she would have cared to waste a breath upon its extinction. She had lived away from the world, and out of the world; and it was difficult for her to comprehend the mean and paltry wickednesses which arise out of the worship of Baal.

Paul Marchmont recoiled a little before the she asked. straight answer which the widow had given him.

'You think Miss Marchmont strong-minded, then, perhaps?' he said.

step daughter is neither weak-minded nor strong-

by other people; weak enough to believe any cient in intellect.

herself?'

'Yes; I think so.'

And yet this running away looks almost as if-but I have no wish to force any unpleasant belief upon you, my dear madam. I think—as you yourself appear to suggest-that the best again as quickly as possible. It will never do for the mistress of Marchmont Towers to be wandering about the world with Mr. Edward Arundel. Pray pardon me, Mrs. Marchmont, if I speak rather disrespectfully of your cousin; but I really stormy beating of her heart. Was she to sit can not think that the gentleman has acted very calmly by and hold her peace while this man honorably in this business.'

Olivia was silent. She remembered the passionate indignation of the young soldier, the an- her out of the darkness of her life, as the very gry defiance hurled at her, as Edward Arundel incarnation of all that is noble and admirable in galloped away from the gaunt western façade. She remembered these things, and involuntarily contrasted them with the smooth blandness of and manhood? Paul Marchmont's talk, and the deadly purpose lurking beneath it-of which deadly purpose her a price for her truth and her soul. He was

as the gayest and happiest there, this girl runs away | some faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon

If she could have thought Mary Marchmont mad-if she could have thought Edward Arundel base-she would have been glad; for then there would have been some excuse for her own wick-But she could not think so. She slipped little by little down into the black gulf, dragged now by her own mad passion, now lured yet further downward by Paul Marchmont.

Between this man and eleven thousand a year He had discovered the the life of a fragile girl was the solitary obstacle. useful. He had now sounded the depths of her 'I do not think that there is any deficiency in nature, and he determined to make her his tool.

'It shall be my business to discover this poor child's hiding-place,' he said; 'when that is ward protect her from the dangerous influence of Edward Arundel.'

Olivia looked at the speaker with an expression which seemed like terror. It was as if she said,

'Are you the devil, that you hold out this temptation to me, and twist my own passions to serve your purpose?

And then she paltered with her conscience. 'Do you consider that it is my duty to do this?'

'My dear Mrs. Marchmont, most decidedly.' 'I will do it, then. I-I-wish to do my duty.

'And you can perform no greater act of charity 'No, not strong-minded.'

than by bringing this unhappy girl back to a 'My dear Mrs. Marchmont, you deal in parasense of her duty. Remember that her reputadoxes,' exclaimed the artist. 'You say that your tion, her future happiness, may fall a sacrifice to this foolish conduct, which, I regret to say, is very generally known in the neighborhood. For-Weak enough, perhaps, to be easily influenced give me, if I express my opinion too freely; but I cannot help thinking that if Mr. Arundel's inthing my cousin Edward Arundel might choose to tentions had been strictly honorable, he would tell her; but not what is generally called defi- have written to you before this, to tell you that his search for the missing girl had failed; or, in You think her perfectly able to take care of the event of his finding her, he would have taken rself?'
the earliest opportunity of bringing her back to her own home. My poor cousin's somewhat unprotected position, her wealth, and her inexperience of the world, place her at the mercy of a fortune-hunter; and Mr. Arundel has himself to thank if his conduct gives rise to the belief that thing we can do is to get this poor girl home he wishes to compromise this girl in the eyes of the scandalous, and thus make sure of your consent to a marriage which would give him command of my cousin's fortune.'

> Olivia Marchmont's bosom heaved with the slandered the brave young soldier, the bold, reckless, generous-hearted lad, who had shone upon mankind? Was she to sit quietly by and hear a stranger lie away her kinsman's honor, and truth,

Yes, she must do so. This man had offered

ready to help her to the revenge she longed for, } He was ready to give her his aid in separating and a white face—a very handsome face, though the innocent young lovers, whose pure affection wan and attenuated, as if with some terrible had poisoned her life, whose happiness was worse sickness, and somewhat disfigured by certain than the worst death to her. She kept silent, strappings of plaster, which were bound about a

rose to take leave of Mrs. Marchmont; 'I do not him with extra cushions, upon which he lay at believe that I shall have much difficulty in find-full length, when he was still, which was never ing the young lady's hiding-place. My first task for very long together. He was enveloped alshall be to look for Mr. Arundel. You can per-smoot to the chin in voluminous railway-rugs, but, haps give me the address of some place in London in spite of these coverings, shuddered every now where your cousin is in the habit of staying? and then as if with cold. He had a pocket pis-'I can.

'Thank you; that will very much simplify matters. I shall write you immediate word of any drops of perspiration broke suddenly out upon discovery I make, and will then leave all the rest his forehead, and were brushed away by a tremuto you. My influence over Mary Marchmont as lous hand, that was scarcely strong enough to an entire stranger could be nothing. Yours, on hold a cambric handkerchief. In short, it was the contrary, must be unbounded. It will be for sufficiently obvious to every one that this young you to act upon my letter.'

nights for the promised letter. Upon the third medical practitioner would have given him limorning it came. The artist's epistle was very { cense to do so. brief:

necessary discovery. Miss Marchmont is to be anxiety, some restless care, some horrible uncerfound at the White Hart Inn, Milldale, near Win-{tainty or perpetual foreboding of trouble, would chester. May I venture to urge your proceeding not allow him to be at peace. It was as much as there in search of her without delay? the three fellow-passengers who, sat opposite to

Yours very faithfully, 'Paul Marchmont.

CHARLOTTE STREET, FITZROY SQUARE, Aug. 15.

CHAPTER XX.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE.

lower world with some menace of coming down Bradshaw, which he turned over ever and to blot out and destroy it. The express train anon, as if, by perpetual reference to that mysterushing headlong across the wet flats of Lincoln-rious time-table, he might hasten the advent of shire glared like a meteor in the gray fog; the the hour at which he was to reach his destination. dismal shriek of the engine was like the cry of tion. He was, altogether, a most aggravating a bird of prey. The few passengers who had and exasperating traveling companion; and it chosen that dreary winter's day for their travels, was only out of Christian forbearance with the looked despondently out at the monotonous pros- weakness of his physical state that his irritated pect, seeking in vain to descry some spot of hope { fellow-passengers restrained from uniting themin the joyless prospect; or made futile attempts selves against him, and qusting him bodity out of to read their newspapers by the dim light of the the window of the carriage; as a clown some-lamp in the roof of the carriage. Sulky passen-times flings a venerable but tiresome pantaloon gers shuddered savagely as they wrapped them- through a square trap or pitfall, lurking, unselves in huge woolen rugs or ponderous cover-{ dreamed of, in the façade of an honest tradesings made from the skins of wild beasts. ancholy passengers drew grotesque and hideous traveling-caps over their brows, and, coiling { themselves in the corner of their sents, essayed to feler; but their courtesies had not been responded sleep away the weary hours. Every thing upon to with any evidence of gratitude or heartiness. this earth seemed dismal and damp, cold and The young man had answered them in an absent desolate, incongruous and uncomfortable.

But there was one first-class passenger in that Lincolnshire express who made himself especially obnoxious to his fellows by the display of an amount of restlessness and superabundant energy himself, and peopling it with horrible images unquite out of keeping with the lazy despondency of known to those about him. these about him.

This was a young man with a long towny beard therefore, and waited for Paul to speak again.

[I will go up to Town to-morrow, and set to This young man had the side of one carriage to work about this business,' the artist said, as he himself, and a sort of bed had been made up for rose to take leave of Mrs. Marchmont. (I do not be the leave of Mrs. Marchmont. (I do n most to the chin in voluminous railway-rugs, but, tol among his traveling paraphermalia, which he applied occasionally to his dry lips. Sometimes man with the tawny beard had only lately risen Olivia Marchmont waited for two days and siderably before the time at which any prudent

It was evident that he was very, very ill, but that he was, if anything, more ill at ease in mind 'My dear Mrs. Marchmont,—I have made the (than in body, and that some terrible gnawing him could do to bear with his impatience, his restlessness, his short half-stifled moans, his long weary sighs; the horror of his fidgety feet shuffled incessantly upon the cushions; the suddenly convulsive jerks with which he would lift himself upon his elbow to stare fiercely into the dismal fog outside the carriage window; the groans that were wrung from him as he flung himself into new and painful positions; the frightful aspect of physical agony which came over his face as he looked at his watch—and he drew out and The rain dripped ceaselessly upon the dreary consulted that ill used chronometer, upon an earth under a gray November sky—a dull and average, once in a quarter of an hour; his impalowering sky, that seemed to brood over this tient crumpling of the crisp leaves of a new man's dwelling.

The three passengers had, in divers manners, expressed their sympathy with the invalid travfashion, scarcely deigning to look at them as he spoke, speaking altogeter with the air of some sleep-walker, who roams hither and thither absorbed in a dreadful dream, making a world for

Had he been ill? Yes, very ill. Me had had

had been ill for a long time.

Somebody asked him how long?

rie shuffled about upon the eushions, and 'Not to-night, Sir, surely?' the servant remonground aloud at this question, to the alarm of strated, in a tone of alarm. 'Your Mar and the the man who had asked it the man who had asked it.

Then another passenger, looking at the young down dead on the road—I'll go. If the comman's very evident sufferings from a commercial fields between this and the Towers were a blaz-

'Compensation!' eried the invalid.

compensation!

'Compensation from the Railway Company. hope you've a strong case against them, for you've; ele sounded rather like an anti-climax, after the evidently been a terrible sufferer.'

sick man writhed under this question.

'Compensation!' he eried. 'What compensa-\ were sublime by reason of their earnestness. tion can they give me for an accident that shut me in a living grave for three months, that sepa- heel upon the platform in the intensity of his inrated me from— You don't know what you're patience. 'Or, stay, we should gain more in the talking about, Sir,' he added, suddenly; 'I can't end if we were to go to the George—it's not ten think of this business patiently; I can't be rea minutes' walk from here; one of the porters will sonable. If they'd hacked me to pieces, I shouldn't take you—the people there know me, and they'll have cared. I've been under a ret-hot Indian sundlet you have some vehicle, with a pair of horses when we fellows couldn't see the sky above us and a clever driver. Tell them it's for an erfor the smoke of the cannons and the flashing of rand of life and death, and that Captain Arundel the sabres about our heads, and I'm not afraid of will pay them three times their usual price, or a little cutting and smashing more or less; but six times, if they wish. Tell them any thing, so when I think what others may have suffered long as you get what we wan: through-I'm almost mad, and-

his passion had shaken him as a leaf is shaken by and impetuosity. The vitality of this broken-a whirlwind; and he fell back upon the cushions; down invaild, whose physical weakness contrembling in every limb, and groaning aloud. trasted strangely with his mental energy, bore His feliow-passengers looked at each other rather down upon the grave man-servant like an avanervously, and two out of the three entertained lanche, and carried him whither it would. He

Lincoln.

But they were reassured by and by; for the in- will of the fiery young soldier.
valid, who was Captain Edward Arundel, or that He left Edward Arundel sitting upon a chair pale shadow of the dashing young cavalry officer in the solitary waiting-room, and hurried after which had risen from a sick-bed, relapsed into the porter who had volunteered to show him the shance, and displayed no more alarming symp- way to the George Inn, the most prosperous hotel toms than that perpetual restlessness and disquie- in Swampington.

tude which is cruelly wearying even to the The valet had good reason to be astonished by strongest nerves. He only spoke once more, and his young master's energy and determination; for that was when the short day, in which there had Mary Marchmont's husband was as one rescued been no actual daylight, was closing in, and the from the very jaws of death. For twolve weeks journey nearly finished, when he startled his com- after that terrible concussion upon the Southpanions by erying out, suddenly,

suspense?

share of it, came to an end almost immediately had been the young Captain's chief share in afterward, for the train stopped at Swamping-those injuries which were dealt out pretty freely ton; and while the invalid was staggering feebly } to his feet, eager to scramble out of the carriage, August; and the young man had been conveyed his servant came to the door to assist and sup- to Dangerfield Park, while his father's corpse port him.

'You seem to have borno the journey wonder-almost as much a corpse as that dead father. full, Sir,' the man said, respectfully, as he tried Mrs. Arundel's troubles had come, as to rearrange his master's wrappings, and to do as troubles of rich and presperous people often do much as circumstances, and the young man's come, in a sudden avalanche, that threatened to restless impatience, would allow of being done overwhelm the tender-hearted matron. She had

for his comfort.

gions, Morrison, Ouptain Arundel ejuculated, in from her faithful watch beside that death-bed,

a railway accident, and then brain-fever. He answer to his attendant's congratulatory address. 'Get me a fly directly. I must go to the Towers at once.'

doctors said you must rest at Swampington for a

'How long?' he cried, in a fierce agony of night.'
mental or bedily uneasiness; 'how long? Two 'I'll rest nowhere till I've been to Marchmont months—three months—ever since the 14th of Towers,' answered the young soldier, passion—august.'

| August | Augu point of view, asked him whether he had had any ing prairie or a raging sea, I'd go. Get me a compensation.

fly, man; and don't talk to me of my mother or 'What the doctors. I'm going to look for my wife. Get me a fly.'

This demand for a commonplace hackney vehiyoung man's talk of blazing prairies and raging It was dreadful to see the way in which the seas; but passionate reality has no ridiculous side, and Edward Arundel's most foolish words

'Get me a fly, Morrison,' he said, grinding his

The valet, an old servant of Edward Arundel's He couldn't say any more, for the intensity of father, was carried away by the young man's serious thoughts of changing carriages when the was fain to abandon all hope of being true to the express stopped midway between London and promises which he had given to Mrs. Arundel and the medical men, and to yield himself to the

western Railway, Edward Arundel had lain in a *O my God, will this journey never come to an state of coma-helpless, mindless; all the story and? Shall I never be put out of this horrible of his life blotted away, and his brain transformed into as blank a page as if he had been an infant The journey, or, at any rate, Captain Arundel's lying on his mother's knees. A fractured skull to the travelers in the Exeter mail on the 14th of lay in stately selemnity in one of the chief rooms,

Mrs. Arundel's troubles had come, as the been summoned from Germany to attend her 'i have suffered the tortures of the infernal re- husband's death bed; and she was called away

to hear tidings of the terrible accident that had mother's mourning garments were worn in me. 1befallen her younger son.

the stricken traveler upon his homeward journey, that no tidings of Mary Marchaiont had ever and brought the strong man, helpless as a child, come to Dangerfield. to claim the same tender devotion that had. It was then that the young man told his mother the mother's despair.

This great London surgeon, who was a very Mrs. Arundel tried in vain to set her son's unassuming and matter-of-fact little man, and mind at rest upon the subject of his wife's who seemed in a great hurry to earn his fee and silence. run back to Saville Row by the next e press, the brain.

something to the effect that he had thought as darling!' much for a long time. The London surgeon fur- 'But you ther stated, that until the pressure was removed (to Mr. Paulette; he will be able to tell us what from the patient's brain, Captain Edward Arun- has happened. del would remain in precisely the same state as that into which he had fallen immediately upon {tal agony. the accident. The splinter could only be removed by a very critical operation, and this ope-} mother; there shall be no delay, no waiting for ration must be deferred until the patient's bodily return posts. That sort of torture would kill me strength was in some measure restored.

to the provincial medical men as to the treatment (way to Lincolnshire.) of their patient during this interregnum, and then You will go! You

of mothers.

to merit a very long description which afterward wife. appeared in the Lancet; and slowly, like the

the memory of the past returned to him.

his feebleness, he might defend and protect her. It implore you; I should suffer fifty times more His mother mistook his vehemence for the raving by the forture of suspense if I staid here, than I of delirium. The doctors fell into the same error; can possibly suffer in a railroad journey from here and treated him for brain-fever. It was only when the young soldier demonstrated to them that he could, by making an effort over himself; opposition. The provincial doctors held up their be as reasonable as they were, that he convinced them of their mistake. Then he begged to be left alone with his mother; and, with his feverable hands clasped in hers, asked her the meaning of her black dress, and the reason why his young frender the weary journey easier; and it was unwife hadinot come to him. He learned that his der the mother's superintendence that the air

ory of his dead father. He learned also, after Neither the Dorsefshire doctor who attended much bewilderment and passions questioning,

watched over his infancy, nor the Devenshire the story of his marriage; how that marriage had doctors who were summoned to Dangerfield, been contracted in haste; but with no real desire gave any hope of their patient's recovery. The for secresy; how he had, cut of mere idleness, sufferer might linger for years, they said; but his put off writing to his friends until that last fatal existence would be only a living death, a horrifold in his friends until that last fatal existence would be only a living death, a horrifold in his friends until that last fatal existence would be only a living death, a horrifold in his hand and the paper spread out belonged. But when a great London surgeon applied when the different claims of a double duty peared upon the scene, a new light, a wonderful hand torn him assunder, and he had been sumplement of hope, whome in upon the blackness of monet from the companionship of his bride to gleam of hope, shone in upon the blackness of moned from the companionship of his bride to the death-bed of his father.

'No, mother!' he cried; 'it is useless talking to made a brief examination of the patient, asked me. You don't know my poor darling. She has a very few sharp and trenchant questions of the the courage of a heroine as well as the simplicity reverential provincial medical practitioners, and of a child. There has been some foul play at then declared that the chief cause of Edward the bottom of this; it is treachery that has kept Arundel's state lay in the fact that a portion of my wife from me. She would have come here the skull was depressed—a splinter pressed upon foot had she been free to come. I know whose hand is in this business. Olivia March-The provincial practitioners opened their eyes anont has kept my poor girl a prisoner; Olivia very wide; and one of them ventured to mutter \ Marchmont has set herself between me and my

'But you don't know this, Edward. I'll write

The young man writhed in a paroxysm of men-

'Write to Mr. Paulette!' he exclaimed. rength was in some measure restored. {in a few hours. No, mother; I will go to my The surgeon gave brief but decisive directions wife by the first train that the nie on my

'You will go! You, Edward! in your state!' departed, after promising to return as soon as There was a terrible outburst of remonstrance Captain Arundel was in a fit state for the opera-and entreaty on the part of the poor mother. tion. This period did not arrive till the first Mrs. Arundel went down upon her knees before week in November, when the Devonshire doc-ber son, imploting him not to leave Dangersield tors ventured to declare their patient's shattered till his strength was recovered; imploring him to frame in a great measure movated by their de- to let her telegraph a summons to Richard Paulette; voted attention, and the tender care of the best to let her telegraph a summons to Richard Paulette; search of Mary; to do any thing rather than The great surgeon came. The critical opera-{carry out that one mid purpose that he was bent tion was performed, with such eminent success as on—the purpose of going himself to look for his

The mother's tears and prayers were vain; no gradual lifting of a curtain, the black shadows adamant was ever firmer than the young soldier. passed away from Edward Arundel's mind, and 'She is my wife, mother,' he said; 'I have sworn to protect and cherish her; and I have It was then that he raved madly about his reason to think she has fallen into merciless young wife, perpetually demanding that she hands. If I die upon the road, I must go to her. might be summoned to him; continually declarable that some great misfortune would befall her proxy. Every moment I delay is a wrong to that if she were not brought to his side, that, even in poor helpless girl. Be reasonable, dear mother, his feebleness, he might defend and protect her. I implore you; I should suffer fifty times more this mother mistory his vehement for the property of suppose if I staid here than I

cushions, the brandy-flasks, the hartshorn, sal volatile, and railway-rugs had been provided for continuight about it; but I know I shouldn't care the Captain's comfort.

It was thus that, after a blank interval of three months, Edward Arandel, like some creature newly risen from the grave, returned to Swampington, upon his way to Marchmont Towers.

The delay seemed endless to this restless passenger, sitting in the empty waiting-room of the quiet Lincolnshire station, though the hostler and stable-boys at the George were bestirring themselves with good-will, urged on by Mr. Morrison's promise of liberal reward for their trouble, and though the man who was to drive the carriage lost no time in arraying himself for the journey. Captain Arundel looked at his watch three times while he sat in that dreary Swampington waiting-room. There was a clock over the mantlepiece, but he would not trust to that.

'Eight o'clock!' he muttered. 'It will be ten before I get to the Towers, if the carriage doesn't

come directly.'

He got up, and walked from the waiting-room to the platform, and from the platform to the door of the station. He was so weak as to be obliged to support himself with his stick; and even with that help he tottered and reeled sometimes like a drunken man. But, in his eager impatience, he was almost unconscious of his own weakness, unconscious of nearly every thing except the intolerable slowness of the progress of time.

'Will it never come?' he muttered. 'Will it never come?

But even this almost unendurable delay was not quite interminable. The carriage-and-pair from the George Inn rattled up to the door of the station, with Mr. Morrison upon the box, and a postillion loosely balanced upon one of the longlegged, long-backed, bony gray horses. Edward Arundel got into the vehicle before his valet could alight to assist him.

'Marchmont Towers!' he cried to the postillion;' and a five-pound note if you get there in

less than an hour!

He flung some money to the officials who had gathered about the door to witness his departure, and who had eagerly pressed forward to render him that assistance which, even in his weakness, he disdained.

These men looked gravely at each other as the carriage dashed off into the fog, blundering and reeling as it went along the narrow half-made road, that led from the desert patch of waste ground upon which the station was built into the high street of Swampington.

'Marchmont Towers!' said one of the men, in a tone that seemed to imply that there was something ominous even in the name of the Lincolnshire mansion. 'What does he want at March-

moht Towers, I wonder?

'Why, don't you know who he is, mate?' responded the other man, contemptuously.

'No.

'He's Parson Arundel's nevy—the young officer that some folks said ran away with poor young miss oop at the Towers.'

'My word! is he, now? Why, I shouldn't ha'

known him.'

'No; he's a'most like the ghost of what he was, poor young chap! I've heerd as he was in that accident as happened last August on the please. Sou'western.

The railway official shrugged his shoulders.

'It's all a queer story,' he said. 'I can't make to go up to the Towers after dark.

Marchmont Towers had evidently fallen into rather evil repute among these simple Lincoln-

shire people.

The carriage in which Edward Arundel rode was a superannuated old chariot, whose uneasy springs rattled and shook the sick man to pieces. He groaned aloud every now and then from sheer physical agony; and yet I almost doubt if he knew that he suffered, so superior in its intensity was the pain of his mind to every bodily torture. Whatever consciousness he had of his racked and aching limbs was as nothing in comparison to the racking anguish of suspense, the intolerable agony of anxiety, which seemed multiplied by every moment. He sat with his face turned toward the open window of the carriage, looking out steadily into the night. There was nothing before him but a blank darkness and thick fog, and a flat country blotted out by the falling rain; but he strained his eyes until the pupils dilated painfully, in his desire to recognize some landmark in the hidden prospect.

'When shall I get there?' he cried aloud, in a paroxysm of rage and grief. 'My own one, my pretty one, my wife, when shall I get to you?"

He clenched his thin hands until the nails cut into his flesh. He stamped upon the floor of the carriage. He cursed the rusty, creaking springs, the slow-footed horses, the pools of water through which the wretched animals floundered pasterndeep. He cursed the darkness of the night, the stupidity of the postillion, the length of the wayevery thing and any thing that kept him back

from the end which he wanted to reach.

At last the end came. The carriage drew up before the tall iron gates, behind which stretched, dreary and desolate as some patch of commonland, that melancholy waste which was called a

A light burned dimly in the lower window of the lodge—a little spot that twinkled faintly red and luminous through the darkness and the rain; but the iron gates were as closely shut as if Marchmont Towers had been a prison-house. Edward Arundel was in no humor to linger long for the opening of those gates. He sprang from the carriage, reckless of the weakness of his cramped limbs, before the valet could descend from the rickety box-seat, or the postillion could get off his horse, and shook the wet and rusty iron bars with his wasted hands. The gates rat-tled, but resisted the concussion. They had evidently been locked for the night. The young man seized an iron ring, dangling at the end of a chain, which hung beside one of the stone pillars, and rang a peal that resounded like an alarmsignal through the darkness. A fierce watch-dog far away in the distance howled dismally at the summons, and the dissonant shrick of a peacock echoed across the flat.

The door of the lodge was opened about five minutes after the bell had rung, and an old man peered out into the night, holding a candle shaded by his feeble hand, and looking suspiciously toward the gate.

'Who is it?' he said.

'It is I-Captain Arundel. Open the gate,

The man, who was very old, and whose intellect seemed to have grown as dim and foggy as

then mumbled,

Parson Arundel's nevy; ay, ay.

He went back into the lodge, to the disgust and aggravation of the young soldier, who rattled; fiercely at the gate once more in his impatience. But the old man emerged presently, as tranquil as spot upon the moss-grown stone. if the Black November night had been some sun-shiny noontide in July, carrying a lantern and a towards which the soldier's finger pointed. bunch of keys, one of which he proceeded in a 'That?' he mumbled. 'Ay, to be sure bunch of keys, one of which he proceeded in a 'That?' he mumbled. 'Ay, to be sure, to be leisurely manner to apply to the great lock of the sure. Poor young lady! That's the printed bill

night staring through these iron bars? Is Marchmont Towers a prison, that you shut your gates? as if they were never to be opened until the Day ward Arundel, in a hoarse, choking voice.

of Judgment?

The old man responded with a feeble, chirpy; laugh, an audible grin, senile and conciliatory.

dark,' he said; 'folk don't coome to the Toowers arter dark.

ing as if in hourse protest against all visitors to fiery sign inscribed upon a blazing scroll, the Towers; and Edward Arundel entered the This was the announcement which dreary domain which John Marchmont had in- Arundel read upon the gate-post of Marchmont

herited from his kinsman.

The postillion turned his horses from the high road without the gates into the broad drive leading up to the mansion. Far away, across the Miss Mary Marchmont left her home on Wedneswet flats, the broad western front of that gaunt day last, October 17th, and has not since been stone dwelling-place frowned upon the travelers, heard of, this is to give notice that the above reits black grimness only relieved by two or three ward will be given to any one who shall afford dim red patches, that told of lighted windows and such information as will lead to her recovery if human habitation. It was rather difficult to as-/she be alive, or to the discovery of her body, if Towers on this dark November night. The ner-years of age, rather below the middle height, of your traveler would have rather expected to find fair complexion, light-brown hair, and hazel diabolical denizens lurking within those black eyes. When she left her home she had on a gray and stony walls; hideous enchantments beneath / silk dress, gray shawl, and straw bonnet. She that rain-bespattered roof; weird and incarnate was last seen near the river-side upon the after-horrors brooding by deserted hearths; and fear-noon of Wednesday, the 17th instant.

ful shrieks of souls in perpetual pain breaking 'MARCHMONT TOWERS, Oct. 20, 1848.' upon the stillness of the night.

Edward Arundel had no thought of these things. He knew that the place was darksome and gloomy, and that, in very spite of himself, he had always been unpleasantly impressed by it,? but he knew nothing more. He only wanted to { reach the house without delay, and to ask for the young wife whom he had parted with upon a almy August evening three months before. He cavalry-officer, whose soldiership in the Punjaub wanted this passionately, almost madly; and had won the praises of a Napier and an Outram, every moment made his impatience wilder, his fainting away like a heroine of romance at the anxiety more intense. It seemed as if all the coming of evil tidings; but Edward Arundel, journey from Dangerfield Park to Lincolnshire who had risen from a sick-bed to take a long and

Edward Arundel looked at the panting ani-servant been luckily opened to receive a mais. They had brought him quickly, then, port him. But he did not lose his senses.

and was leaning against it for support, while he \ Mr. Morrison had read the placard on the gate

the night itself, reflected for a few moments, and tried to recover enough strength with which to clamber into the vehicle, when his eye was Cap'en Arundel! ay, to be sure, to be sure. caught by some white object flapping in the rain against the stone pillar of the gate, and made dimly visible in a flickering patch of light from the lodge-keeper's lantern.

'What's that!' he cried, pointing to this white

The old man slowly raised his eyes to the spot

gate.

(Let me in,' cried Edward Arundel; 'man sure, to be sure. I'd a'most forgot it. It ain't alive, do you think I came down here to stand all been much good, any how; and I'd a'most forgot it.'

'The printed bill! the young lady!' gasped Ed-

He snatched the lantern from the lodge-keeper's hand with a force that sent the old man reeling and tottering several paces backward; and, We've no need to keep t' geates open arter rushing to the stone pillar, held the light up above his head, on a level with the white placard which had attracted his notice. It was damp and He had succeeded by this time in turning the dilapidated at the edges; but that which was key in the lock; one of the gates rolled slowly printed upon it was as visible to the soldier as back upon its rusty hinges, creaking and groan-though each commonplace character had been a

This was the announcement which Edward

Towers:

'ONE HUNDRED Pounds Reward .- Whereas,

CHAPTER XXI.

FACE TO FACE.

It is not easy to imagine a lion-hearted young we've done it in double-quick time, Sir,' the postillion said, complacently pointing to the steaming sides of his horses. 'Master'll gie it me for driving the beasts like this.'

Edward Arundel looked.

though the way had seemed so long.

'You shall have a five-pound note, my lad,' he said, 'if you get me up to yonder house in five and tormented my wife while I've been lying like minutes.'

'Get me up to that house. They've tortured and tormented my wife while I've been lying like minutes.' He had his hand upon the door of the carriage, get me up there as quick as you can.'

postilion to drive on, and took his seat by the

young man's side.

Begging your pa.don, Mr. Edward,' he said, the young man could see that her features were gently; 'but the young lady may be found by this sharpened, and that a cettled frown had contracted time. That bill's been sticking there for upward her straight black brows. of a month, you see, Sir, and it isn't likely but what Miss Marchmont has been found between that time and this.'

Tne invalid passed his hand across his forehead, down which the cold sweat rolled in great

beads.

'Give me some brandy,' he whispered; 'pour some brandy down my throat, Morrison, if you've any compassion upon me; I must get strength her sense of external things was, as it were, sussomehow for the struggle that lies before me.

The valet took a wicker-covered flask from nate despair. his pocket, and put the neck of it to Edward

Arundel's lips.

'She may be found. Morrison,' muttered the young man, after drinking a long draught of the fiery spirit; he would willingly have drunk living fire itself, in his desire to obtain unnatural strength in this crisis. 'Yes; you're right there. She may be found. But to think that she should have been driven away! To think that my poor, belpless, tender girl should have been driven a second time from the home that is her own! Yes; { young man standing quietly before her been a her own by every law and every right. Oh, the corpse newly risen from its grave. relentless devil, the pitiless devil!—what can be 'Olivia Marchmont,' said Ca the motive of her conduct? Is it madness, or the after a brief pause, 'I have come here to look infernal cruelty of a fiend incarnate?

Mr. Morrison thought that his young master's { brain had been disordered by the shock he had her forehead, brushing the dead black hair from just undergone, and that this wild talk was mere

'Keep your heart up, Mr. Edward,' he murmured, soothingly; 'you may rely upon it the

young lady has been found.'

But Edward was in no mind to listen to any) words came. mild consolatory remarks from his valet. He had thrust his head out of the carriage-window, I heard that you were very ill; I heard that and his eyes were fixed upon the dimly-lighted youcasements of the western drawing-room.

'The room in which John and Polly and I used to sit together when first I came from India,' he murmured. 'How happy we were! how happy

we were!'

The carriage stopped before the stone portico, and the young man got out once more, assisted by his servant. His breath came short and quick now that he stood upon the threshold. He pushed aside the servant who opened the familiar door at the summons of the clanging bell, and strode into the hall. A fire burned on the wide hearth; but the atmosphere of the great stone-paved chamber was damp and chilly.

had seen lights in the windows; it was there that

he expected to find Olivia Marchmont.

Olivia Marchmont, in the mourning it only communication which she had received so, that she had worn, with but one ories mucr- from any or her Luccolnshire relations had been mission, ever since her husband's death. Her'an occasional letter from my Uncle Hubert, in

across his young master's shoulder. He lifted profile was turned toward the door by which the Captain into the carriage, should to the Edward Arundel entered the room; her eyes were bent steadily upon the low heap of burning ashes in the grate. Even in that doubtful light

> In her fixed attitude, in her air of death-like tranquility, this woman resembled some sinful vestal sister; set, against her will, to watch a sacred fire, and brooding moodily over her crimes.

She did not hear the opening of the door; she had not even heard the trampling of the horses' hoofs, or the crashing of the wheels upon the gravel before the house. There were times when pended and absorbed in the intensity of her obsti-

'Olivia!' said the soldier.

Mrs. Marchmont looked up at the sound of that accusing voice, for there was something in Edward Arundel's simple enunciation of her name which seemed like an accusation or a menace. She looked up, with a great terror in her face, and stared ghast at her unexpected visitor. Her while eneeks, her trembling lips, and dilated eyes could not have more palpably expressed a great and absorbing horror had the

'Olivia Marchmont,' said Captain Arundel,

for my wife.

The woman pushed her trembling hands across either temple, and still staring with the same unutterable horror at the face of her cousin. Several times she tried to speak; but the broken syllables died away in her throat in hoarse, inarticulate mutterings. At last, with a great effort, the

'I-I-never expected to see you,' she said;

'You heard that I was dying,' interrupted Edward Arundel; 'or that if I lived I should drag out the rest of my existence in hopeless idiocy. The doctors thought as much a week ago, when one of them, cleverer than the rest, I suppose, had the courage to perform an operation that restored me to consciousness. Sense and memory came back to me by degrees. The thick veil that had strouded the past was rent asunder; and the first image that came to me was the image of my young wife, as I had seen her upon the night of our parting. For more than three months I had been dead. I was suddenly restored to life. I asked those about me to give me tidings of my Captain Arundel walked straight to the door of wife. Had she sought me out? had she followed the western drawing-room. It was there that he me to Dangerfield? No! They could tell me nothing. They thought that I was delirious, and tried to soothe me with compassionate speeches, He was not mistaken. A shaded lamp burned merciful falsehoods, promising me that I should dimly on a table near the fire. There was a low see my darling. But I soon read the secret of dimly on a table near the fire. There was a low see my darling. But I soon read the secret of invalid-chair beside this table, an open book upon their seared looks. I saw pity and wonder minthe floor, and an Indian shawl, one he had sent to gled in my mother's face, and I entreated her to his cousin, flung carclessly upon the pillows. The one merciful to me, and to tell me the truth. She neglected fire burned low in the old fashioned had compassion upon me, and told me all she grate, and above the dull red blaze stood the knew, which was very little. She had never filure of a man, talt, dark, and doomy of heard from my wife. She had never heard of any marriage between Mary Marchmont and me,

'This was the shock that fell upon me when life and memory came back. I could not bear the imprisonment of a siek-bed. I felt that for the second time I must go out into the world to ask; the question I have periled my life, perhaps, look for my darling; and in defiance of the doctors, in defiance of my poor mother, who thought wife? that my departure from Dangerfield was a suicide, I am here. It is here that I come first to seek for my wife. I might have stopped in London to see Richard Paulette. I might sooner have gained tidings of my darling. But I came here; I came here without stopping by the way, because an uncontrollable instinct and an vnreasoning impulse tells me that it is here I ought to seek her. I am here, her husband, her only true and legitimate defender; and wee be to those

who stand between me and my wife!'

He had spoken rapidly in his passion; and he stopped, exhausted by his own vehemence, and sank heavily into a chair near the lamplit table, and only a few paces from the widow.

Then for the first time that night Olivia Marchmont plainly saw her cousin's face, and saw the terrible change that had transformed the hand-rible smile that was almost too horrible for husome young soldier since the bright August morn- manity, and yet had a certain dark and gloomy ing on which he had gone forth from Marchmont grandeur of its own. Satan, the star of the morn-Towers. She saw the traces of a long and wearing, may have so smiled despairing defiance upon some illness sadly visible in his waxen complexion, the Archangel Michael. his hollow cheeks, the faded lustre of his eyes, his dry and pallid lips. She saw all this, the wo-man whose one great sin had been to love this man wickedly and madly, in spite of her better dence in support of it.' self, in spite of her womanly pride; she saw the 'O my God!' ejaculated Edward Arundel, self, in spite of her womanly pride; she saw the 'O my God!' ejaculated Edward Arundel, change in him that had altered him from a young clasping his hands above his head in a paroxysm Appollo to a shattered and broken invalid. And of rage and despair. 'I see it all; I see it all. did any revulsion of feeling arise in her breast? My darling has been tortured to death. Woman!' did any corresponding transformation in her own the cried, 'are you possessed by a thousand fiends? heart bear witness to the baseness of her love?

of disgust, how transient soever; not so much as manhood in your nature, I appeal to that. I ask one passing shudder of painful surprise, one pand; you what has happened to my wife?' of womanly regret. No! In place of these, a, 'My wife! my wife!' The reiteration of that passionate yearning arose in this woman's haughty familiar phrase was to Olivia Marchmont like the soul; a flood of sudden tenderness rushed across perpetual thrust of a dagger aimed at an open the black darkness of her mind. She would have wound. It struck every time upon the same torcried aloud amidst a tempest of passionate sobs: tell you as much as I can, she said.

'Oh my love, my love! you are dearer to me a hundred times by this cruel charge.

your bright blue eyes and waving chestnut hair--- spoke. it was not your handsome face, your brave soldier-like bearing—that I loved. My love was not so hoarsely, base as that. I inflicted a cruel outrage upon my-'No.' self when I thought that I was the weak fool of a handsome face. Whatever I have been, my 'As she disappeared upon the morning on which love, at least, has been pure. My love is pure, you followed her. She wandered out of the though I am base. I will never shander that house, this time leaving no letter, nor message, again, for I know now that it is immortal.'

Olivia Marchmont's mind. In all her sin and she had been in the habit of going out alone into desperation she had never been so true a woman the grounds whenever she chose. as now. She had never, perhaps, been so near some hours, she was waited for and watched for being a good woman. But the tender emotion very anxiously. Then a search was made.' was swept out of her breast the next moment by 'Where?' was swept out of her breast the next moment by the first words of Edward Arundel.

Every trace of womanly feeling faded out of her slightest chance of finding her.

reply to one of hers telling him of my hopeless | face as the sunlight disappears behind the sudden darkness of a thunder-cloud.

'What question?' she asked, with icy indiffer-

'The question I have come to Lincolnshire to to ask,' cried the young man. 'Where is my

The widow :rned upon him with a horrible smile.

'I never heard that you were married,' she 'Who is your wife?'

' Mary Marchmont, the mistress of this house.' Olivia opened her eyes and looked at him in half-sardonic surprise.

'Then it was not a fable?' she said.

'What was not a fable?'

'The unhappy girl spoke the truth when she said that you had married her at some out-of-theway church in Lambeth.'

'The truth! Yes!' cried Edward Arundel. 'Who should dare to say that she spoke other than the truth? Who should dare to disbelieve

Olivia Marchmont smiled again-the same hor-

'Unfortunately,' she said, 'no one believed the poor child. Her story was such a very absurd one, and she could bring forward no shred of evi-

Is there no one sentiment of womanly compassion No; a thousand times, no! There was no thrill left in your breast? If there is one spark of wo-

'She has not been found then?' he said,

'How did she disappear?'

nor explanation of any kind whatever. It was In the sudden rush of that flood-tide of love in the middle of the day that she went out; and and tenderness, all these thoughts welled into for some time her absence caused no alarm, as But, after

'Wherever she had been in the habit of walk-'Why do you not answer my question?' he ing-in the park; in the wood; along the narrow said.

She drew herself up in the erect and rigid athouse at Kemberling—in every place where it titude that had become almost habitual to her might be reasonably imagined there was the • And all this was without result?'

Olivia Marchmont, if it was your cruelty that

drove her away.'

plied in these words. Was there any thing upon give myself the strongest right to love and defend carth that she feared now? No; nothing. Had she not endured the worst, long ago, in Edward Arundel's contempt? She had no fear of a battle you and Mary Marchmont had taken good care to with this man; or with any other creature in the keep your secrets from me. I knew nothing of world or with the whole world arrayed and your plots, your intentions. I should have conworld; or with the whole world arrayed and your plots, your intentions. I should have conbanded together against her, if need were, sidered that one of the Dangerfield Arundels Among all the torments of those black depths to would have thought his honor sullied by such an which her soul had gone down there was no such fact as a stolen marriage with an heiress, considthing as fear. That cowardly baseness is for the erably under age, and nominally in the guardian-happy and prosperous, who have something to ship of her step-mother. I did, therefore, dishe-lose. This woman was by nature dauntless and slieve the story Mary Marchmont told me. Anresolute as the hero of some classic story; but in other person, much more experienced than me. her despair she had the desperate and reckless, also disbelieved the unhappy girl's account of her courage of a starving wolf. The hand of death absence.' was upon her; what could it matter how she died?

'I am very grateful to you, Edward Arundel,' she said, bitterly, 'for the good opinion you have 'Yes; Paul Marchmont-my husband's first-always had of me. The blood of the Danger-cousin.' field Arundels must have had some drop of poison; intermingled with it, I should think, before it ward Arundel's lips. could produce such a vile creature as me; and 'O my God!' he yet I have heard people say my mother was a foundation for the warning in John Marchmont's good woman.'

The young man writhed impatiently beneath at my poor friend's fears.' the torture of his cousin's deliberate speech. Was there to be no end to this unendurable delay? wonder. Even now—now that he was in this house, face to face with the woman he had come to question, asked. it seemed as if he could not get tidings of his: wife.

So, often in his dreams, he had headed a besieging party against the Afghans, with the scal-stantly. He has been living at Kemberling for ing-ladders reared against the wall, and his men; the last three months.' behind urging him on to the encounter, and had felt himself paralyzed and helpless, with his sabre weak as a withered reed in his nerveless swered, haughtily. 'It is no business of mine to hand.

'For God's sake, let there be no quarreling with phrases between you and me, Olivia!' he of ungovernable passion. It was not against cried. 'If you or any other living being have Olivia but against himself this time that he was injured my wife, the reckoning between us shall enraged. He hated himself for the arrogant folly, be no light one. But there will be time enough the obstinate presumption, with which ne had ridito talk of that by-and-by. I stand before you culed and slighted John Marchmont's vague fears newly risen from a grave in which I have lain for; of his kinsman Paul. more than three months; as dead to the world, 'So this man has been here—is here constantly,' and to every creature I have ever loved or hated, he muttered. 'Of course; it is only natural that as if the Funeral Service had been read over my, he should hang about the place. And you and he coffin. I come to demand from you an account are stanch allies, I suppose?' he added, turning of what has happened during that interval. If upon Olivia. you palter or prevaricate with me, I shall know that it is because you fear to tell me the truth.'

'Yes; you have good reason to fear, if you' have wronged Mary Arundel. Why did she leave of her wealth; because of her superior rights, this house?

soled. I tried to do my duty to her; yes,' cried her! Heaven help my poor, gentle, guileless Olivia Marchmont, suddenly raising her voice, as darling. Surely Heaven must have had some if she had been vehemently contradicted—'yes, pity upon her when her husband was not by.' I did try to do my duty to her. I urged her to The young man dashed the blinding tears from listen to reason; I begged her to abandon her his eyes. They were the first that he had shed foolish falsehood about a marriage with you in since he had risen from that which many people London.

' Fou disbeliesed in that marriage:'

'I did,' answered Olivia.

'It was.'
'You lie,' cried Edward Arundel. 'You knew
'Why did she leave this place? God help you, the poor child had spoken the truth. You knew her-you knew me-well enough to know that I should not have detained her away from her home The widow took no notice of the threat im- an hour, except to make her my wife, except to her.

'I knew nothing of the kind, Captain Arundel;

'Another person? What other person?'

'Mr. March ...on'

'Mr. Marchmone?'

A sudden cry of rage and grief broke from Ed-

'O my God!' he exclaimed, 'there was some letter, after all. And I laughed at him; I laughed

The widow looked at her kinsman in mute

'Has Paul Marchmont been in this house?' he

'Yes.'

'When was he here?'

'He has been here often. He comes here con-

:Why ?'

'For his own pleasure, I suppose,' Olivia an-

pry into Mr. Marchmont's motives.'

Edward Arundel ground his teeth in an excess

'Stanch allies! Why?'

'Because you both hate my wife.'

'What do you mean?

'You both hate her. You, out of a base envy which made you a secondary person in this house, Because she was not happy in it, I suppose. perhaps—there is nothing else for which you She chose to shut herself up in her own room, could hate her. Paul Marchmont, because she and to refuse to be governed, or advised, or constands between him and a fortune. Heaven help

> had thought his dying bed, to search for his wife. Eut this was no time for tears or lamentations.

Stern determination took the place of tender pity arose, arrogant and unpitying, and hardened her and sorrowful love. It was a time for resolution heart against that pleading voice. and promptitude.

some foul play in this business. My wife has sake he humiliates himself to me. been missing a month; yet, when I asked my Then, with no show of relenting in her voice mother what had happened at this house during or manner, she said, deliberately, my illness, she could tell me nothing. Why did 'I can only tell you again what I told you beyou not write to tell her of Mary's flight?'

fore. The placard you saw at the park gates can

scarcely ever write to my aunt. On the other man of the world, and better able to suggest what

for confirmation of the story which you disbe- \ Marchmont's name did not appear in these adlieved.'

Olivia Marchmont smiled.

'Should I have received that confirmation?' she said. 'No. I saw your mother's letters to my forehead. father. There was no mention in those letters of 'Richar any marriage; no mention whatever of Mary in a low voice. Marchmont. This in itself was enough to con- He had ever firm my disbelief. Was it reasonable to imagine deadly chill came over him at the thought that the that you would have married, and yet have left cool, hard-headed solicitor had failed to find the

your mother in total ignorance of the fact?

'O God, help me!' cried Edward Arundel,
wringing his hands. 'It seems as if my own folly,
my own vile procrastination, have brought this trouble upon my wife. Olivia Marchmont, have The young man thrust his hand into his breast pity upon me! If you hate this girl, your malice to still the cruel beating of his heart. A sudden must surely have been satisfied by this time. She terror had taken possession of him—a horrible has suffered enough. Pity me, and help me, if dread that he should never look upon his young you have any human feeling in your breast. She wife's face again. left this house because her life here had grown 'There was something in that placard,' the solunendurable; because she saw herself doubted, dier said at last, in a hoarse, altered voice—'there disbelieved, widowed in the first month of her was something about my wife having been seen marriage, utterly desolate and friendless. other woman might have borne up against all this? misery. Another woman would have known how Marchmont's brother-in-law. to assert herself, and to defend herself, even in the midst of her sorrow and desolation. But my poor darling is a child; a buby in ignorance of the little sooner or later, we don't know which-by world. How should she retect herself against one of Farmer Pollard's men.' her enemies? Her only instruct was to run away. 'And she has never been see from her persecutors--to hime herself from those whose pretended doubts flung the horror of dis-, who has seen her. honor upon her. I can understand all now; I can understand. Olivia Marchmont, this man Paul Mr. Weston? has a strong reason for being a villain. The motives that have induced you to do wrong must be very small in comparison to his. He plays an in- , throat, as if to check some choking sensation that famous game, I believe, but he plays for a high prevented his speaking. stake.'

A high stake! Had not she periled her soul upon the casting of this die? Had she not flung down her eternal happiness in that fatal game of

'Help me, then, Olivia,' said Edward, imploringly; help me to find my wife; and atone for all that you have ever done amiss in the past. It is not too late.'

His voice softened as he spoke. He turned to her, with his hands clasped, waiting anxiously for her answer. Perhaps this appeal was the last dragged while Mr. Paulette was here, and after cry of her good angel, pleading against the devils he went away. The men were at work with the for her redemption. But the devils had too long drags for more than a week.' held possession of this woman's breast. They

'How much he loves her!' thought Olivia 'Olivia Marchmont,' he said, 'there has been | Marchmont; 'how dearly he loves her; for her

'Because Mrs. Arundel has never done me the tell you as much as I can. Mary Marchmont honor to cultivate any intimacy between us. My ran away. She was sought for in every direction, father writes to his sister-in-law sometimes. It but without success. Mr. Marchmont, who is a hand, your mother had never seen Mary March—is right in such a case as this, suggested that Mr. mont, and could not be expected to take any Paulette should be sent for. He was accordingly great interest in her proceedings. There was, communicated with. He came and instituted a therefore, no reason for my writing a special let-fresh search. He also caused a bill to be printed ter to announce the trouble that had befallen me.' and distributed through the country. Advertise-You might have written to my mother about ments were inserted in the Times and other papers. my marriage. You might have applied to her? For some reason—I forget what reason—Mary for confirmation of the story which you dish. vertisements. They were so worded as to render the publication of the name unnecessary.

Edward Arundel pushed his hand across his

'Richard Paulette has been here!' he murmured

He had every confidence in the lawyer; and a missing girl.

'Yes; he was here two or three days.'
'And he could do nothing?'

'Nothing, except what I have told you.'

An- last by the water-side. Who saw her there!'

'Mr. Weston, a surgeon of Kemberling-Paul

'Was she seen by no one else?'

'Yes; she was seen at about the same time-a

'And she has never been seen since?'

Never; that is to say, we can hear of no one

'At what time in the day was she seen by this

'At dusk; between five and six o'clock.'

Edward Arundel put his hand suddenly to his

'Olivia,' he said, 'my wife was last seen by the river-side. Does any one think that, by any unhappy accident, by any terrible fatality, she lost her way after dark, and fell into the water ?-or that-O God, that would be too horrible!-does any one suspect that she drowned herself?

'Many things have been said since her disappearance,' Olivia Marchmont answered. 'Some people say one thing, some another.'

'And it has been said that she—that she was drowned?

'Yes, many people have said so. The river was

'Nothing.'

-- that my wife fell into the river?

'Only one reason.' 'What was that?'

'I will show you,' Olivia Marchmont answered. She took a bunch of keys from her pocket, and went to an old-fashioned bureau or cabinet upon the other side of the room. She unlocked the at Kemberling, Olivia answered. 'He comes upper part of this bureau, opened one of the here every day. drawers, and took from it something which she

brought to Edward Arundel.

This something was a little shoe; a little shoe of soft bronzed leather, stained and discolored is light.' with damp and moss, and trodden down upon one side, as if the wearer had walked a weary way himself at home at Marchmont Towers, then? in it, and had been unaccustomed to so much

walking.

childishly-happy honey-moon at the little village As it is, I am only here on sufferance. near Winchester, how often he had laughed at his young wife's propensity for walking about damp meadows in such delicate little slippers as were better adapted to the requirements of a ball-room. cried Edward Arundel. No man shall seize upon He remembered the slender foot, so small that he that which belongs to my darling. No foul plot could take it in his hand; the feeble little foot of this artist-traitor shall rob her of her own. that had grown tired in long wanderings by the God knows how little value I set upon her wealth; Hampshire trout-streams, but which had toiled on but I will stand between her and those who try in heroic self-abnegation so long as it was the will to rob her, until my last gasp. No, Olivia, I'll of the sultan to pedestrianize.

'Was this found by the river-side?' he asked, looking piteously at the slipper which Mrs. March-

mont had put into his hand.

'Yes; it was found among the rushes on the shore, a mile below the spot at which Mr. Weston saw my step-daughter.

Edward Arundel put the little shoe into his

bosom.

'I'll not believe it,' he cried, suddenly; 'I'll not { She was § believe that my darling is lost to me. too good, far too good, to think of suicide; and Providence would never suffer my poor lonely child to be led away to a dreary death upon that? dismal river-shore. No, no; she fled away from \(\) this place because she was too wretched here .-She went away to hide herself among those whom she could trust, until her husband came to claim burst of tenderness, that one piteous appeal, have I will believe any thing in the world except discovered a clew to his cousin's secret. that she is lost to me. And I will not believe that, I will never believe that, until I look down at her corpse; until I lay my hand on her cold breast, and feel that her true heart has ceased beating. As I went out of this place four months ago to My darting, look for her, I will go again now. my darling, my innocent pet, my childish bride; I will go to the very end of the world in search of you.

The widow ground her teeth as she listened to (her kinsman's passionate words. Why did he forever goad her to blacker wickedness by this parade of his love for Mary?. Why did he force her to remember every moment how much cause

she had to hate this pale-faced girl.

Captain Arundel rose, and wall a few paces, leaning on his stick as he went.

You will sleep here to-night, of course?' Olivia Marchmont said.

'Sleep here!'

His tone expressed plainly enough that the place was utterly abhorrent to him.

'Yes; where else should you stay?'

'I meant to have stopped at the nearest inn.'

'The nearest inn is at Kemberling.

'That would suit me well enough,' the young | found that his valet had relied upon his master's

man answered, indifferently; I must be in Kem-'Was there any other reason for supposing that berling early to-morrow, for I must see Paul I am no nearer the comprehension Marchmont. I am no nearer the comprehension of my wife's flight by any thing that you have told me. It is to Paul Marchmout that I must took next. Heaven help him if he tries to keep the truth from me.

'You will see Mr. Marchmont here as casily as

'What for?' 'He has built a sort of painting-room down by the river-side, and he paints there whenever there

'Indeed!' cried Edward Arundel; 'he makes

'He has a right to do so, I suppose,' answered the widow, indifferently. 'If Mary Marchmont Edward Arundel remembered, in that brief, is dead, this place and all belonging to it is his.

'He has taken possession, then?'

'On the contrary, he shrinks from doing so.' 'And, by the Heaven above us, he does wisely,' 14. t stay here; I'll accept no hospitality from Mr. Larchmont. I suspect him too much.

He walked to the door; but before he reached it the widow went to one of the windows, and

pushed aside the blind.

'Look at the rain,' she said; 'hark at it; don't you hear it drip, drip, drip upon the stone? I wouldn't turn a dog out of doors upon such a night as this; and you-you are so ill-so weak. Edward Arundel, do you hate me so much that you refuse to share the same shelter with me, even for a night?

There is nothing so difficult of belief to a man who is not a coxcomb as the simple fact that he is beloved by a woman whom he does not love, and has never wooed by word or deed. But for this surely Edward Arundel must, in that sudden

He discovered nothing; he guessed nothing. But he was touched by her tone, even in spite of his utter ignorance of its meaning, and he re-

plied, in an altered manner,

'Certainly, Olivia, if you really wish it, I will stay. Heaven knows I have no desire that you and I should be ill friends. I want your help; your pity, perhaps. I am quite willing to believe that any cruel things you said to Mary arose from an outbreak of temper. I can not think that you could be base at heart. I will even attribute your disbelief of the statement made by my poor girl as to our marriage to the narrow prejudices learned in a dismal country town. Let us be friends, Olivia.

He held out his hand. His cousin laid her cold fingers in his open palm, and he shudddered as if he had come in contact with a corpse. There was nothing very cordial in the salutation. The two hands seemed to drop asunder, lifeless and inert; as if to bear mute witness that between. these two pople there was no possibility of sympathy or union.

But Captain Arundel accepted his cousin's hos-Indeed, he had need to do so; for he pitality.

stopping at the Towers, and had sent the carriage -back to Swampington. A tray with cold meat that, but she did not recover strength. Her low glass of Madeira, and made some pretense of medical man should be consulted. eating a few mouthfuls, out of courtesy to Olivia; but he did this almost mechanically. He sat silent and gloomy, brooding over the terrible shock that he had so newly received; brooding over the Mary, he said. He gave her a little medicine, interval, during which he had been as powerless vous system. He could give her no medicine that to defend his wife from trouble as a dead man.

him, each time with a fresh agony—that if he from every one. had written to his mother, if he had told her the story of his marriage, the things which had happened could never have come to pass. Mary fore him; the image of a pale, sorrowful girl, would have been sheltered and protected by a holding herself apart from her persecutors, aban-

young man had to bear.

am too cruelly punished for having forgotten every.

thing in my happiness with my darling.

The widow sat in her low easy-chair near the fire, with her eyes fixed upon the burning coals; the grate had been replenished, and the light of, the red blaze shone full upon Olivia Marchmont's haggard face Edward Arundel, aroused for a Surprised at one change which an interval of a about her as I would about another woman.

months had made in his cousin. The gloomy sadow which he had often seen on her face had become a fixed expression: every line had deep- mind. What if this helpless girl had been deepe, as it by the wear and tear of ten years, tained by force at Marchmont Towers? rather than by the progress of a few months. Olivia Marchmont had grown old before her time. Nor was this the only change. There was a look, must be superior to any deliberate sin. I have undefined and undefinable, in the large luminous all my life believed in you, and respected you as gray eyes, unnaturally luminous now, which filled : Edward Arundel with a vague sense of terror, a terror which he would not-which he dared fill up the dead blank that the horrible interval not-attempt to analyze. He remembered Mary's unreasoning fear of her step-mother, and he now scarcely wondered at that fear. There was something almost weird and unearthly in the aspect of the woman sitting opposite to him by the broad hearth; no vertige of color in her gloomy face, a strange light burning in her eyes, and her black draperies falling round her in straight lustreless folds.

'I fear you have been ill, Olivia,' the young hearing of your accident—'

man said, presently.

Another sentiment had arisen in his breast side by side with that vague terror—a fancy that perhaps there was some reason why his cousin should

be pitied.

'Yes,' she answered, indifferently; as if no sub-ject of which Captain Arundel could have spoken would have been of less concern to her-'yes, I have been very ill.'

'I am sorry to hear it.'

was the strangest he had ever seen upon a woman's face.

'I am very sorry to hear it. What has been the matter with you?

'Slow fever, Mr. Weston said.'

'Mr. Weston?'

'Yes; Mr. Marchmont's brother-in-law. He has succeeded to Mr. Dawnfield's practice at Kemberling. He attended me, and he attended my step-daughter.

'My wife was ill, then?'

'Yes; she had brain-fever; she recovered from and wine was brought into the drawing-room for spirits alarmed me, and I considered it only the young soldier's refreshment. He drank a right-Mr. Marchment suggested also-that a

'And what did this man, this Mr. Weston,

say?'
'Very little; there was nothing the matter with hidden things that had happened in that dreary but only in the desire of strengthening her nerwould have any very good effect upon ber spirits Again and again the cruel thought returned to while she chose to keep herself obstinately apart

The young man's head sank upon his breast. The image of his desolate young wife arose begood and loving woman. This thought, this hor-doned, lonely, despairing. Why had she remained rible self-reproach, was the bitterest thing the at Marchmont Towers? Why had she ever consented to go there, when she had again and again 'It is too great a punishment,' he thought; 'I expressed such terror of he step-mother? Why had she not rather followed her husband down to Devonshire, and thrown herself upon his relatives for protection? Was it like this loving girl to remain quietly here in Lincolnshire, when the man she loved with such innocent devotion was lying between life and death away in the west?

'She is such a child,' he thought-'such a child few moments out of his gloomy abstraction, was in her ignorance of the world. I must not reason

> And then a sudden flush of passionate emotion rose to his face, as a new thought flashed irto his

> 'Olivia,' he cried, 'whatever baseness this man Paul Marchmont may be capable of, you at least a good woman. Tell me the truth, then, for pity's sake. Nothing that you can tell me will since my accident has made in my life. But you can give me some help. A few words from you may clear away much of this darkness. How did you find my wife? How did you induce her to come back to this place? I know that she had an unreasonable dread of returning here.

> 'I found her through the agency of Mr. Marchmont,' Otivia answered, quietly. 'I had some difficulty in inducing her to return here; but after

How was the news of that broken to her?'

'Unfortunately she saw a paper that had happened to be left in her way.

'By whom?'

'By Mr. Marchmont.'

'Where was this?

In Hampshire.

'Indeed! then Paul Marchmont went with you i to Hampshire?

'He did. He was of great service to me in Olivia looked up at him and smiled. Her smile this crisis. After seeing the paper my stepdaughter was seized with brain-fever. She was unconscious when we brought her back to the Towers. She was nursed by my old servant Barbara, and had the highest medical care. Ido not think that, any thing more could have been done for her.

'No,' answered Edward Arundel, bitterly, 'unless you could have loved her.

'We can not force our affections,' the widow said, in a hard voice.

Another voice in her breast seemed to whisper,

this girl? If you had loved me, the whole world dight.

would have been different.'

'Olivia Marchmont,' said Captain Arundel, 'by field,' the valet muttered, in a melancholy voice; your own avowal there has never been any affection for this orphan girl in your heart. It is not are not damp. I've been a stirrin' of the fire and my business to dwell upon the fact, as something almost unnatural under the peculiar circumtatural under the peculiar stances through which that helpless child was a cast upon your protection. It is needless to try to understand why you have hardened your heart of the spacious chamber, looking out into a long, against my poor wife. Enough that it is so. But tow-roofed corridor, in which he had just enter your feelings countered Barbara, Mrs. Marchmont's confidenmay be toward your dead husband's daughter, tial attendant—the wooden-faced, inscrutable-you would not be guilty of any deliberale act of toking woman who, according to Olivia, had treachery against her. I can affect to believe worthed and ministered to his wife treachery against her. I can afford to believe watched and ministered to his wife. this of you; but I can not believe it of Paul \ 'Was that the tenderest face that looked down Marchmont. That man is my wife's natural \upon my darling as she lay on her sick-bed?' he enemy. If he has been here during my illness, thought. I had almost as soon have had a ghoul he has been here to plot against her. When he to watch by my poor dear's pillow. came here, he came to attempt her destruction. She stands between him and this estate. Long ago, when I was a careless school-boy, my poor { friend John Marchmont told me that, if ever the day came upon which Mary's interests should be opposed to the interests of her cousin, that man would be a dire and bitter enemy; so much the more terrible because in all appearance her? riend. The day came; and I, to whom the or-part of that November night, listening to the phan girl had been left as a sacred legacy, was ceaseless dripping of the rain upon the terrace, not by to defend her. But I have risen from the and thinking of Paul Marchmont. It was of this bed that many have thought a bed of death; and man that he must demand an account of his wife. I come to this place with one indomitable resolu-{ Nothing that Olivia had told him had in any way tion paramount in my breast—the determination} lessened this determination. The little slipper to find my wife, and to bring condign punishment found by the water's edge; the placard flapping upon the man who has done her wrong.'

passion was not the more terrible because of the probable accident—all these things were as nosuppression of those common outward evidences thing beside the young man's suspicion of taul by which fury ordinarily betrays itself. He re- Marchmont. He had pooh-poohed John's dread by which fury ordinarily betrays itself. lapsed into thoughtful silence.

Olivia made no answer to any thing that he had s said. She sat looking at him steadily, with an a traitor and a plotter against his young wife. admiring awe in her face. How splendid he was, He lay tossing from side to side all that nig this young hero, even in his sickness and feebleness! How splendid, by reason of the grand courage, the chivalrous devotion, that shone out spirasion round a fitful sleep, in whose districted of his blue eyes!

The clock struck eleven while the cousins sat; opposite to each other-only divided, physically, of fitness in these dreams; for sometimes Edward by the width of the tapestried hearth-rug; but, Arundel and the artist were wreeting together. oh, how many weary miles asunder in spirit!and Edward Arundel rose, startled from his sor-

rowful reverie.

'If I were a strong man,' he said, 'I would see Paul Marchmont to-night. But I must wait till ! to-norrow morning. At what time does he come? to has painting-room?

'At hight o'clock when the mornings are bright; but later when the weather is dull.'

'At eight o'clock! I pray Heaven the sun may shine early to-morrow. I pray Heaven I may not have to wait long before I find myself face to face with that man! Good-night, Olivia!'

and lit it almost mechanically. He found Mr. help of his cane, upon which he had need to lean Morrison waiting for him, very sleepy and despondent, in a large bedchamber in which Captain Arundel had never slept before—a dreary rison, he said. 'I am going out before break-apartment decked out with the faded splendors fast. You may as well come with me, by-theapartment decked out with the faded splendors fast. You may as well come with me, by-the-of the past; a chamber in which the restless by; for I doubt if I could walk as far as I want sleeper might expect to see a phantom lady in a to go, without the help of your aim. ghostly sack, cowering over the embers, and In the hall Captain Arundel found one of the

'Why do you reproach me for not having leved spreading her transparent hands above the red

'It isn't particular comfortable, after Danger-

Captain Arundel scarcely heard what his servant said to him. He was standing at the door

'Was that the tenderest face that looked down

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PAINTING-ROOM BY THE RIVER.

EDWARD ARUNDEL lay awake through the best on the moss-grown pillar at the entrance to the Captain Arundel spoke in a low voice; but his { park; the story of a possible suicide, or a more thing beside the young man's suspicion of Paul of his kinsman as weak and unreasonable; and now, with the same unreason, he was ready to condemn this man, whom he had never seen, as

He lay tossing from side to side all that night, weak and feverish, with great drops of cold rerspiration rolling down his pale face, sometimes dreams Paul Marchmont was forever present, now one man, now anothe. To re was no sense with newly-sharpened daggets in their cae hands, each thirsting for the other's blood; and in the next moment they were friends, and had been friendly-as it seemed-for years.

The young man woke from one of these last dreams, with words of good-fellowship upon his lips, to find the morning light gleaming through the narrow openings in the damask window-curtains, and Mr. Morrison laying out his master's dressing apparatus upon the carved oak toilettable.

Captain Arundel dressed himself as fast as he could, with the assistance of the valet, and then He took a candle from a table near the door, made his way down the broad staircase, with the pretty heavily, for he was as weak as a child.

'You had better give me the brandy-flask, Mor-

servants. The western door was open, and the {rather an eccentricity affected by artists, and man was standing on the threshold looking out at {permitted as the wild caprice of i responsible the morning. The rain had ceased; but the day {beings, not amenable to the laws that govern radiations were promise to be your bright for the standard promise to be your bright for the standard promise to be your bright. did not yet promise to be very bright, for the sun tional and respectable people. gleamed like a ball of burnished copper through } a pale November mist.'

down to the boat-house?' Edward asked.

of coffee with my mistress.

guiltiess of any deliberate treachery.

March mont's lifetime had now, in a certain rough the awkwardness of this piece of architecture manner, been completed. The place which had was the impossibility of otherwise getting the hitherto appeared likely to fall into utter decay all-desirable northern light for the illumination had been rendered weather-tight and habitable; of his rough studio.

This was the chamber in which Edward Arunivy-covered chimney, gave evidence of occupa- del found the man from whom he came to detion. Beyond this, a large wooden shed, with a mand an account of his wife's disappearance. wide window fronting the north, had been The artist was evidently quite prepared to receive erected close against the beat-house. This rough his visitor. He made no pretense of being taken shed Edward Arundel at once understood to be off his guard, as a meaner pretender might have the painting-room which the artist had built for done. One of Paul Marchmont's theories was,

shed. A man's voice—a tenor voice, rather thin only a fool that tells a lie when he can conveand metallic in quality—was singing a scrap niently tell the truth. of Rossini upon the other side of the frail wood-

Marchmont in the bare wooden shed. The painter bacco-smoke gives a tone to one's pictures. If had dressed himself for his work. His coat and so, mine ought to be Rembrandt's in depth of waisteoat lay upon a chair near the door. He color.' had put on a canvas jacket, and had drawn a loose pair of linen trowsers over those which be- had been offered to him. If he could by any longed to his usual costume. So far as this paint- possibility have rejected even this amount of hosbesmeared coat and trowsers went, nothing could pitality from Paul Marchmont he would have have been more slovenly than Paul Marchmont's done so; but he was a great deal too weak to appearance; but some tinge of foppery exhibited stand, and he knew that his interview with the itself in the black velvet smoking-cap, which contrasted with and set off the silvery whiteness of his hair, as well as in the delicate curve of his hair, as well as in the delicate curve of his large to day she most likely at large to see me

Edward Anundel sharply scrutinized the face and figure of the artist. He cast a rapid glance Do you know if Mr. Paul Marchmont has gone round the bare whitewashed walls of the shed, trying to read even in those bare walls some 'Yes, Sir,' the man answered; 'I met him just chance clew to the painter's character. But now in the quadrangle. He'd been having a cup there was not much to be gleaned from the details of that almost empty chamber. A dismal, Edward started. They were friends, then, black-looking iron stove, with a crooked chim-Paul Marchmont and Olivia !- friends, but surely ney, stood in one corner. A great easer occupied not allies! Whatever villainy this man might be the centre of the room. A sheet of tin, nailed capable of committing, Olivia must at least be upon a wooden shutter, swung backward and forward against the northern window, blown to and Captain Arundel took his servant's arm and fro by the damp wind that crept in through the walked cut into the quadrangle, and from the crevices in the frame-work of the roughly-fash-quadrangle in the low-lying woody swamp, where ioned casement. A heap of canvases were piled the stunted areas looked grim and wierd-like in against the walls, and here and there a half-their leafless aglitiess. Weak as the young man finished picture—a lurid Tuneresque landscape: was, he wilked rapidly across the sloppy ground, a black stormy sky; a rocky mountain-pass, dyed which had been almost flooded by the continual blood-red by the setting sun—was propped up rains. He was borne up by his fierce desire to against the whitewashed back-ground. Scattered be sace to face with Paul Marchmont. The scraps of water-color, crayon, old engravings, savage energy of his mind was stronger than any sketches torn and tumbled, bits of rock-work and physical debility. He dismissed Mr. Morrison as foliage, lay littered about the floor; and on a soon as he was within sight of the boat-house, paint-stained deal-table of the roughest and plain-and went on alone, leaning on his stick, and est fashion were gathered the color-tubes and pausing now and then to draw breath, angry with pallets, the brushes and sponges and dirty cloths, himself for his weakness.

the greasy and sticky tin cans, which form the paraphernalia of an artist. Opposite the northbeen patched up by some country workmen. A ern window was the moss-grown stone staircase handful of plaster here and there, a little new leading up to the pavilion over the boat-house. brick-work, and a mended window frame, bore Mr. Marchmont had built his painting-room witness of this. The ponderous old-fashioned against the side of the pavilion, in such a manner wooden-shutters had been repaired, and a good as to shut in the staircase and doorway which deal of the work which had been begun in John formed the only entrance to it. His excuse for

that as it is only a fool who would use brass He paused a moment outside the door of this where he could as easily employ gold, so it is

'Captain Arundel, I believe?' he said, pushing a chair forward for his visitor. 'I am sorry to Edward Arundel knocked with the handle of say I recognize you by your appearance of ill his stick upon the door. The voice left off sing- health. Mrs. Marchmont told me you wanted to ing to say 'Come in.'

The soldier opened the door, crossed the put it out if it does. No? Then, if you'll allow threshold, and stood face to face with Paul me, I'll go on smoking. Some people say to-

Edward Arundel dropped into the chair that

amber mustache. A mustache was not a very here to-day, she most likely told you a great deal common adornment in the year 1848. It was more. Did she tell you that I look to you to ac-

wife?

who should say, 'This young man is an invalid. I must not suffer myself to be aggravated by his absurdity.' Then taking his meerschaum from his lips, he set it down, and seated himself at a few paces from Edward Arundel, on the lowest of the moss-grown steps leading up to the pa-

'My dear Captain Arundel,' he said, very gravely, your cousin did repeat to me a great deal of last night's conversation. She told me that you had spoken of me with a degree of violence, natural enough, perhaps, to a hot-tempered young soldier, but in no manner justified by our relations. When you call upon me to account for the disappearance of Mary Marchmont, you act about as rationally as if you declared me 'From Mrs. Arundel, August 31st.' answerable for the pulmonary complaint that carried away her father. If, on the other hand, you call upon me to assist you in the endeavor to fathom the mystery of her disappearance, you will find me ready and willing to aid you to the the inner paper. very uttermost. It is to my interest as much as The copy was to yours that this mystery should be cleared up.

'And in the mean time you take possession of

this estate?

'No, Captain Arundel. The law would allow me to do so; but I decline to touch one farthing of the revenue which this estate yields, or to commit one act of ownership, until the mystery of several reasons, prefer to withhold. If you can Mary Marchmont's disappearance, or of her oblige me by informing me whether there is any death, is cleared up. foundation for this statement you will confer a

'The mystery of her death!' said Edward very great favor upon Arundel; 'you believe, then, that she is dead?'

'I anticipate nothing; I think nothing,' answered the artist; 'I only wait. The mysteries' of life are so many and so incomprehensiblethe stories, which are every day to be read by ward Arundel's mother, was equally brief: any man who takes the trouble to look through a new spaper, are so strange, and savor so much of the improbabilities of a novel-writer's first wild fiction—that I am ready to believe every that there can be no foundation whatever for the thing and any thing. Mary Marchmont struck me, from the first moment in which I saw her, as ! sadly deficient in mental power. Nothing she his present unhappy state renders it impossible could do would astonish me. She may be hiding for me to receive the assurance from his own lips, herself away from us, prompted only by some my confidence in his high principles justifies me eccentric fancy of her own. She may have fall in contradicting any such report as that which ten into the power of designing people. She may forms the subject of your letter. have purposely placed her slipper by the waterside in order to give the idea of an accident or a suicide, or she may have dropped it there by chance and walked barefoot to the nearest railway station. when she ran away from Marchmont Towers; she may have acted unreasonably again.

'You do not think, then, that she is dead?' · I hesitate to form any opinion; I positively

decline t. express one.

Edward Arundel gnawed savagely at the ends of his mustache. This man's cool imperturbability, which had none of the studied smoothness of hypocrisy, but which seemed rather the plain candor of a thorough man of the world, who had no wish to pretend to any sentiment he did not and at that time very much enfeebled by the feel, baffled and infuriated the passionate young effect of a fever. soldier. Was it possible that this man, who met him with such cool self assertion, who in no man- mother's letter in his hand. Even his motherner avoided any discussion of Mary Marchmont's disappearance—was it possible that he could have woman, whose protection he had so freely promhad any treacherous and guilty part in that ca- ised, ten years before, in the lobby of Drury Lane, lamity? Olivia's manner looked like guilt; but to John Marchmont's motherless child-even

count to me for the disappearance of my Paul Marchmont's seemed the personification of innocence. Not angry innocence, indignant that: Paul Marchmont shrugged his shoulders, as its purity should have been suspected; but the matter-of-fact, commonplace innocence of a man of the world, who is a great deal too clever to: play any hazardous and villainous game.

You can perhaps answer me this question, Mr. Marchmont, said Edward Arundel. Why was my wife doubted when she told the story of her

marriage?'

The artist smiled, and rising from his seat upon the stone step, took a pocket-book from one of the pockets of the coat that he had been wearing.

'I can answer that question,' he said, selecting a paper from among others in the pocket-book.—
'This will answer it.'

He handed Edward Arundel the paper, which was a letter folded lengthways, and indorsed, Within this letter was another paper, indorsed, 'Copy of letter to Mrs. Arundel, August 28th.'

'You had better read the copy first,' Mr. Marchmont said, as Edward looked doubtfully at

The copy was very brief, and ran thus:

'MARCHMONT Towers, August 28, 1848. 'MADAM,—I have been given to understand that your son, Captain Arundel, within a fortnight of his sad accident, contracted a secret marriage with a young lady whose name I, for foundation for this statement you will confer a

> 'Your obedient servant, 'PAUL MARCHMONT.'

The answer to this letter, in the hand of Ed-

DANGERFIELD PARK, Jug et 31, 1845.

'Sir,-In reply to your inquiry, i beg to state report to which you allude. My son is too honorable to contract a secret marriage; and although in contradicting any such report as that which forms the subject of your letter.

'I am, Sir, yours obediently,

'LETITIA ARUNDEL.'

The soldier stood, mute and confounded, with She acted unreasonably before his mother's letter in his hand. It seemed as if every creature had been against the helpless girl whom he had made his wife. Every hand had been lifted to drive her from the house that was her own; to drive her out upon the world, of which she was ignorant, a wanderer and an outcast; perhaps to drive her to a cruel death.

'You can scarcely wonder if the receipt of that letter confirmed me in my previous belief that Mary Marchmont's story of a marriage arose out of the weakness of a brain never too strong,

Edward Arundel was silent. He crushed his even his mother—that tender and compassionate

she, by some hideous fatality, had helped to the blank windows that stared down at him from bring grief and shame upon the lonely girl. All the discolored walls. spemed enveloped in a wretched obscurity, most beside himself in his perplexity and desseemed freely given; but the story remained as could speak!'
dark as ever. What did it all mean? What He ground his teeth in a passion of sorrowful was the clew to the mystery? Was this man, rage.
Paul Marchmont—busy among his unfinished pictures, and bearing in his every action, in his stone-wall as by talking to my cousin, Olivia every word, the stamp of an easy-going, free-Marchmont,' he thought, presently. 'Why is speaken soldier of fortune—likely to have been that woman so venomous a creature in her hatred come to him.

irresolute, brooding over these things.

that she still lives, and is hiding herself out of some; the false throats of these wretches?" persistent folly. Perhaps, now you are able to { act in the business, there may be a better chance violence of his rage.

of finding her. I am old enough to be your father, and am ready to give you the help of any but a dream. In dreams he had often felt this accept my help?"

Edward Arundel paused for a moment with experienced such a sensation. his head still bent, and his eyes fixed upon the \

but no one loves this missing girl as I love her; Marchmont Towers. unaided; except by such help as I pray that God done with each other yet.' may give me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE DARK.

the compass of a brief honey-moon, went back and Heaven have mercy upon that wretched to that dark and gloomy mansion within whose encircling walls Mary had pined and despaired.

'Why did she stop here?' he thought; 'why didn't she come to me? I thought her first im- dow, saw her kinsman's face while this thought pulse would have brought her to me. I thought was in his mind. The expression which she saw

He groped his way feebly and wearily amidst blanched even to a paler hue than that which the leafless wood, and through the rotting vege-had lately become habitual to it.

Am I afraid of him? he thought, as she

through whose thick darkness he could not penetrate. He felt himself encompassed by a web walls could speak, and tell me what my darling
of mystery athwart which it was impossible for suffered within their shadow! If they could
him to cut his way to the truth. He asked questell me why she despaired, and ran away to hide tion after question, and received answers which herself from her husband and protector! If they

spoken soldier of fortune—likely to have been that woman so venomous a creature in her hatred guilty of any dark and subtle villainy against of my innocent wife? Why is it that, whether I the missing girl? He had disbelieved in the threaten or whether I appeal, I can gain nothing marriage; but he had had some reason for his from her—nothing? She baffles me as completely doubt of a fact that could not very well be wel-by her measured answers, which seem to reply to my questions, and which yet tell me nothing, as The young man rose from his chair, and stood if she were a brazen image set up by the dark ignorance of a heathen people, and dumb in the 'Come, Captain Arundel,' cried Paul March- absence of an impostor-priest. She baffles me, mont, heartily, 'believe me, though I have not question her how I will. And Paul Marchmont, much superfluous sentimentality left in my com-; again-what have I learned from him? Am I a position after a pretty long encounter with the fool, that people can prevaricate and lie to me world, still I can truly sympathize with your relike this? Has my brain no sense, and my arm gret for this poor silly child. I hope, for your sake, no strength, that I can not wring the truth from

The young man gnashed his teeth again in the

knowledge of the world which I may have gath-terrible sense of impotence wrestling with a mad ered in the experience of a lifetime. Will you desire to achieve something or other. But never before in his waking hours had the young soldier

He stopped, irresolute, almost bewildered, lookground. Then suddenly lifting his head, he ing back at the boat-house, a black spot far away looked full in the artist's face as he answerd him. down by the sedgy brink of the slow river, and 'Ne!' he cried. 'Your offer may be made then again turning his face toward the monotoin all good faith, and if so, I thank you for it; nous lines of windows in the eastern frontage of

no one has so good a right as I have to protect 'I let that man play with me to day,' he thought; and shelter her. I will look for my wife, alone, but our reckoning is to come. We have not 'I let that man play with me to-day,' he thought;

He walked on to the low archway leading into

the quadrangle.

The room which had been John Marchmont's study, and which his widow had been wont to occupy since his death, looked into this quadrangle. Edward Arundel saw his cousin's dark head bending over a book, or a desk perhaps, behind the window.

EDWARD ARUNDEL walked slowly back to the Towers, shaken in body, perplexed in mind, baffed, disappointed, and most miserable; the young poor lost girl? To which of these two am I to husband, whose married life had been shut within look? Heaven guide me to find the guilty one; creature when the hour of reckoning comes, for I will have none.'

Oliria Marchmont, looking through the winmy poor childish love would have set out on foot there was so terrible, so merciless, so sublime in to seek her husband, if need were.' its grand and vengeful beauty, that her own face

shelter of the naked trees. He groped his way pressed her forehead against the cold glass, and toward the dismal eastern front of the great stone by a physical effort restrained the convulsive dwelling-house, his face always turned toward trembling that had suddenly shaken her frame.

inflict upon me worse than that which he has that very window! and how she had always lost done me from the very first? If he could drag her pawns, and left bishops and knights undeme to a scaffold, and deliver me with his own fended, while trying to achieve impossible conhands into the grasp of the hangman, he would quests with her queen! The young man paced do me no deeper wrong than he has done messlowly backward and forward across the oldfrom the hour of my earliest remembrance of fashioned bordered carpet, trying to think what him. He could inflict no new pangs, no sharper he should do. He must form some plan of action torture, than I have been accustomed to suffer at in his own mind, he thought. There was foul his hands. He does not love me. He has never work somewhere, he most implicitly believed; loved me. He never will love me. That is my and it was for him to discover the motive of the wrong; and it is for that I take my revenge!'

She lifted her head, which had rested in a sullen attitude against the glass, and looked at the soldier's figure slowly advancing toward the Paul Marchmont was Mary's natural enemy.

western side of the house.

which Edward Arundel had seen light up her face ; feated. on the previous night-she muttered between her set teeth,

try to undo what I have done? Shali I thrust Marchmont's orphan child from her home once, myself between others and Mr. Edward Arundel? and who might, by the same power to tyrannize Shall I make myself the ally and champion of and torture a weak and yielding nature, have so this gallant soldier, who seldom speaks to me ex-, banished her again. cept to insult and upbraid me: Shall I take justice into my hands, and interfere for my kins-the defenseless girl, and might have between man's benefit? No; he has chosen to threaten them plotted a wrong against her. me; he has chosen to believe vile things of me. From the first his indifference has been next kin ling?' cried Edward Arundel. 'Who will help to insolence. Let him take care of himself.'

Edward Arundel took no heed of the gray eyes that watched him with such a vengeful light in that the young man spoke of his wife. That dark their fixed gaze. He was still thinking of his thought which had been suggested to him by the missing wife, still feeling, to a degree that was words of Olivia, by the mute evidence of the litintolerably painful, that miserable dream-like the bronze slipper picked up near the river-brink, sense of utter helplessness and prostration.

forever going backward and forward between my he could not-think that his wife was dead. In Cousin Olivia and Paul Marchmont? forever all his confused and miserable dreams that dreary questioning them, first one and then the other, and November night, no dream had ever shown him

never getting any nearer to the truth?

faint link of association, some memory thrust, before he could clasp his rescued wife in his upon him by the aspect of the place in which he arms; but he never thought that she was dead. was, brought back the simple-minded tutor who had taught him mathematics eighteen years be-side Marchmont Towers—away beyond the walls fore—my poor friend, if this girl had not been of this grim, enchanted castle, where evil spirits my love and my wife, surely the memory of your trust in me would be enough to make me a desperate and merciless avenger of her wrongs.

the tenantless western drawing-room-a dreary chamber, with its grim and faded splendor, its something, perhaps. I will go to her. stiff, old-fashioned furniture; a chamber which, unadorned by the presence of youth and innovant, the faithful Morrison, who had been eating cence, had the aspect of belonging to a day that a very substantial breakfast with the domestics was gone and people that were dead. So might of the Towers-the sauce to meat' being a prohave looked one of those sealed-up chambers in longed discussion of the facts connected with the buried cities of Italy, when the doors were Mary Marchmont's disappearance and her relaopened, and eager living eyes first looked in upon tions with Edward Arundel-and who came, rathe habitations of the dead.

Edward Arundel walked up and down the empty drawing-room. There were the ivory of this master's voice. chessmen that he had brought from India, under 'I want you to get me some vehicle, and a lad a glass shade on an inlaid table in a window. who will drive me a few miles, Morrison,' the

Am I afraid of him? No! what injury can he, How often he and Mary had played together in treachery and the person of the traitor.

Paul Marchmont! Paul Marchmont!

His mind always traveled back to this point. Paul Marchmont was therefore surely the man Then, with a smile—the same horrible smile to be suspected, the man to be found out and de-

And yet, if there was any truth in appearances, it was Olivia who was most inimical to the 'Snall I be sorry because this vengeance has missing girl; it was Olivia whom Mary had fallen across my pathway? Shall I repent, and feared; it was Olivia who had driven John

Or these two, Paul and Olivia, might both hate

'Who will tell me the truth about my lost dar-

me to look for my missing love?'

His lost darling; his missing love. It was thus onse of utter helplessness and prostration. had never taken root, or held even a temporary 'What am I to do?' he thought. 'Shall I be place in his breast. He would not—nay, more, that. No image of death had mingled itself with He asked himself this question, because the the distorted shadows that had tormented his extreme anguish, the intense anxiety, which he sleep. No still white face had looked up at him had endured, seemed to have magnified the through a veil of murky waters. No moaning smallest events, and to have multiplied a hun-sob of a rushing stream had mixed its dismal dredfold the lapse of time. It seemed as if he sound with the many voices of his slumbers. No; had already spent half a lifetime in his search he feared all manner of unknown sorrows: he after John Marchmont's lost daughter. looked vaguely forward to a sea of difficulty, to 'Oh my friend, my friend!' he thought, as some be waded across in blindness and bewilderment

> Presently the idea came to him that it was outof this grim, enchanted castle, where evil spirits seemed to hold possession—that he should seek for the clew to his wife's hiding-place.

The went into the hall, and from the hall to the tenantless western drawing room—a dreary he thought. 'She may be able to tell me

diant and greasy from the enjoyment of hot but-

young soldier said; 'or you can drive me your-

self, perhaps?'

Pa often, when we was travelin' together. I'll carelessly stuffed into it, and among them Capits springs.

'Get any thing,' muttered Captain Arundel, 'so in his pocket-book ever since. long as you can get it without loss of time.

All fuss and anxiety upon the subject of his health worried the young man. He felt his head dizzied with weakness and excitement; his armthat muscular right arm which had done him good service two years before in an encounter with a tigress—as weak as the jewel-bound wrist of a delicate woman. But he chafed against any thing like consideration of his weakness; he re-belled against anything that seemed likely to hinder him in that one object upon which all the powers of his mind were bent.

Mr. Morrison went away with some show of briskness, but dropped into a very leisurely pace as soon as he was fairly out of his master's sight. He went straight to the stables, where he had a pleasant gossip with the grooms and hangers-on, and amused himself further by inspecting every bit of horse-flesh in the Marchmont stables, prior to selecting a quiet gray cob which he felt himself capable of driving, and an old-fashioned gig, with a yellow body and black-and-yellow wheels, bearing a strong resemblance to a monstrous

wooden wasp.

While the faithful attendant to whom Mrs. Arundel had delegated the care of her son was thus employed, the soldier stood in the stone hall, looking out at the dreary wintry landscape, and pining to hurry away across the dismal swamps to the village in which he hoped to hear tidings of her he sought. He was lounging in a deep oaken window-seat, looking hopelessly at that barren prospect, that monotonous expanse of flat morass and leaden sky, when he heard a footstep behind him, and, turning round, saw Olivia's confidential servant, Barbara Simmons; the woman who had watched by his wife's sick-bedwoman whom he had compared to a ghoul.

She was walking slowly across the hall toward Olivia's room, whither a bell had just summoned her. Mrs. Marchmont had lately grown fretful and capricious, and did not care to be waited upon by any one except this woman, who had known her from her childhood, and was no stran-

ger to her darkest moods.

Edward Arundel had determined to appeal to every living creature who was likely to know any thing of his wife's disappearance, and he snatched the first opportunity of questioning this

'Stop, Mrs. Simmons,' he said, moving away from the window; 'I want to speak to you; I want

to talk to you about my wife.

The woman turned to him with a blank face, whose expressionless stare might mean either } genuine surprise, or an obstinate determination { not to understand anything that might be said to

'Your wife, Captain Arundel,' she said, in cold measured tones, but with an accent of astonishment.

'Yes, my wife. Mary Marchmont, my lawfully-wedded wife. Look here, woman, clied Edward Arundel, if you can not accept the word of a soldier, and an honorable man, you can perhaps believe the evidence of your eyes.'

He took a morocco memorandum-book from his breast-pocket. It was full of letters, cards, 'Certainly, Master Edward; I have driven your bank-notes, and miscellaneous scraps of paper, go and see if there's a phee-aton or a chay that tain Arundel found the certificate of his marwill suit you, Sir; something that goes easy on riage, which he had put away at random upon his wedding morning, and which had lain unheeded

'Look here!' he cried, spreading the document before the waiting-woman's eyes, and pointing, with a shaking hand, to the lines. 'You believe

that, I suppose?

'Oh yes, Sir,' Barbara Simmons answered, after deliberately reading the certificate. 'I have no reason to disbelieve it; no wish to disbelieve it.

'No, I suppose not,' muttered Edward Arundel,' unless you too are leagued with Paul March-

mont.'

The woman did not flinch at this hinted accusation, but answered the young man in that slow and emotionless manner which no change of circumstance seemed to have power to alter.

'I am leagued with no one, Sir,' she said, coldly. 'I serve no one except my mistress, Miss

Olivia-I mean Mrs. Marchmont.

The study-bell rang for the second time while she was speaking.

'I must go to my mistress now, Sir,' she said.

'You heard her ringing for me.'
'Go, then, and let me see you as you come back. I tell you I must and will see you and speak to you. Every body in this house tries to avoid me. It seems as if I was not to get a straight answer from any one of you. But I will know all that is to be known about my lost wife. Do you hear, woman? I will know!

'I will come back to you directly, Sir,' Barbara

Simmons answered, quietly.

The leaden calmness of this woman's manner irritated Edward Arundel beyond all power of expression. Before his Cousin Olivia's gloomy coldness he had been flung back upon himself as before an iceberg; but every now and then some sudden glow of fiery emotion had shot up amidst the frigid mass, lurid and blazing, and that iceberg had for a moment, at least, been transformed into an angry and passionate woman, who might in that moment of fierce emotion betray the dark secrets of her soul. But this woman's manner presented a passive barrier, athwart which the young soldier was as powerless to penetrate as he would have been to walk through a block of solid stone.

Olivia was like some black and stony castle, whose barred windows bade defiance to the besieger, but behind whose narrow casements transient flashes of light gleamed fitfully upon the watchers without, hitting at the mysteries that were hidden within the citadel.

Barbara Simmons resembled a black stonewall, grimly confronting the eager traveler, and giving no indication of the unknown country on

the other side.

She came back almost immediately, after being only a few moments in Olivia's room-certainly not long enough to consult with her mistress as to what she was to say or to leave unsaid—and presented herself before Captain Arundel.

'If you have any questions to ask, Sir, about Miss Marchmont, about your wife, I shall be

happy to answer them,' she said.

'I have a hundred questions to ask,' exclaimed the young man; but first answer me this one plainly and truthfully: Where do you think my by his passionate agitation, suddenly eloquent by wife has gone? What do you think has become reason of the intensity of his feeling, a change of her?

then answered very gravely,

'I would rather not say what I think, Sir.'

'Why not?'

'Because I might say that which would make ?

you unhappy.

the prevarication which I meet with on every side? her six nights running. I oidn't take my clothes cried Edward Arundel. 'If you or any one else off for a week. There are folks in the house who will be straightforward with me—remembering can tell you as much.' that I come to this place like a man who has risen 'God knows I am grateful to you, and will refrom the grave, depending wholly on the word of ward you for any pity you may have shown my others for the knowledge of that which is more poor darling, the young man answered, in a more vital to me than any thing upon this earth—that subdued tone; only, if you pity me, and wish to person will be the best friend I have found since help me, speak out, and speak plainly. What do I rose from my sick-bed to come hither. You can you think has become of my lost girl? have no motive—if you are not in Paul March-\(\) 'I can not tell you, Sir. As God looks down mont's pay—for being cruel to my poor girl, upon me and judges me, I declare to you that I Tell me the truth, then; speak, and speak fear-\(\) know no more than you know. But I think—' lessly.'

'I have no reason to fear, Sir,' answered Barbara Simmons, lifting her faded eyes to the again.' Young man's eager face, with a gaze that seemed Edw to say, 'I have done no wrong, and I do not sentences this was the last he had expected to shrink from justifying myself.' 'I have no reathear pronounced. His sanguine temperament, son to fear, Sir; I was piously brought up, and fresh in its vigorous and untainted youth, could have done my best always to do my duty in the not grasp the thought of despair. He could be state of life in which Providence has been pleased mad with passionate anger against the obstacles to place me. I have not had a particularly happy that separated him from his wife, but he could life, Sir; for thirty years ago I lost all that made not believe those obstacles to be insurmountable. me happy, in them that loved me, and had a He could not doubt the power of his own devoclaim to love me. I have attached myself to my tion and courage to bring him back his lost love. mistress; but it isn't for me to expect a lady like ? her would stoop to make me more to her or? He repeated these words as if they had be nearer to her than I have a right to be as a longed to a strange language, and he were trying servant.'

There was no accent of hypocrisy or cant in any one of these deliberately spoken words. It pause—'you think—that—she is—dead?' seemed as if in this speech the woman had told \('1 \) think that she went out of this he seemed as if in this speech the woman had told \(\frac{1}{2} \) think that she went out of this house in a the history of her life; a brief, unvarpished his-\(\frac{1}{2} \) desperate state of mind. She was seen—not by hind a desolate blank that was not destined to be the servants crying and sobbing awfully as she filled up by any affection from the young mis- went away upon that last afternoon.' tress so long and patiently served.

'I am faithful to my mistress, Sir,' Barbara } Simmons added, presently, 'and I try my best to

else.

You owe a duty to humanity,' answered Edthing to be measured by line and rule? Christ bara Simmons perceived what the young man came to save the lost sheep of the children of israel; but was He less pitiful to the Canaanitish } woman when she carried her sorrows to His feet? You and your mistress have made hard precepts ; so? for yourselves, and have tried to live by them You try to circumscribe the area of your Christian charity, and to do good within given limits. away to hide his blanched face. He tried in-The traveler who fell among thieves would have (stinctively to conceal his mental suffering, as he died of his wounds for any help he might have had sometimes hidden physical torture in an Inhad from you if he had lain beyond your radius. dian hospital, prompted by the involuntary im-liave you yet to learn that Christianity is cosmo-pulse of a brave man. But though the woman's politan, illimitable, inexhaustible, subject to no words had come upon him like a thunder-bolt, he laws of time or space? The duty you owe to had no belief in the opinion they expressed. No; your mistress is a duty that she buys and pays his young spirit wrestled against and rejected the for -a matter of sordid barter, to be settled when awful conclusion. Other people might think you take your wages; the duty you owe to every | what they chose; but he knew better than they.

came over Barbara's face. There was no very The woman was silent for a few moments, and palpable evidence of emotion in that stolid countenance; but across the wooden blankness of the woman's face flitted a transient shadow, which was like the shadow of fear.

'I tried to do my duty to Miss Marchmont as well as to my mistress,' she said. 'I waited on 'Can any thing be more miserable to me than ther faithfully while she was ill. I sat up with

(You think what?

'That you will never see Miss Marchmont

Edward Arundel started as violently as if of all 'Never-see her-again!'

to make out their meaning.

'You think,' he gasped hoarsely, after a long

tory of a barren life, out of which all love and me, for I should have thought it my duty to stop sunlight had been early swept away, leaving be ther if I had seen her so-she was seen by one of

And she was never seen again?

'Never by me.'

'And-you-you think she went out of this do my duty to her. I owe no duty to any one house with the intention of—destroying herself?'

The words died away in a hoarse whisper, and ward Arundel. 'Woman, do you think duty is a it was by the motion of his white lips that Bar-

'I do, Sir.'

'Have you any-particular reason for thinking

'No reason beyond what I have told you, Sir.' Edward Arundel bent his head, and walked miserable creature in your pathway is a sacred His wife was not dead. His life had been so debt, to be accounted for to God.' smooth, so happy, so prosperous, so unclouded bt, to be accounted for to God.' smooth, so happy, so prosperous, so unclouded As the young soldier spoke thus, carried away and successful, that it was scarcely strange he

should not be incapable of grasping the idea of a bought during Hester's honey-room trip to a catastrophe so terrible as Mary's suicide.

'She was intrusted to me by her father,' he thought. 'She gave her faith to me before God's altar. She can not have perished body and soul: { she can not have got down to destruction for want of my arm outstretched to save her. God

is too good to permit such misery '

and most unquestioning order, and involved an implicit belief that a right cause must always be ultimately victorious. With the same blind faith { in which he had often muttered a hurried prayer { before plunging in amidst the mad havoe of an In-, dian battle-field, confident that the justice of Heaven would never permit heathenish Afghans to triumph over Christian British gentlemen, he now believed that, in the darkest hour of Mary Marchmont's life, God's arm had held her back; from the dread horror—the unatonable offense of self-destruction.

'I thank you for having spoken frankly to me,' he said to Barbara Simmons; 'I believe that you have spoken in good faith. But I do not think my darling is forever lost to me. I anticipate trouble and anxiety, disappointment, defeat, for a time—for a long time, perhaps; but I know that I shall find her in the end. The business of my life henceforth is to look for her.'

the young man's countenance as he spoke. Anxiety, and even fear, were in that gaze, palpable to those who knew how to read the faint indica-

tions of the woman's stolid face.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PARAGRAPH IN THE NEWSPAPER.

Mr. Morrison brought the gig and pony to the western porch while Captain Arundel was talking to his cousin's servant, and presently the invalid was being driven across the flat between the { Towers and the high road to Kemberling.

Mary's old favorite, Farmer Pollard's daughter, came out of a dow rustic shop as the gip drew up before her husband's door. This goodnatured, tender-hearted Hester, advanced to matronly dignity under the name of Mrs. Jobson, } carried a baby in her arms, and wore a white dimity hood, that made a pent-house over her simple rosy face. But at the sight of Captain Arundel nearly all the rosy color disappeared? from the country woman's plump cheeks, and she stared aghast at the unlooked-for visitor, almost ready to believe that, if any thing so substantial { as a pony and gig could belong to the spiritual world, it was the phantom only of the soldier that { she looked upon.

'Oh, Sir! she said; 'oh, Captain Arundel, is it {

really you?"

Miward alighted before Hester could recover from the surprise occasioned by his appearance.
'Yes, Mrs. Jobson,' he said. 'May I come into your house? I wish to speak to you.'

Hester courtesied, and stood aside to allow her visitor to pass her. Her manner was coldly respectful, and she looked at the young officer with a grave, reproachful face, which was strange to My baby was born about that time, Sir; but as him. She ushered her guest into a parlor at the soon as ever I could get about I went up to the back, of the shop—a prim apartment, splendid Towers, in the hope of seeing my poor dear miss

should be skeptical of calamity—that his mind with varnished mahogany, shell work-bexes--Lincolnshire watering place - and volumint, s chievements in the way of crochet-work: a orgeous and Sathath-day comber, looking ac. a stand of geranium into a garden that was orderly and trimly kept even in this dull Noven ber weather.

Mrs. Jobson drew forward an uneasy ea-y-The young soldier's piety was of the simplest chair covered with horse-hair, and veiled by a and most unquestioning order, and involved an crochet-work representation of a peac ck embowered among roses. She offered this luxurious seat to Captain Arundel, who, in his weakness, was well content to sink down upon the slippery cushions.

'I have come here to ask you to help me in my earch for my wife, Hester,' Edward Arundel

said, in a scarcely audible voice.

It is not given to the bravest mind to be utterly independent and defiant of the body; and the soldier was beginning to feel that he had very nearly run the length of his tether, and must soon submit himself to be prostrated by sheer physical weakness.

'Your wife!' cried Hester, eagerly. 'Oh, Sir,

is that true?'

'Is what true?'

'That poor Miss Mary was your lawful wedded

" 'She was,' replied Edward Arundel, sternly, Barbara's dull eyes held carnest watch upon ('my true and lawful wife. What else should she have been, Mrs. Jobson?

The farmer's daughter burst into tears.

'Oh, Sir,' she said, sobbing violently as she spoke—'Oh, Sir, the things that was said against that poor dear in this place and all about the Towers! The things that was said! It makes my heart bleed to think of them; it makes my heart ready to break when I think what my poor sweet young lady must have suffered. And it set me against you, Sir; and I thought you was a bad and cruel-hearted man!'

'What did they say?' cried Edward; 'what'did they dare to say against her or against me?

They said that you had enticed her away from her home, Sir, and that—that—there had been no marriage; and that you'd deserted her afterward, and the railway accident had come upon you as a punishment like; and that Mrs. Marchmont had found poor Miss Mary all alone at a Country inn, and had brought her back to the Towers.

'But what if people did say this?' exclaimed Captain Arundel. 'You could have contradicted their foul slanders. You could have spoken in defense of my poor helpless girl.'

'Me, Sir!

'Yes. You must have heard the truth from my wife's own lips.'

Hester Jobson burst into a new flood of tears as Edward Arundel said this.

'Oh no, Sir,' she sobbed; 'that was the most cruel thing of all. I never could get to see Miss Mary; they wouldn't let me see her.'

'Who wouldn't let you?'

"Mrs. Marchment and Mr. Paul Marchmont. I was laid up, Sir, when the report first spread about that Miss Mary had come home. Things was kept very secret, and it was said that Mrs: Marchmont was dreadfully cut up by the disgrace that had come upon her step-daughter.

But Mrs. Simmons, Mrs. Marchmont's own maid, to try and comfort her; but Miss Mary had altold me that Miss Mary was ill, very ill, and that ways been very reserved to all the servants, and no one was allowed to see her except those that Susan didn't dare intrude upon her. It was late waited upon her and that she was used to. And that evening when my poor young lady was I begged and prayed that I might be allowed to missed, and the servants sent out to look for see her, Sir, with the tears in my eyes; for my her.' heart bled for her, poor darling dear, when I 'And you, Hester—you new my wife better thought of the cruel things that were said against than any of these people—where do you think her, and thought that, with all her ciches and her, she went?' learning, folks could done to talk of her and her. learning, folks could dare to talk of her as they wouldn't date to talk of a noor man's wife like tioner. me. And I went up again and again, Sir; but it was no good; and, the last time I went, M s. don't ask me; pray, pray don't ask me!' Marchmont came out into the hall to me, and told me that I was intrusive and impertinent, and that she went away to destroy hersef? that it was me, and such as me, as had set all? poor Miss Mary—and that he would stand my living; not a creature to come forward and speak, friend, and he'd contrive that I should see my to her being seen by them after that day. What poor dear as soon as ever she picked up her spirits can I think, Sir, what can I think, except—' a bit, and was more fit to see me; and I was to come again in a week's time, he said.' 'Well, and when you went'-

white as a sheet, and all of a tremble from head Sunday after Sunday to foot, and she walked about the place a if she was out of her mind like.'

been.

sad story of Mary's disappearance.

'Nobody took much notice of me, Sir, in the 'The river was dragged for more than a week,' confusion of the place,' Mrs Jobson continued; he said, presently, 'and my wife's body was 'and there is a parlor maid at the Towers called never found.' Susan Rose, that had been a school-fellow with me ten years before, and I got her to tell me all? 'That's a poor sign, Sir, she answered; 'the about it. And she said that poor dear Miss river's full of holes, I've heard say. My husband Mary had been weak and ailing ever since she had a fellow-'prentice who drowned himself in had shut herself up in her room, and had seen no never found." one except Mrs. Marchmont and Barbara Sim-{ mons; but on the seventeenth Mrs. Marchmont door sent for her, asking her to come to the study. And the poor young lady went; and then Susan He held out his hand to the carpenter's wife. Rose thinks that there was high words between God bless you,' he said. 'I thank you from Mrs. Marchmont and her step-daughter, for as my heart for your tender feeling toward my lost Susan was crossing the hall, this poor miss came girl.' out of the study, and her face was all smothered { in tears, and she cried out, as she came into the waited for him, rather thred of his morning's hall, I can't bear it any longer. My life is too work. miserable; my fate is too wretched! And then? she ran up stairs, and Susan Rose followed up to street, Morrison, Captain Arundel said. her room and listened outside the door; and she stop there. heard the poor dear sobbing and crying out again? and again, 'Oh papa, papa! If you knew what 'And n I suffer! O papa, papa, papa!'—so pitiful, that Edward?' if Susan Rose had dared she would have gone in 'No.'

Hester Jobson looked piteously at the ques-

'Oh, Sir,' she cried; 'O, Captain Arundel,

'You think like these other people-jou think

'Oh, Sir, what can I think, what can I think, manner of scandal affoat about her step-daughter, except that? She was last seen down by the But I went again, Sr, eye after that, and I saw water side, and one of her shoes was picked up Mr. Paul Marchmont, and he was very kind to among the rushes; and for all there's been such me, and frank and free-poken-almost like you, a search made after her, and a reward offered, Sir, and he told me to at Mrs. Marchmont was and advertisements in the papers, and every thing rather stern and unforgiving toward the poor done that mortal could do to find her, and no young lady-he spoke very kind and pitiful of news of her, Sir-not a trace to tell of her being

'Except that she threw herself into the river'

at the back of Marchmont Towers.

'I've tried to think different, Sir; I've tried to When I went, Sir,' sobbed the carpenter hope I should see the poor sweet amb again; but wife, 'it was the 8th of October, and Miss I can't, I can't I've worn mourning for these Mary had run away upon the day before, and three last Sundays, Sir; for I seemed to feel as every body at the Towers was being sent right, if it was a sin and a disrespectfulness toward her and left to look for her. I saw Mis. Marchmont to wear colors, as d sit in the church where I have for a minute that afternoon; and she was as seen her so often, looking so meek and beautiful,

Edward Arundel bowed his head upon his hands and wept silently. This woman's belief 'Guilt,' thought the young soldier; 'guilt of in Mary's death afflicted him more than he dared some sort: God only knows what that guilt has { confess to himself. He had defied Olivia and I aut Marchmont, as enemies, who tried to force He covered his face with his hands, and waited a false conviction upon him: but he could neither to hear what more Hester Jobson had to tell him. I doubt nor defy this honest, warm-hearted creature, There was no need of questioning here; no reser \ who wept aloud over the memory of his wife's vation or prevarication. With almost as tender \(\)-orrows. He could not doubt her sincerity: but regret as he himself could have felt, the care the still refused to accept the belief which on penter's wife told him all that she knew of the every side was pressed upon him. He still refused to think that his wife was dead.

Hester Jobson shook her head mournfully.

'That's a poor sign, Sir, she answered; 'the had recovered from the brain-fever, and that she that river seven years ago, and his body was

Edward Arundel rose, and walked toward the

'I do not believe that my wife is dead,' he cried.

He went out to the gig, in which Mr. Morrison

'There is an inn a little way further along the

The man stared at his master.

'And not go back to Marchmont Towers, Mr.

Edward Arundel had held nature in abeyance ton, if you can. But I warn you that, if you for more than four-and-twenty hours, and this keep me long here, I shall leave this place either outraged nature now took her revenge by flinging a corpse or a madman. the young man prostrate and powerless upon his the simple Kemberling hostelry, and hold-brother-in-law half an hour afterward, related ing him prisoner there for three dreary days; the conversation that had taken place between three miserable days, with long, dark, interminable evenings, during which the invalid had no better employment than to lie brooding over his sorrows, while Mr. Morrison read the T mes upon the text.

newspaper in a monotonous and droning voice for the surgeon told his story. his sick master's entertainment.

How that helpless and prostrate prisoner, bound hand and foot in the stern grasp of retaliative this dashing young captain? Mr. Marchmont Nature, loathed the leading articles, the foreign said, presently. correspondence, in the leviathan journal! How he sickened at the fiery English of Printing-House ful. I never saw any thing like it. Really it Square, as expounded by Mr. Morrison! The was enough to cut a man up to hear him go on sound of the valet's voice was like the unbroken so. He asked me all sorts of questions about the the time when she was all said. Thou of a dull river. The great names that the time when she was ill and I attended upon surged up every now and then upon that sullen her, and what did she say to me, and did she tide of oratory made no impression upon the sick seem very unhappy, and all that sort of thing. man's mind. What was it to him if the glery of Upon my word, you know, Mr. Paul—of course England was in danger, the freedom of a mighty \ I'm very glad to think of your coming into the people wavering in the balance? What was it fortune, and I'm very much obliged to you for to him if famine-stricken Ireland were perishing, the kind promises you've made to me and La-and the far away Indian possessions menaced by vinia; but I almost lelt as if I could have wished contumacious and treacherous Sikhs? What the poor young lady hadn't drowned heiself.' was it to him if the heavens were shriveled like a blazing scroll, and the earth reeling on its looked at her brother. shaken foundations? What had he to do with "Imbecile!" she mutte any catastrophe except that which had fallen? upon his innocent young wife?.

to the alarm of the confidentia: servant; Oh my most recondite of tongues, and who heartily ad-

broken trust!

But during the three days in which Captain? Arundel lay in the best chamber at the Back and butter with a simple relish, which in itself Bull-the chief inn of Kemberling, and a very was enough to mark him out as a man to be splendid place of public entertainment long ago, strampled upon. when all the northward-bound coaches had; assed through that quiet Lincolnshire village—he was ? On the fourth day after his interview with not without a medical attendant to give him some Hester. Edward Arundel was strong enough to feeble help in the way of drugs and doctor's stuff, leave his chamber at the black Bull. in the battle which he was lighting with offended . I shall go to L ndon by to-night's mail. Morstrengthen the hand of the enemy; for in those mont Towers. You can stop here, and pack my days—the year '48 is very long ago when we portmanteau white I go.'

take the measure of time by science—country A numbing old fly—looked upon as a splenpractitioners were apt to place themselves upon did equipage by the inhabitants of Kemberling the side of the disease rather than of the patient, —was fur i-hed for Capian Arundel's accom-and to assist grim Death in his siege, by lending modation by the proprietor of the Back Bull;

geon of Kemberling, and the submissive and well- of his wife. tutored husband of Paul Marthmont's sister, would fain have set to work with the prostrate in which Olivia spent the greater part of her soldier, on the plea that the patient's skin was stime. hot and dry, and his white lips parched with fever.

against any such treatment.

my veins,' he said, 'or give me one drop of medi-jof torn papers, cast upon the ground about her. cine that will weaken me. What I want is The open drawers of the davenport, the lit-strength; strength to get up and leave this intol-tered scraps of paper and loose y-tied documents, erable room, and go about the business that I have thrust, without any show of order, into the different to do. As to fever,' he added, scornfully, 'as compartments of the desk, bore testimony to that long a. I have to lie here and am hindered from state of mental distraction which had been comgoing about the business of my life, every drop mon to Olivia Marchmont for some time past.—
of my blood will boil with a fever that all the She herself, the gloomy tenant of the Towers, drugs in Apothecaries' Hall would have no power sat with her elbow resting on her desk, looking to subdue. Give me something to strengthen hopelessly and absently at the confusion before me. Patch me up somehow or other, Mr. Wes-her.

the surgeon told his story.

'He is very desperate about his wife, then,

Mrs. Weston, shrugged her shoulders, and

'Imbecile!' she muttered.

She was accustomed to talk to her brother · very freely, in rather school-girl French before Oh my broken trust? he muttered some times, her husband to whom that language was as the mired her for superior knowledge.

He sat staring at her now, and eating bread-

Nature. I don't know but what the help, how- rison,' he said to his servant; 'but before I leave ever well intended, may have gone rather to Lincolnshire I must pay another visit to March-

the professional aid of purgatives and phlebotomy and once more the soldier approached that ill-On this principle Mr. George Weston, the sur-omened dwelling-place which had been the home

He was ushered without any delay to the study

The dusky afternoon was already closing in. But Captain Arundel protested vehemently A low fire burned in the old-fashioned grate, and one lighted wax candle stood upon an open daven-You shall not take an ounce of blood out of port, at which the widow sat amidst a confusion

'I am very tired,' she said with a sigh, as she motioned her cousin to a chair 'I have been try- brooding over this strange reply to his appeal. ing to sort my papers, and to look for bills that Could he disbelleve his cousin have to be paid, and receipts. They come to me lt is common to some people to make forcible about every thing. I am very tired.' Her manner and impious asseverations of an untruth shamewas changed from that stern defiance with which she had last confronted her kinsman to an air of almost piteous feebleness. She rested her head on her hand, repeating, in a low voice, 'Yes, 1 am very tired.'

Edward Arundel looked carnestly at her faded face, so faded from that which he remembered it in its proud young beauty, that, in spite of his doubt of this woman, he could scarcely refrain absolve you from all suspicion of being aware of from some touch of pity for her.
'You are ill, Olivia,' he said.

'Yes, I am ill; I am worn out; I am tired of my life. Why does not God have pity upon me, and take the bitter burden away? I have carried it too long.' She said this not so much to her cousin as to herself. She was like Job in his despair, and

protest against her anguish.

'Olivia,' said Edward Arundel very earnestly, 'what is it that makes you unhappy? Is the burden that you carry a burden on your conscience? Is the black shadow upon your life a guilty secret? Is the cause of your unhappiness that which I suspect it to be? Is it that, in some hour of passion, you consented to league yourself with Paul Marchmont against my poor innocent girl? For tions of others. Mary Marchmont left this time pity's sake, speak, and undo what you have done. as she left before, of her own free will.' You can not have been guilty of a crime. There 'Oriven away by your cruel words.' has been some foul play, some conspiracy, some suppression; and my darling has been lured away; by the machinations of this man. But he could not have got her into his power without your help. You hated her-Heaven, alone knows for what reason-and in an evil hour you helped him, and house? now you are sorry for what you have done. But it is not too late, Olivia; Olivia, it is surely not too late. Speak, speak, woman, and undo what you have done. As you hope for mercy and forgiveness from God, undo what you have done. I will exact no atonement from you, Paul Marchmont, this smooth traitor, this frank man of the world, who defied me with a smile—he only shall { be called upon to answer for the sin done against } my darling. Speak, Olivia, for pity's sake, cried the young man, casting himself upon his knees at his cousin's feet. 'You are of my own blood; you' must have some spark of regard for me; have } compassion upon me, then, or have compassion upon your own guilty soul, which must perish ? everlastingly if you withhold the truth. Hawe : pity, Olivia, and speak!'
The widow had risen to her feet, recoiling from

him with an awful light in the eyes that alone

gave light to Her corpse-like face.

tretching her wasted hands toward the ceiling, it, then? By what means did he drive my darling Ty the God who has sem unced and abandoned to her despairing flight? ne, sue crica. Thave no more k swiedge than you have of Mary Marchmont's fat 7 ... in which she left this house up in the 17th on the desk; while, with her chin resting on her of Jetober, until this present moment. I have other hand, and her eyes fixed upon the wall be-*inther seen her nor heard of her If I have lied; fore her, she stared blankly at the reflection of he to you, Ed eer extended arms, and turning quietly to ver Her idle fingers, following no design, straved here

it are or suffering there is any anguish smooth morocope, and fluttered to the ground.

we to so that I now endured

Edward Arundel paused for a little while.

It is common to some people to make forcible lessly, in the very face of an insulted Heaven. But Olivia Marchmont was a woman who, in the very darkest hour of her despair, knew no wavering from her faith in the God she had offended.

I can not refuse to believe you, Olivia,' Captain Arundel said, presently. I do believe in your solemn protestations, and I no longer look for help from you in my search for my lost love. her fate after she left this house. But so long as she remained beneath this roof she was in your care, and I hold you responsible for the ills that may have then befallen her. You, Olivia, must have had some hand in driving that unhappy girl away from her home.

The widow had resumed her seat by the open cried aloud to the Supteme Himself in a gloomy davenport. She sat with her head bent, her brows contracted, her mouth fixed and rigid, her left hand trifling absently with the scattered papers

before her.

'You accused me of this once before, when Mary Marchmont lest this house,' she said, surlenly.

'And you were guilty then,' answered Edward. 'I can not hold myself answerable for the ac-

'Driven away by your cruel words.'
'She must have been very weak,' answered Olivia, with a sneer, 'if a few harsh words were enough to drive her away from her own house.'

'You deny, then, that you were guilty of causing this poor deluded wild's flight from this

Olivia Marchmont sat for some moments in moody silence; then suddenly raising her head, she looked her cousin full in the face.

'I do,' she exclaimed; 'if any one except herself is guilty of an act which was her own, I am

not that person.

'I understand,' said Edward Arundel; 'it was Paul Marchmont's hand that drove her out upon the dreary world. It was Paul Marchmont's brain that plotted against her. You were only a minor instrument, a willing tool, in the hands of a subtle villain. But he shall answer; he shall answer!'

The soldier spoke the last words between his clenched teeth. Then, with his chin upon his breast, he sat thinking over what he had just

heard.

'How was it?' he muttered; 'how was it? He the soldier as he knelt before her, and looking at is too consummate a villain to use violence. His manner the other morning told me that the law was on his side. He had done nothing to put him-Suddenly she flung ner arms up above her head, self into my power, and he defied me How was

As Cap ain Arundel sat thinking of these things, From the his cousin's idle fir gers sfi'l trifled with the papers Arunder, she added, dropping flame of the candle on the polished oaken panel. usin—'if I have lied to you in saying this, may; and there among the scattered papers, until a few a tortures which I suffer be doubled to me—if that lay nearest the edge of the desk slid off il?

Edward Arundel, as absent-minded as his cousin.

stooped involuntarily to pick up the papers. The inewspaper. in the newspaper slip was marked by double ink lines, drawn round it by a neat penman. Again, almost involuntarily, Edward Arundel looked at this marked paragraph. It was very brief:

'We regret to be called upon to state that ancurred last August on the Southwestern Railway has expired from injuries received upon that octhe seat of his elder brother.'

graph:

'KEMBERLING, October 17. has just come to hand. Let us hope it is not true. But, in case of the worst, it should be shown to Miss Marchmont immelliately. Better that she Yours sincerely, 'Paul Marchmont.'

Arundel, laying these two papers before his cou-every pang she suffered, for every tear she shed. sin; it was with this printed lie that you and Paul God have mercy upon her poor erring soul, and Marchmont drove my wife to despair—perhaps to help me to my vengeance upon her destroyer.' death. My darling, my darling,' cried the young. He lifted his eyes to heaven as he spoke, and fused to believe that you were dead; I refused to dark cloud upon a winter landscape. believe that you were lost to me: I can believe it. now; I can believe it now!'

CHAPTER XXV

EDWARD ARUNDEL'S DESPAIR.

YES; Edward Arundel could believe the worst was the evidence of Paul Marchmont's guilt. now. He could believe now, that his young wife, unfriended and miserable, to live under the burden of her sorrows.

Mary had talked to her husband in the happy, same species. rest in the same silent sleep.

had said; but I fainted away. I know it was people to deal with a villain. very wicked of me. But I was mad. My wretchedness had driven me mad.'

He remembered this. Might not this girl, this brough Paul Marchmont, I dare say. helpless child, in the first desperation of her grief. have hurried down to that dismal river to hide her sorrows forever under its slow and murky tide?

Edward Arundel looked for his missing wife. The nothing to say against Paul Marchmont. young and hopeful spirit which had wrestled. 'I can not see what right you have to suspect against conviction, which had stubbornly pre-Mr. Marchmont of any guilty share in your served its own sanguine fancies against the gloothy wife's disappearance, he said. 'Do not think I

That paragraph was the key to the uppermost of those that had fallen was a slip cut and mastery of Mary Arundel's disappearance. from a country newspaper, to which was pinned Her husband could understand now why she ran anjopen letter, a few lines only. The paragraph away, why she despaired; and how, in that desperation and despair, she might have hastily ended her short life.

It was with altered feelings, therefore, that he went forth to look for her. He was no longer passionate and impatient, for he no longer believed that his young wife lived to yearn for his coming, other of the sufferers in the accident which oc- and to suffer for the want of his protection; he no longer thought of her as a lonely and helpless wanderer driven from her rightful home, and in her casion. Captain Arundel, of the H. E. I. C. S., childish ignorance straying farther and farther died on Friday night at Dangerfield Park, Devon, away from him who had the right to succor and to comfort her. No; he thought of her now with sullen despair at his heart; he thought of her now The letter was almost as brief as the para- in utter hopelessness; he thought of her with a hitter and agonizing regret, that was almost too terrible for endurance.

But this grief was not the only feeling that held 'My DEAR Mrs. Marchmont,-The inclosed possession of the young soldier's breast. Stronger even than his sorrow was his eager yearning for vengeance, his savage desire for retaliation.

'I look upon Paul Marchmont as the murderer should hear the news from you than from a stran- of my wife, he said to Olivia, on that November evening on which he saw the paragraph in the newspaper; I look upon that man as the deliberate destroyer of a helpless girl; and he shall answer 'I understand every thing now,' said Edward to me for her life. He shall answer to me for God have mercy upon her poor erring soul, and

He lifted his eyes to heaven as he spoke, and a man, in a burst of uncontrollable agony, 'I re- solemn shadow overspread his pale face, like a

I have said that Edward Arundel no longer felt a frantic impatience to discover his wife's fate. The sorrowful conviction which at last had forced itself upon him left no room for impatience. The pale face he had loved was lying hidden somewhere beneath those dismal waters. He had no doubt of that. There was no need of any other solution to the mystery of his wife's disappearance. That which he had to seek for

The outspoken young soldier, whose nature on hearing tidings of his death, had rushed madly was as transparent as the stainless soul of a child, to her own destruction; too desolate, too utterly had to enter into the lists with a man who was so different to himself, that it was almost difficult to Believe that the two individuals belonged to the

Captain Arundel went back to London, and beloving confidence of her bright honey-moon; see Captain Arundel went back to London, and behad talked to him of her father's death, and the took himself forthwith to the office of Messrs. horrible grief she had felt; the heart-sickness, the Paulette, Paulette, and Matthewson. He had eager yearning to be carmed to the same grave, the idea, common to many of his class, that all lawyers, whatever claims they might have to re-I think I tried to throw myself from the win-(spectability, were in a manner past-masters in dow upon the night before papa's funeral, she every villainous art, and, as such, the proper

'Richard Paulette will be able to help me,' thought the young man. 'Richard Paulette saw

But Richard Paulette had very little to say about the matter. He had known Edward Arundel's father, and he hae anown the young soldier from his car, y boyhood, and he seemed deeply Henceforward it was with a new feeling that grieved to witness his client's distress; but he had

I can not see what right you have to suspect forebodings of others, had broken down before defend him because he is our client. You know the evidence of that false paragraph in the country that we are rich enough and honorable enough to

'that is only consistent with the man's diabolical esty to his own ends, and masks his basest treachartifice; that was a part of his scheme. He ery under an appearance of candor? wished to testify that anxiety, and he wanted you as a witness to his conscientious search after drove over Waterloo Bridge to Oakley Street, iny-poor-lost girl.' His voice and manner He went to Mrs. Pimpernel's establishment, withchanged for a moment as he spoke of Mary.

Richard Paulette shook his head.

said; this is all prejudice upon your part, I as- he went in search of her he went in utter hopesure you. Mr. Marchmont behaved with perfect tessness, only prompted by the desire to leave no honesty and candor. "I won't tell you that I'm part of his duty undone. sorry to inherit this fortune, he said, hecause if. The honest-hearted dealer in cast-off apparel I did you wouldn't believe me—what man in his, wept bitterly when she heard how sadly the Capsenses could believe that a poor devil of a land- tain's honey-moon had ended. She would have scape-painter would regret coming into cleven been content to detain the young soldier all day thousand a year?—but I am very sorry for this while she bemoaned the misfortunes that had poor little girl's unhappy fate." And I believe, come upon him; and now for the first time Edadded Mr. Pau'ette, decisively, 'that the man ward heard of dismal forebodings, and horrible was heartily sorry.

Edward Atundet groaned aloud.

'Ev ry body will believe in this man rather than had made special mention at the time to divers in me. How am I to be avenged upon the wretch ifriends and acquaintance. who caused my darling's death?'

with no result. Richard Paulette set down the and smitin' at me out of the window. I says to young man's hatred of Paul Marchmont as a Mrs. Polson, as her husband is in the shoe-

death.

Mr. Marchmont,' he said; 'it's natural, it's only shivers a creepin' up my back just expeckly like natural; but, believe me, you are wrong. No- I did a fortnight before my pore Jane died, and I thing could be more straightforward, and even couldn't but think as somethink sarious was goin' delicate, than his conduct. He refuses to take to happen. possession of the estate, or to touch a farthing of the rents. "No," he said, when I suggested to chester, much to the disgust of his valet, who him that he had a right to enter in possession—) was accustomed to a luxuriously idle life at Danino; we will not shut the door against hope. My gerfield Park, and who did not by any means cousin may be inding herself somewhere; she reish this desultory wandering from place to may return by-and-by. Let us wait a twelve- place. Perhaps there was some faint ray of hope month. If, at the end of that time she does not in the young man's mind as he drew near to that return, and if in the interim we receive no tidings little village-inn beneath whose shelter he had from her, no evidence of her existence, we may been so happy with his childish bride. If she reasonably conclude that she is dead, and I may that not commetted suicide; if she had indeed fairly consider myself the rightful owner of wandered away, to try and bear her sorrows in Marchmont Towers. In the mean time, you will gentle Christian resignation; if she had sought act as if you were acting as Mary Marchmont s; some retreat where she might be safe from her agent, holding all moneys as in trust for her, but tormentors—would not every instinct of her low-to be delivered up to me at the expiration of a mg heart have led her here?—here, amidst these year from the day on which she disappeared." I low meadows and winding streams, guarded at do not think any thing could be more straightfor-surrounded by the pleasant shelter of grassy hillward than that,' added Richard Paulette, in con- tops, crowned by waving trees?-here, where she clusion

'No,' Edward answered, with a sigh; 'it seems { choice? very straighforward. But the man who could strike at a helpless girl by means of a lying para-{ graph in a newspaper-

paragraph.

patience.

'I came to you for help, Mr. Panlette,' he said; 'hut I see you don't mean to help me. Good-

sur-ionate anger against all the world raging in gentleman had seemed in a great hurry to take his breast.

refuse the business of any man whom we thought world it is!' he thought. 'Let a man succeed in a villain. When I was in Lincolnshine, Mr. the vilest scheme, and no living creature will Marchmont did every thing that a man could do care to ask by what foul means he may have won to testify his anxiety to find his cousin. The success. What weapons can I use against 'Oh, yes,' Edward Arundel answered, bitterly; this Paul Marchmont, who twists truth and hon-

From Lincoln's Inn Fields Captain Arundel out any hope of the glad surprise that had met him there a few months before. He believed Prejudice, prejudice, my dear Arundel,' he implicitly that his wife was dead, and wherever

dreams, and unaccountible presentiments of evil, with which this honest woman had been afflicted 'O God! this is too terrible,' he muttered., on and before his wedding day, and of which she

'I never shall forget how shivery-like I felt as He talked for a long time to the lawyer, but the cab drove off, with that poor dear alookin' natural consequence of his grief for Mary's makin' line two doors further down-I says, I ath. do hope Capting Harungdell's lady will get safe 'I can't wonder that you are prejudiced against to the end of her journey." I felt the cold-

From London Captain Arundel went to Winhad been so happy with the husband of her

But, alas, that newly born hope, which had made the so dier's heart beat and his cheek flush, was as delusive as many other hopes that 'Mr. Marchmont may have believed in that lure men and women onward in their weary ragraph.' Edward Arundel arose with a gesture of im-/the White Hart Inn answered Edward Arundel's

question with stolid indifference.

No; the young lady had gone away with her Ma, and a gentleman who came with her Ma-She had cried a deal, poor thing, and had seemed He lest the office before the lawyer could re-postrate with him. He walked away, with maid Edward heard this.) But her Ma and the her away. The gentleman said that a village-inn Why, what a smooth-spoken, false-tongued wasn't the place for her, and he said he was very

much shocked to find her there; and he had a fly The brother and sister conversed in subdued mure got, and took the two ladies away in it to the murs as they stood close together before the ex-George, at Winchester, and they were to go piring fire, and the faces of both were very grave, from there to London; and the young lady was crying when she went away, and was as pale as { death, poor dear.

This was all that Captain Arundel gained by his journey to Milidale. He went across country to the farming people near Redding, his wife's poor relatives. But they had heard nothing of ther They had wondered, indeed, at having 10 them. They were terribly distressed when they

heard of her disappearance.

This was the for orn hope. It was all over now. 'Edward Arundel could no longer struggle against the cruel truth. He could do nothing? now but avenge his wife's sorrows. He went down to Devonshire, saw his mother, and told her the sad story of Mary's flight. But he could 1 not rest at Dangerfield, though Mrs. Arundel implored him to stay long enough to recruit his shattered health. He hurried back to London made arrangements with his agent for the purchase of his captaincy among his brother officers, and then, turning his back upon the career that had been far dearer so him than his life he went down to Lincolnshire once more in the dreary wintry weather, to watch and wait patiently, if need were, for the day of retribution.

There was a detached cottage, a lonely place enough, between Kemberling and Marchmont Towers, that had been to let for a long time, being very much out of repair, and by no means inviting in appearance. Edward Arundel took thes cottage. All necessary repairs and alterations Edward's establishment.

Paul Marchmont lifted his auburn eyebrows when he heard of the new tenant of Kemberling Retreat. The lonely cottage had been christened Kemberling Retreat by a sentimental tenant, who had ultimately levanted with his rent three quarters in arrear. The artist exhibited a gentlemanly surprise at this new vagary of Edward Arundel's, and publicly expressed his pity

for the foolish young man.

sacrifice himself to a romantic grief for my unfortunate cousin,' Mr. Marchmont said, in the parlor of the Black Bull, where he condescended to drop in now and then with his brother-in-law, and to make himself popular among the magnates of Kemberling and the tenant farmers, who looked to him as their future, if not their actual landlord. 'I am really sorry for the poor lad. He's a handsome, high-spirited fellow, and I'm sorry he's been so weak as to ruin his prospects. in the Company's service. Yes, I am heartily sorry for him.

Mr. Marchmont discussed the matter very lightly in the parlor of the Black Bull; but he death.' kept silence as he walked home with the surgeon; and Mr. George Weston, looking askance at his brother-in-law's face, saw that something was

almost apprehensive.

'He must be terribly in earnest,' Paul Marchmont said; 'or he would never have sacrificed his position. He has planted himself here, close upon us, with a determination of watching us.

We shall have to be very careful.'

It was early in the new year that Edward letters from her; for she had been very kind to Arundel completed all his arrangements and took possession of Kemberling Retreat. He knew that, in retiring from the East India Company's service, he had sacrificed the prospects of a brilliant and glorious career, under some of the finest soldiers who ever fought for their country. But he had made this sacrifice willingly—as an offering to the memory of his lost love; 28 4n atorement for his broken trust. For it was one of his most bitter miseries to remember that his own want of prudence had been the first cause of all Mary's sorrows. Had he confided in his mother-had he induced her to return from Germany to be present at his marriage, and to accept the orphan girl as a daughter-Mary need never again have fallen into the power of Olivia Marchmont. His own imprudence, his own rashness, had flung his poor child, helpless and friendless, into the hands of the very man against whom John Marchmont had written a solemn warning-a warning that it would have been Edward's duty to remember. But who could have calculated upon the railway accident; and who could have foreseen a separation in the first blush of the honey-moon? Edward Arundel had trusted were executed under the direction of Mr. Morri- in his own power to protect his bride from every son, who was to remain permanently in the ill that might assail her. In the pride of his young man's service. Captain Arundel had a youth and strength he forgot that he was not imcouple of horses brought down to his new stable, mortal, and the last idea that could have entered and hired a country lad, who was to act as groom his mind was the thought that he should be under the eye of the factotum. Mr. Morrison, stricken down by a sudden calamity, and rendered and this lad, with one female servant, formed even more helpless than the girl he had sworn to shield and shelter.

The bleak winter crept slowly past, and the shrill March winds were loud amidst the leafless trees in the wood behind Marchmont Towers. This wood was open to any foot-passenger who might choose to wander that way; and Edward Arundel often walked upon the bank of the slow river, and past the boat-house, beneath whose shadow he had woodd his young wife in the bright summer that was gone. The place had a mourn-'I am so sorry that the poor fellow should ful attraction for the young man, by reason of crifice himself to a romantic grief for my un- the memory of the past, and a different and far keener fascination in the fact of Paul Marchmont's frequent occupation of his roughly-built painting room.

In a purposelers and unsettled frame of mind Edward Arundel kept watch upon the man he hated, scarcely knowing why he watched, or for what he hoped, but with a vague belief that something would be discovered; that some accident might come to pass which would enable him

to say to Paul Marchmont:

'It was by your treachery my wife perished; and it is you who must answer to me for her

Edward Arundel had seen nothing of his Cousin Olivia during that dismal winter. He had held himself aloof from the Towers-that is to say, he wrong, and thought it advisable to hold his peace. \ had never presented himself there as a guest, Paul Marchmont sat up late that night talking though he had been often on horseback and on to his sister after the surgeon had gone to bed. foot in the wood by the river. He had not seen

rison said, delighted at the importance of his in-6 hing succumbed before that pittless northeaster, formation. They say as Mr. Paul is a ways up ' Edward Arundel knocked at the door of the formation. They say as Mr. Paul is a ways up. Edward Arundel knocked at the door of the at the Towers visiting Mrs. John, and that the wooden edifice erected by his toe. He scarcely takes his advice about every thing as she does, waited for the answer to his summons, but lifted and that she's quite wrapped up in him like.'

Edward Arundel looked at his attendant with vited, unwelcome.

unmitigated surprise.

he exclaimed keep their tongues quiet.'

Mr Marrison took this reproach as a compli-,

ment to his superior intelligence.

he said; but if I've heard this said once I've and a few paces from him, in an old cane-chair heard it twenty times; and I've heard it at the near the easel, sat George Weston, the surgeon, Black Bull, too, Mr. Edward, where Mr. March- with his wife leaning over the back of his chair. mont frequents sometimes with his sister's bus- It was at this man that Edward Arundel looked band; and the landlord told me as it had been longest, riveted by the strange expression of his spoken of once before his face, and he didn't, face. The traces of intense against in have a pe-

deny it.'

gossip of the Kemberling people. It was not so exaggerated record of emotion. We grow acvery improbable, perhaps, after all. Olivia only held Marchmont Towers on sufferance. It might be that, rather than be turned out of her stately home, she would accept the hand of its rightful, changed from their apathetic stillness by some owner. She would marry Paul Marchmont, per-/moral earthquake, whose shock arouses the dullhaps, as she had married his brother-for the est man from his stupid imperturbability. Such sake of a fortune and a position. She had a shock had lately affected George Weston, the grudged Mary her wealth, and now she sought to become a sharer in that wealth.

dier. 'It is all one base fabric of treachery and ponderous frame, with one of his big fat hands wrong. A marriage between these two will be he pulled a cotton handkerchief from his pocket, only a part of the scheme. Between them they and tremulously wiped the perspiration from his have driven my darling to her death, and they bald forehead. His wife bent over him, and will now divide the profits of their guilty work.

The young man, determined to discover whether there had been any foundation for the Kem- his inability to comprehend her. It was imposberling go-sip. the day of his discovery of the paragraph in the violent agitation than this man betrayed. I newspaper, and he went forthwith to the Towers, it's no use, Lavinia, he murmured, hopebent on asking Olivia the straight question as {less}y, as his wife whispered to him for the secto the truth of the reports that had reached his ond time; 'it's no use, my dear; I can't get over

He walked over to the dreary mansion. had regained his strength by this time, and he had recovered his good looks; but something of the brightness of his youth was gone; something such as great women, or wicked women, are caof the golden glory of his beauty had faded. He was no longer the young Apollo, fresh and radiant with the divinity of the skies. He had suf- oh, you men! What big silly babies, what ner-fer-d; and suffering had left its traces on his vous creatures you are! Come, George, I won't countenance. That virgin hopefelness, that supreme confidence in a bright future, which is the because an extra glass or so of Mrs. Marchmont's virginity of beauty, had perished beneath the very line old port has happened to disagree with withering influence of affliction.

with Mr. Paul Marchmont and Mrs. Weston, the clumsy shoulder as she spoke; 'we are only a poor

I will see them together,' Edward Arundel. thought. 'I will see if my cousin dares to tell, me that she means to marry this man.'

He wasked through the wood to the disapidated building by the river. The Maich winds were

Olivia, but he'had heard of her through his va et. blowing among the leafless trees, swirling the Mr. Morrison, who insisted on repeating the gost black pools of water that the rain had left if sip of Komberling for the benefit of his listless every hollow; the smoke from the chimney of and indifferent master.

Paul Marchmont's painting-room struggled hope. They do say as Mr. Paul Marchmont is going wessly against the wind, and was beaten back to marry Mrs. John Marchmont, Sir,' Mr. Mor sopon the roof from which it tried to rise. Every

the latch, and walked across the threshold, unin-

There were four people in the painting-room. 'My Cousin Olivia marry Paul Marchmont!' Two or three seemed to have been talking to-exclaimed 'You should be wiser than to gether when Edward knocked at the door; but listen to such foolish gossip, Morrison. You know the speakers had stopped simultaneously and what country people are, and you know they can't, abruptly, and there was a dead silence when he entered.

Olivia Marchmont was standing under the broad northern window; the artist was sitting 'It ain't oftentimes I listen to their talk, Sir,', upon one of the steps leading up to the pavilion; culiar force when seen in a usually stolid counte-Edward Arundel pondered gravely over this nance. Your mobile faces are apt to give an customed to their changeful expression, their vivid betrayal of every passing sensation. But this man's was one of those faces which are only quiet surgeon of Kemberling, the submissive hus-; band of Paul Marchmont's sister. His face was 'Oh, the villainy, the villainy!' cried the sol- as white as death; a slow trembling shook his whispered a few words in his ear; but he shook his head with a piteous gesture, as if to testify He had not seen his cousin since sible for a man to betray more obvious signs of

it.'

Mrs. Weston cast one rapid, half-despairing, half-appealing glance at her brother, and in the next moment recovered herself, by an effort only pable of.

'Oh, you men!' she cried, in her liveliest voice; have you giving way to this foolish nonsense, just withering influence of affliction.

Mrs. Marchmont was not to be seen at the ard, Mr. Arundel, added the lady, turning playTowers. She had gone down to the boat-house fully to Edward, and patting her husband's village surgeon with a very weak head, and quite unaccustomed to pale old port. Come, Mr. George Weston, march out into the open air, Sir, and let us see if the March wind will bring you back your senses.

And without another word Lavinia Weston

hustled her husband, who walked like a man in to benefit by Mary Marchmont's death, would you, a dream, out of the painting-room, and closed Olivia? the door behind her.

his brother-in-law.

He never could stand a glass of wine; and he's; in it now. the most stupid creature when he is drunk.'

frightened. What could have happened to throw him into that state? What mystery are these people hiding among themselves, and what should he have to do with it?'

'Good-evening, Captain Arundel,' Paul Marchment said. 'I congratulate you on the change in your appearance since you were last in this place. You seem to have quite recovered the effects of

that terrible railway accident.'

Edward Arundel drew himself up stiffly as the artist spoke to him.

'We can not meet except as enemies, Mr.

under the circumstances,' Paul Marchmont that means give the lie to any false reports that answered, quietly. 'I was deceived by some have arisen about you.' penny-a-liner's false report. How should I know 'Leave this place!' cried Olivia Marchmont,

happy cousin?'

the vengeance of God can touch you. I cry aloud a prisoner here for life.' to Him night and day, in the hope that He will. She turned from him. hear me and avenge my wife s death. I can not with her face toward the dying sunlight in the look to any earthly law for help; but I trust in low western sky. God, I trust in God.'

There are very few positive and consistent! atheists in this world. Mr. Paul Marchmont was } a philosopher of the infidel school, a student of; Voltaire and the brotherhood of the Encyclopedia. and a believer in those liberal days before the, Reign of Terror, when Frenchmen in coffeehouses, discussed the Supreme under the sobriquet of Mons l'Etre; but he grew a little paler} as Edward Anundel, with kindling eyes and uplifted hand, declared his faith in a Divine

The skeptical artist may have thought:

'What if there should be some reality in the creed so many weak fools confide in? What if

question. Will you come into the wood with mont.

'Yes, if you wish it,' Mrs. Marchmont answered, quietly.

The cousins went out of the painting-room together, leaving Paul Marchmont alone. walked on for a few yards in silence.

me?' Olivia asked, abruptly.

He looked at her searchingly as he spoke. Paul Marchmont laughed as the door shut upon face was at all times so expressive of hidden cares, of cruel mental tortures, that there was 'Poor Grorge!' he said, carelessly; 'I thought little room in her countenance for any new emohe helped himself to the port a little too liberally. tion. Her cousin looked in vain for any change

'Benefit by her death!' she exclaimed. 'How

Excellent as all this by-play was, Edward should I benefit by her death?

Arundel was not deceived by it.

'The man was not drunk,' he thought; 'he was They say you are going to m 'By marrying the man who inherits this estate. They say you are going to marry Paul Marchmont.

Olivia looked at him with an expression of surprise.

'Do they say that of me?' she asked. 'Do people say that?'

'They do. Is it true, Olivia?'

The widow turned upon him almost fiercely.

'What does it matter to you whether it is true or not? What do you care whom I marry, or

what becomes of me?'

'I care this much,' Edward Arundel answered, that I would not have your reputation lied away Marchmont, he said. 'My cousin has no doubt by the gossips of Kemberling. I should despise told you what I said of you when I discovered you if you married this man. But if you do not the lying paragraph which you caused to be mean to marry him, you have no right to enshown to my wife. own to my wife.'

'I only did what any one else would have done good name. You should leave this place, and by

penny-a-liner's false report. How should I know 'Leave this place!' cried Olivia Marchmont, the effect that report would have upon my un-; with a bitter laugh. 'Leave this place! Oh my God, if I could; if I could go away and bury I can not discuss this matter with you,' cried my elf somewhere at the other end of the world. Edward Arundel,' his voice tremulous with pas- and forget-and forget!' She said this as if to sion; I am almost mad when I think of it. I am herseli: as it it was a cry of despair wrung from not safe; I dare not trust myself. I look upon her in despite of herself: then, turning to Edward you as the deliberate assassin of a helpless girl: Arundel, she said, in a quieter voice, 'I can never but so skillful an assassin that nothing less than leave this place till I leave it in my coffin. I am

She turned from him, and walked slowly away,

CHAPTER XXVI.

EDWARD'S VISITORS

PERHAPS no greater sacrifice had ever been made by an English gentleman than that which Elward Arundel willingly offered up as an atonement for his broken trust, as a tribute to his lost wife. Brave, ardent, generous, and sanguive, this young soldier s. w before him a brilliant career in the profession which he loved. He saw glery and distinction beckening to him from af r. there is a God who can not abide iniquity? Ind turned his back upon those shining Sirers. I came here to look for you, Olivia, Edward He gave up all: in the vague hope of, sooner or Arundel said, presently. 'I want to ask you a later, avenging Mary's wrongs upon Paul March-

He made no boast, even to himself, of that which he had done. Again and again memory brought back to him the day upon which he breakfasted in Oakley Street and walked across They Waterico Bridge with the Drury Lane supernumerary. Every word that John Marchmont had What is the question you came here to ask spoken; every look of the meek and trusting eyes. the pale and thoughtful face; every pressure of 'The Kemberling people have raised a report the thin hand which had grasped his in grateful about you which I should fancy would be scarcely, affection, in friendly confidence—came back to agreeable to yourself. You would hardly wish Edward Arundel after an interval of nearly ten

years, and brought with them a bitter sense of (coming of each new record of that Indian warself-reproach.

'He trusted his daughter to me,' the young man thought. 'Those last words in the poor fellow's letter are always in my mind: 'The only bequest which I can leave to the only friend I have is the legacy of a child's helplessness.' And I have slighted his solemn warning: and I have been false to my trust.

In his scrupulous sense of honor, the soldier reproached himself as bitterly for that imprudence, out of which so much evil had arisen, as another man might have done after a willful betrayal of his trust. He could not forgive himself. He was for ever and ever repeating in his ! own mind that one brief phrase which is the universal chorus of erring men's regret: 'If I had acted differently, if I had done otherwise, this or that would not have come to pass.' We are perpetually wandering amidst the hopeless deviations of a maze, finding pitfalls and precipices, quicksands and morasses, at every turn in the painful way; and we look back at the end of our journey to discover a straight and pleasant roadway by which, had we been wise enough to choose it, we might have traveled safely and comfortably to our destination.

But Wisdom waits for us at the goal instead of accompanying us upon our journey. She is a divinity whom we only meet very late in life: when we are too near the end of our troublesome march to derive much profit from her coun-els We can only retail them to our juniors, who, not getting them from the fountain-head, have very

small appreciation of their value.

The young captain of East Indian cavalry suffered very cruelly from the sacrifice which he had made. Day after day, day after day, the slow, dreary, changeless, eventless, and unbrokes life dragg d itself out; and nothing happened to bring him any nearer to the purpose of this monoton us existence; no promise of even ultimate success rewarded his heroic self-devotion. Afar he heard of the tush and clamor of war, of dangers and terror, of conquest and giory. His ownregiment was in the thick of the strife, his brothers in arms were doing wonders. Every mail brought some new record of triumph and glory

The soldier's heart sickened as he read the { story of each new encounter: his heart sickened with that terrible yearning-that yearning which seems physically palpable in its perpetual pain; the yearning with which a child at a hard school, lying broad awake in the long, gloomy, rush-lit { bedchamber in the dead of the silent right, remembers the soft resting-place of his mother's bosom; tro yearning with which a faithful husband far away from home sighs for the presence of the wife he loves. Even with such a heartsickness as this Edward Arundel pined to be among the familiar faces yonder in the East-to hear the triumphant yell of his men as they swarmed after him through the breach in an Afghan wall-to see the dark heathers blanch under the terror of Christian swords.

He read every record of the war again and again, again and again, till each scene arose hefare him-a picture, floming and lurid, grandly be number horrolly sublime. The very words of be unful hornbly sublime. The very wirds of the sammer-time low. Ten months had the sammer reports seemed to blaze upon elapsed since his marriage with Mary Marchthe paper on which they were written, so palpuble were the images which they evoled in the the disappearance of his young wife. No one soldier's mind. He was frantic in his eager im- could feel a moment's doubt as to her fate. She patience for the arrival of every mail, for the had perished in that lonely river which flowed

fare. He was like a devourer of romances, who reads a thrilling story link by link, and who is impatient for every new chapter of the fiction. His dreams were of nothing but battle and victory, danger, triumph, and death; and he often woke in the morning exhausted by the excitement of those visionary struggles, those phantom terrors.

His sabre hung over the chimney-piece in his simple bedchamber. He took it down sometimes, and drew it from the sheath. He could have almost wept aloud over that idle sword. He raised his arm, and the weapon vibrated with a whizzing noise as he swept the glittering steel in a wide circle through the empty air. An infidel's head should have been swept from his vile carcass in that rapid circle of the keen-edged blade! The soldier's arm was as strong as ever, his wrist as suple, his muscular force unwasted by mental suffering. Thank Heaven for that. But after that brief thanksgiving his arm dropped inertly, and the idle sword fell out of his relaxing grasp.

'I seem a craven to myself,' he cried; 'I have no right to be here-I have no right to be here while those other fellows are fighting for their lives out yonder. O God, have mercy upon me! My brain gets dazed sometimes; and I begin to wonder whether I am most bound to remain here and watch Paul Marchmont, or to go yonder and

fight for my country and my Queen.

There were many phases in this mental fever. At one time the young man was seized with a savage jealousy of the officer who had succeeded to his captaincy He watched this man's name, and every record of his movements, and was constantly taking objection to his conduct. He was grudingly envious of this particular efficer's triumphs, however small He could not feel generously toward this happy successor, in the pitterness of I is own enforced idleness.

'What epportunities this man has! he thought;

'I never had such chances.'

It is almost impossible for me to faithfully describe the tertures which this monotonous existence inflicted upon the impetuous young man. It is the specialty of a soldier's career that it unfits most men for any other life. They can not throw off the old habitudes. They can not turn from the noisy stir of wars to the tame quiet of everyday life; and even when they fancy themselves wearied and worn-out, and willingly retire from service, their souts are stured by every sound of the distant contest, as the war-stred is aroused by the blast of the trumpet. But Edward Arundel's career had been cut suddenly short at the very hour in which it was brightest with the promise of future glory. It was as if a torrent rushing madly down a mountain-side had been dammed up, and its waters bidden to stagnate upon a level plain. The rebellious waters boiled and foamed in a sudden fury. The soldier could not submit himself contentedly to his fate. He mitht strip off his uniform, and accept sordid coin as the price of the enaulets he had won so dearly; but he was at heart a soldier still. When, he received the bank bills which were the price of his captaincy, it seemed to him almost as if he had sold his brother's blood

mont, and no new light had been thrown upon

behind Marchmont Towers, and far away down wrote. 'Come back to me, my dearest boy. I to the sea.

taken no step toward entering into possession of can not afford to lose you now; I can not bear the estate which he inherited by his cousin's to see you sacrificing yourself to a chimera. death. But Mr. Paul Marchmont spent a great feeturn to me; and let me see you make a new deal of time at the Towers, and a great deal and happier choice. Let me see my son the father more time in the painting-room by the river-for little children who will gather round my knees side, sometimes accompanied by his sister, some- when I grow old and feeble. times alone.

means less talkative upon the subject of Olivia, and the new owner of Marchmont Towers. the contrary, the voices that discussed Mrs. Marchmont's conduct were a great deal more numerous than heretofore; in other words, John? thing is said in this phrase. It was scarcely that again. people, said bad things of her; it was rather that they talked more about her than any woman can suffer to be talked of with safety to her fair tame They began by saying that she was going to marry Paul Marchmont; they went on to wender whether she was going to marry him; then they woodered why she didn't marry him. From this they changed the venue, and began to wonder whether Paul Marchmont meant to marry her-there was an essential difference in this wonde ment-and next, why Paul Marchmont didn't marry her. And by this time Oilvia's reputation was overshadowed by a terrible cloud, which had arisen, no bigger than a man's hand, in the first conjecturings of a few ignorant villagers.

People made it their business first to wonder about Mrs. Marchmont, and then to set up their own theories about her; to which theories they clung with a stupid persistence, forgetting, as people generally do forget, that there might be some hidden clew, some secret key, to the widow's conduct, for want of which the eleverest reasoning respecting her was only so much groping in the dark.

Edward Arundel heard of the cloud which shadowed his cousin's name. Her father heard of it, and went to remonstrate with her, imploring her to come to him at Swampington, and to leave Marchmont Towers to the new ford of the mansion. But she only answered him with same terms as she had answered Edward Arundel; declaring that she would stay at the Towers till her death; that she would never leave the place friendly but rather facetious letter; such as he till she was carried thence in her coffin.

was as power ess to contend against her sullen surd. determination, as he would have been to float up the stream of a rushing river.

So Olivia was talked about. She had scared { away all visitors after the ball at the Towers by the strangeness of her manner and the settled to represent the wind-mill which a high-spirited gloom in her face; and she lived unvisited and young Quixote may choose to mistake for a vilalone in the gaunt stony mansion; and people lainous knight, and run his hot head against in that said that Paul Marchmont was almost perpetually delusion. I am not offended with you for calling with her, and that she went to meet him in the me bad names, and I take your anger merely as a painting-room by the river.

life, and no one helped him to endure his suffer-mies, and we never shall be enemies; for [will ings. His mother wrote to him, imploring him never suffer myself to be so foolish as to get into to resign himself to the loss of his young wife, a passion with a brave and generous-hearted to return to Dangerfield, to begin a new exist- young soldier, whose only error is an unfortunate ence, and to blot out the memory of the past.

You have done all that the most devoted affection could prompt you to do, Mrs. Arundel

gave you up to the service of your country, be-The artist had kept his word, and had as yet cause it was my duty to resign you then. But I

'A new and happier choice!' Edward Arunde! The Kemberling gossips and grown by no repeated the words with a melancholy bittern ss. ivia, \'No, my poor lost gir; no, my blighted wife, I On will not be false to you. The smiles of happy women can have no sunlight for me while I cherish the memory of the sad eyes that watched me when I drove away from Milidale, the sweet Marchmont's widow was 'taiked about.' Every sorrowful face that I was never to look upon

> The dull, empty days succeeded each other, and did resemble each other, with a wearisome similitude that well-nigh exhausted the patience of the impetuous young man. His fiery nature chafed against this miserable delay. It was so hard to have to wait for his vengeance. Sometimes he could scarcely refrain from planting himself somewhere in Paul Marchmont's way, with the idea of a hand-to-hand struggle in which either he or his enemy must perish.

> Once he wrote the artist a desperate letter, denouncing him as an arch-plotter and villain, calling upon him, if his evil nature was redeemed by one spark of manliness, to fight him as men had neen in the habit of fighting only a few years before, with a hundred times less reason than these two men had for their quarrel.

> 'I have called you a villain and traitor: in India we fellows would kill each other for smaller words than those,' wrote the soldier. 'But I have no wish to take any advantage of my military experience. I may be a better shot than you. Let us have only one pistol, and draw lots for it. Let us fire at each other across a dinner-table. Let us do any thing so that we bring this miserable business to an end.'

Mr. Marchmont read this letter slowly and thoughtfully, more than once; smiling as he read. 'He's getting tired,' thought the artist. 'Poor gloomy obstinate reiteration, and almost in the young man, I thought he would be the first to grow tired of this sort of work.

He wrote Edward Arundel a long letter; a might have written to a child who had asked him Hubert Arundel, always afraid of his daughter, to jump over the moon. He ridiculed the idea was more than ever afraid of her now; and he of a duel, as something utterly Quixotic and ab-

'I am fifteen years older than you, my dear Mr. Arundel,' he wrote, 'and a great deal too old to have any inclination to fight with windmitls; or kind of romantic manner you have of showing Edward Arundel sickened of his wearisome your love for my poor cousin. We are not enehallucination with regard to

'Your very humble servant, 'PAUL MARCHMONT.'

Edward ground his teeth with savage fury as he (read this letter.

famy?' he muttered. 'Is there no way of making } h m suffer?"

diag-day, the anniversa ics of these bright days there-and it led to a making many pre-as i

The cotrage lay brek beford a p earant garden, } and was redden from the duray high road by a truptly, as if appalled at the hopeless entanglehedge of illacs and laburnums which grew within ment of his own ideas, and with a brief 'Good the wooden sence. It was Edward's habit, in this evening. Vr. Arundel,' shot off in the direction hot summer-time, to spend a great deal of his time of the Towers, leaving Edward at a loss to underin the garden; walking up and down the neglected \stand his manner. So, on this mid-summer evepaths with a cigar in his mouth; or lolling in an ring, the soldier walked up and down the neg-easy-chair on the lawn reading the papers. Per-lected grass-plot, thinking of the men who had haps the garden was almost prettier, by reason of been his comrades, and of the career which he had the long neglect which it had suffered, than it abandoned for the love of his lost wife. He was would have been if kept in the trimmest order by aroused from his gloomy reverie by the sound of a the industrious hands of a skilful gardener. Every fresh girlish voice calling to him by his name. thing grew in a wild and wanton luxuriance, that } was very beautiful in this summer-time, when the earth was gorgeous with all manner of blossoms. (of all that is miraculous, with the right to call to Trailing branches from the espaliered apple-frees him thus by his Christian name: He was not hung across the pathways, intermingled with long left in doubt. While he was asking himself roses that had run wild; and made bits that a) the question, the same feminine voice cried out landscape-painter might have delighted to copy. again Even the weeds, which a gardener would have } looked upon in horror, were beauitful. The wild the gate for me, please? Or do you mean to keep convolvulus flung its tendrils into fantastic wreaths me out here forever? and wild festoons about the bushes of sweet-brier; } the jasmine that crept about the house had mount-, safe under the maternal wing at Dangerfield .the open windows; even the stable-roof was half; gate, with a cavalier hat and feathers overshadow-hidden by hardy monthly roses that had clambered ling her girlish face, and with another young Amalittle interest in this disorderly garden. He pined a thorough-bred bay in the back-ground. to be far away in the thick jungle, or on the burning plain. He hated the quiet and repose of vent of such visitors, flung away his cigar, and living death of a cloister.

long mid-summer day when Mr. Arundel strolled bleward through the scented summer air. up and down the neglected pathways, backward 'Why, Letitia!' cried the young man, ' and forward amidst the long tangled grass of the mercy's name, has brought you here?' lawn, smoking a cigar, and brooding over his sorrows.

He was beginning to despair. He had defied Paul Marchmont, and no good had come of his you?' she asked; and then answered her own quesdefiance. been no result of his watching. Day after day he because I wouldn't let mamma tell you I was had wandered down to the lonely pathway by the coming; for I wanted to surprise you, you know. river-side; again and again he had reconnoited And I think I have surprised you, haven't !? I the boat-house, only to hear Paul Marchmont ? never saw such a scared-looking creature in all treble voice singing scraps out of modern operas my life. If I were a ghost coming here in the as he worked at his easel; or on one or two occa-} sions to see Mr. George Weston, the surgeon, or you did just now. I only came the day before Lavinia his wife, emerge from the artist's paint- yestesday, and I'm staying at Major Lawford's, ing room.

Upon one of these occasions Edward Arundel had accosted the surgeon of Kemberling, and had You've heard me talk of Belinda Lawford, my tried to enter into conversation with him. But dearest, dearest friend? Miss Lawford, my bro-Mr. Weston had exhibited such utterly hopeless ther; my brother, Miss Lawford. Are you going stupidity, mingled with a very evident terror of to open the gate and let us in, or do you mean to his brother-in-law's foe, that Edward had been keep your citadel closed upon us altogether, Mr. fain to abandon all hope of any assistance from Edward Arundel? this quarter.

'I'm sure I'm very sorry for you, Mr. Arundel,' the surgeon said, looking, not at Edward, but is there no making this man answer for his in- bout and around him, in a hopeless, wandering banner, like some hunted animal that looks for and near for a means of escape from his pursuer -1'm very sorry for you-and for all your trou-June was nearly over, and the year was we. r-{be-and I was when I attended you at the Black intround to the anniversary of Edward's wed-{Bull-and you were the first patient I ever had w is the soung brite and bird concluded intered to year and brites and bird and bird concluded in the stampship meas and by the trout-streams in the Hampshipe meas and I'm very sorry for you, and for the poor young womand their appointment at Kemberling Retreat. man—and lalways tell Paul so—and—and Paul—'
The column to the sound in the poor young womand their appointment at Kemberling Retreat. man—and lalways tell Paul so—and—and Paul—'

And at this juncture 1 ir. Weston stopped al-

'Edward! Edward!'

Who could there be in Lincolnshire, in the name

'Edward! Edward! Will you come and open

This time Mr. Arundel had no difficulty in recthe honey-suckle, untutored by the pruning-knife, ognizing the familiar tones of his sister Letitia, mixed its tall branches with serioga and clematis; whom he had believed, until that moment, to be ed to the very chimney-pots, and strayed in through \ And lo! here she was, on horseback at his own up to the thatch. But the young soldier took very zon on a thorough-bred chestnut, and a groom on

Edward Arundel, utterly confounded by the adan existence which seemed little better than the went to the low wooden gate beyond which his sister's steed was pawing the dusty road, impatient The sun was low in the west at the close of a of this stupid delay, and eager to be cantering sta-

'Why, Letitia!' cried the young man, 'what, in

Miss Arundel laughed aloud at her brother's look of surprise.

'You didn't know I was in Lincolnshire, did He had watched him, and there had ition in the same breath: 'Of course you didn't, gloaming, you couldn't look more frightened than twelve miles away from here; and this is Miss Lawford, who was at school with me at Bath .--

At this juncture the young lady in the back-

gound drew a tittle nearer to ber friend, and mur- awful importance which actions, in themselves roice of wistom.

Why, we've only an hour's cide back,' she terly we reproach ourselves for that false step! cried; 'and if it should be dark, which I don't; 'I am so glad to see you. 'Mward!' Miss Arun-

lightly from her saddle.

Then, of course, Edward Arundel offered his? services to his sister's companion, and then f reblushed, and said nothing. fusion of trailing branches and bright garden-upon earth. flowers growing wild.

In that moment began the second volume of Mr. Arundel sat in the low basket-chair in which Edward Arundel's life. The first volume had he was wont to lounge a great deal of his time begun upon the Christmas night on which the away. boy of seventeen went to see the pantomime at 'Why don't you have a gardener, Ned?' Letitia Drury Lane Theatre. The old story had been a 'Arundel asked, after looking rather contemptulong, sad story, full of tenderness and pathos, ously at the lowery luxuriance around her. but with a cruel and dismal ending. The new Her brother shrugged his shoulders with a story began to-night, in this fading western sun-pondent gesture. shine, in this atmosphere of beimy perfume, wild.

But, as I think I observed before at the outset/ Heaven I could leave it and go back to India.' of this story, we are rarely ourselves aware of? after-years depended.

years,' says Brown.

'If I had not invited Lord Claude Fitz Tudor! to dinner, with a view to mortifying Robinson of papa; 33d Foot-Major Lawford knew that we the War-Office by the exhibition of an aristo-{were coming here, and he begged me to ask you cratic acquaintance, that wretched story of domestic shame and horror might never have gone knew you had shut yourself out of all societythe round of the papers; Sir Cresswell Cresswell though the Major's the dearest creature, and the might never have been called on to decide upon a case in which I was the petitioner; and a miserable woman, now dragging out a blighted life in you know, while you were in India. But I give a tawdry lodging at Dieppe might still be a pure the message as the Major gave it to me; and English matron a proud and happy mother!'says you're to come to dinner whenever you like.' Jones, whose wife ran away from him with the younger son of a duke.

mured a remonstrance to the effect that it was most trivial, assume by reason of their consevery late, and that they were expected home be- quences: and when the action, in itself so unitafore dark; but faiss Aranuel recesed to hea, the portant, in its consequences so fatal, has been in any way a deviation from the right, how bit-

hink it will be for his searcely dark ell night cet, eclaimed, as she tocked about her criticisthrough at this time of year, we've got Hoskins, in ther brother's domain; but you don't seem a with us, and Hosa as will take care of us. Wen't bit gled so see me, you poor gloomy old dear, you, Hoskins?' demanded the young lady, turn-And how much better you look than you did ing to the groom with a most insinualing smile. When you left Danger field! only a little care-Of course Hoskins declared that he was reacy worn, you know, still. And to think of your to achieve all that man could do or dare in the coming and burying yourself here, away from all defense of his liege ladies, or schething petty (the people who love you, you silly old darling! nearly to that effect, but delivered in a vite Lin- And Belinda knows the story and she s so script adultion rates. columnice patois not easily rendered in printer's flor you. An't you, Linda: I call her Lindasfor short, and because it's prettier than Ee-birda, Miss Arundel waited for no further discu sion. added the young lady saide to her bro her, and hat gave her hand to her brother, and vautted with a centemptions emphasis upon the first syllable of her friend's name.

Miss Lawfo d. thus abruptly appealed to,

the first time he looked in Belinda Lawford's face, If Edward Arundel had been told that any and even in that one first glance saw that she was fother young lady was acquainted with the sad a good and beautiful creature, and that her hair, story of his married life, I think he would have of which she had a great quantity, was of the been inclined to revolt against the very idea of color of her horse's chestnut coat; that her eyes her pity. But although he had only looked once were the bluest he had ever seen, and that her at Belinda Lawford, that one look seemed to checks were like the neglected roses in his gar-thave sold him a great deal. He felt instinctively den. He held out his hand to her. She took it that she was as good as she was beautiful, and with a frank smile, and dismounted, and came in that her pity must be a most genuine and tender among the grass-grown pathways, amidst the con-emotion, not to be despised by the proudest man

The two ladies scated themselves upon a dilapidated rustic seat amidst the long grass, and

'Why don't you have a gardener, Ned?' Letitia

Her brother shrugged his shoulders with a des-

'Why should I take any care of the place?' he amidst these dew-laden garden-flowers growing said. I only took it because it was near the spot where—where my poor girl—where I wanted to ta. I have no object in beautifying it. I wish to

He turned his face eastward as he spoke, and the commencement of any new aection in our the two girls saw that half-eager, half-despairing lives. We look back afterward, and wonder to yearning that was always visible in his face when see upon what an insignificant incident the fate of the looked to the east. It was over yonder, the scene of strife, the red field of glory, only sepa-'If I had gone down Piccadilly instead of tak- rated from him by a parch of purple ocean, and a ing a short cut across the Green Park the day! strip of yellow sand. It was yonder. He could walked from Brompton to Charing Cross, I/almost feel the hot blast of the burning air. He should not have met the woman I adore, and who could almost bear the shouts of victory. And he has hen-pecked me so cruelly for the last fifteen was a pri-oner here, bound by a sacred duty-by a duty which he owed to the dead.

'Major Lawford-Major Lawford is Belinda's to dinner; but I said you wouldn't come, for 1 Grange is a most delightful place to stay at. I was down here in the mid-summer holidays once,

Edward Arundel murmured a few polite words of refusal. No; he saw no society; he was in It is only after the fact that we recognize the Lincolnshire to achieve a certain object; he

should remain there no longer than was neces- Indian war, while the two girls roamed about the sary in order for him to do so.

air, 'though it's six months since you were last was scarcely strange after this visit that Edwar at Dangerfield! Upon my word you're a nice Arundel should consent to accept Major Lav' brother for an unfortunate girl to waste her af- ford's invitation to name a day for dining at th fections upon!

plaint.

very, very glad

confess to himself that those two innocent young had never known sorrow. But he went to the faces seemed to bring light and brightness with Grange, nevertheless, and grew more and more them, and to shed a certain transitory stimmer triendry with the Major, and walked in the gar of sunshine upon the horrible gloom of his ide, dens—which were very large and old-fashioned Mr. Marrison had come out to offer his duty to but most beautifully kept—with his sister and! the young tady-whom he had been intimate with Belinda Lawford; with Belinda Lawford who from a very early period of her existence, and knew his story and was sorry for him. He al-had carried upon his shoulder some afteen years, ways remembered that as he looked at her bright before-under the presence of oringing wine for face, whose varying expression gave perpetual the visitors; and the stable-rad had been sent to a evidence of a compassionate and sympathetic distant corner of the garden to search for straw- nature. berries for their refgesument. Even the sontary maid-servant had crept into the parior fronting friend, he th ught, sometimes, how much hapthe lawn, and had shrouded herself behind the pier she might have been!' window-curtains, whence she could peep out at }

that the sherry was from the Dangerfield cellar, affinity to Cupid's bow; but I doubt if any face and had been sent to Master Edward by his Ma; was ever more pleasant to look upon than the not to eat any strawberries, though the stable- face of this blooming English maiden. She had boy, who made the air odorous with the scent of a beauty that is sometimes wanting in perfect boy, who made the air odorous with the scent of a beauty that is sometimes wanting in perfect hay and oats, brought a little heap of freshly-faces, and lacking which the most splendid love-gathered fruit pited upon a cabbage-leaf, and surfliness will pall at last upon eyes that have grown mounted by a rampant caterpillar of the woodly weary of admiring; she had a charm for want of species. They could not stay any longer, they which the most rigidly classic profiles, the most both declared, lest there should be terror at Law-face and hadden then the morths it was there higher ford Grange because of their absence. So they and harder than the marble it was their highest went back to the gate, escorted by Edward and merit to resemble. She had the beauty of goodhis confidential servant, and after Letitia had ness, and to admire her was to do homage to the given her brother a kiss, which resounded almost purest and highest attributes of womanhood. It like the report of a pistol through the still even was not only that her pretty little nose was ing air, the two ladies mounted their horses, and straight and well-shaped, that her lips were rosy cantered away in the twilight.

horse's neck; 'and so will Belinda—won't you, such commonplace beauties as these, the beau-Belinda?

quite inaudible amidst the clattering of the horses brow, and crowned her queen by right divine of hoofs upon the hard high-road.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE MORE SACRIFICE.

LETITIA ARUNDEL kept her word, and came very often to Kemberling Retreat; sometimes on Belinda herself, but at the school-room and bread-and-butter period of life, and not particu-Lirly interesting. Major Lawford came one day with his daughter and her friend, and Edward tion from all who partook of her benefits. and the half-pay officer walked together up and down the grass-plot, smoking and talking of the del's life this girl arose as a star, and by-and-by

garden among the roses and butterflies, tearing 'And you don't even say that you're glad to see the skirts of their riding habits every now arme,' exclaimed Miss Arundel, with an offended then among the briers and gooseberry bushes. etions upon!' Grange; he could not with a very good grac Edward smiled faintly at his sister's com- have refused. And yet—and yet—it seemed t him almost a treason against his lost love, hi 'I am very glad to see you, Letitia,' he said; poor pensive Mary-whose face, with the ver look it had worn upon that last day, was eve And indeed the young hermit could not but present with him-to mix with happy people who

if my poor darling had had this girl for a

I dare say there have been many lovelier wothe two Amazons, and gladden her eyes with the men in this world than Belinda Lawford; many signt of something that was young and beautiful, women whose faces, considered artistically, came But the young tadies would not stop to drink nearer perfection; many notes more exquisitely any wine, though Mr. Morrison informed Letitia chiseled, and scores of mouths bearing a closer red, that her eyes were bluer than the summer 'I shall come and see you again, Ned,' Miss heavens, and her chestnut hair tinged with the Arundel cried, as she shook the reins upon her golden light of a setting sun; above and beyond ties of tenderness, truth, faith, earnestness, hope, Miss Lawford's reply, if she spoke at all, was and charity, were enthroned upon her broad white womanly perfection. A loving and devoted daughter, an affectionate sister, a true and faith-Iful friend, an untiring benefactress to the poor, a gentle mistress, a well-bred Christian lady; in every duty and in every position she bore out and sustained the impression which her beauty made on the minds of those who looked upon her. She was only nineteen years of age, and no sorrow had ever altered the brightness of her nature. She lived a happy life with a father who was horseback, sometimes in a little pony-carriage; proud of her, and with a mother who resembled sometimes accompanied by Belinda Lawtord, her in almost every attribute. She led a happy proud of her, and with a mother who resembled cometimes accompanied by a younger sister of but a busy life, and did her duty to the poor about Belinda's, as chestnut-haired and blue-eyed as her as scrupulously as even Olivia had done in the old days at Swampington Rectory; but in such a genial and cheerful spirit as to win, not cold thankfulness, but heart-felt love and devo-

Upon the Egyptian darkness of Edward Arun-

uffered himself to be happy at Lawford Grange; and in those quiet hours which he spent there he put away his old life, and forgot the stern putpose that alone held him a prisoner in England.

But when he went back to his lonely dwellingplace he reproached himself bitterly for that which he considered a treason against his love.

'What right'have I to be happy among these people?' he thought; 'what right have I to take life easily, even for an hour, while my darling lies in her unhallowed grave, and the man who drove her to her death remains unpunished? I will never go to Lawford Grange again.

It seemed, however, as if every body, except Belinda, was in a plot against this idle soldier: for sometimes Letitia coaxed him to ride back with her after one of her visits to Kemberling Retreat, and very often the major himself insisted, in a hearty military fashion, upon the young man's taking the empty seat in his dogcart, to be driven over to the Grange. Edward Arundel had never once mentioned Mary's name to any member of this hospitable and friendly family. They were very good to him, and were prepared, he knew, to sympathize with him; but he could not bring himself to talk of his los wife. The thought of that rash and desperate act which had ended her short life was too cruel to him. "He would not speak of her, because he would have had to plead excuses for that one guilty act; and her image to him was so stainless and pure that he could not bear to plead for her as for a sinner who had need of men's pity rather than a claim to their reverence.

'Her life had been so sinless,' he cried, sometimes; and to think that it should have ended in sin! If I could forgive Paul Marchmont for all the rest, if I could forgive him for my loss of her, I would never forgive him for that.

The young widower kept silence, therefore. upon the subject which occupied so large a share of his thoughts, which was every day and every night the theme of his most earnest prayers; and Mary's name was never spoken in his presence at Lawford Grange.

But in Edward Arundel's absence the two girls sometimes talked of this sad story.

Do you really think, Letitia, that your brother's wife committed suicide?' Belinds asked her friend.

'Oh, as for that, there can't be any doubt about } it dear, answered Miss Arundel, who was of a lively, not to say a flippant disposition, and had no very great reverence for solemn things; 'the poor dear creature drowned herself. I think she } must have been a little wrong in her head. I don't say so to Edward, you know; at least, I did say so once when he was at Dangerfield, and he flew into an awful passion, and called me hard-hearted and cruel, and all sorts of shocking things; so o course I've never said so since. But really, the poor dear thing's goings-on were so eccentricfirst she ran away from her step-mother, and went and hid herself in a horrid lodging; and

lithe horizon brightened under her influence. Lambeth, without so much as a wedding-dress, or the soldier had been very little in the society of a creature to give her away, or a rake, or cards, somen. His mother, his sister Letitia, his cousin or any thing Christian-like; and then she land the model with the first had been a time. hivia, and John Marchmont's gentle daughter, away again; and as her father had been a superere the only women whom he had ever known what's it's name? a man who carries banners in in the familiar freedom of domestic intercourse; pantomimes, and all that—I dare say she'd seen and he trusted himself in the presence of this Mr. Macready as Hamlet, and had Ophelia's mantiful and noble-minded girl in utter ignorance death in her head when she ran down to the of any danger to his own peace of mind. He river-side and drowned herself. I'm sure it's a very sad story; and of course I'm awfully sorry for Edward.

The young lady said no more than this; but Belinda brooded over the story of that early marriage—the stolen honey-moon, the sudden parting. How dearly they must have loved each other, the young bride and bridegroom, absorbed in their own happiness, and forgetful of all the outer world! She pictured Edward Arundel's face as it must have been before care and sorrow had blotted out the brightest attribute of his heauty. She thought of him, and pitied him, with such tender sympathy, that by and by the thought of this young man's sorrow seemed to hut almost every idea completely out of her mind. She went about all her duties still, cheerfully and pleasantly, as it was her nature to doevery thing; but the zest with which she had performed each loving office, each act of sweet benevolence, seemed lost to her now.

Remember that she was a simple country damsel, leading a quiet life, whose peaceful course was almost as calm and uneventies as the existnce of a cloister; a life so quiet that a decentlywritten romance from the Swampington bookclub was a thing to be looked forward to with impatience, to read with breathless excitement, and to brood upon afterward for months it strange, then, that this romance in real life, this sweet story of love and devotion, with its ad climax—this story, the scene of which lay within a few miles of her home, the hero of which was her father's con-tant guest-was it strange that this story, whose saddest charm wis is truth, should make a strong uppre-sion upon the mind of an innocent and unworldly woman, and that day by day and hour by hour she should, ad unconsciously to herse f feel a stronger inter-

est in the hero of the tale? She was interested in him. Alas! the truth must be set down, even if it has to be in the dain old commonplace words She fell in love eith him. But love in this innocent and womanly rature was so different a sentiment to that which had raged in Olivia's stormy breast that even she who felt it was unconselvus of its gradual birth. It was not 'an Adam at its birth,' by the by. It lid not lean, Minerva-like, from the brain; for I relieve that love is born of the brain oftener than of the heart, being a strange compound of fancy and folly ideality, veneration, and delusion. It came rather like the gradual dawning of a summer's morning-first a little patch of light, far away in the east, very faint and feeble; then a now widening of the rosy brightness; and at last a great blaze of splendor over all the width of the vast heavens. And then Wiss Lawford grew more reserved in her intercourse with her friend's mother. Her frank good nature gave place to a umid, shrinking bashfulness that made her ten imes more fascinating than she had been before. she was so very young, and had mixed so little first she ran away from her step-mother, and went and hid herself in a horrid lodging; and then she married Edward at a nasty church in when she was sorry, or to look sorrowful when

blish at will, or to grow pale when it was politic yet what was it that he had lost, after all? A to scort the fily tint. She was a natural, artless, quiet dinner at a country-house, and an evening spontane us creature; and she was utterly power-spent half in the leafy silence of an old-fashioned bess to conceal her emotions or to pretend a garden, half in a pleasant drawing-room among continent she did not feel. She blushed rosy/a group of well-bred girls, and only enlivened red when Edward Arundel spoke to her suddenly. by simple English ballads or pensive melodies by the betrayed herself by a hundred signs; mutely (Mondelssohn. It was not much to forego, surely, confessed her love almost as artiesly as Mary And yet Edward Arundel felt, in sacrificing these had revealed her affection a twelvemonth before, new acquaintance at the Grange to the stern pur-But if Edward saw this he gave no sign of having pose of his life, almost as if he had resigned a made the discovery. His voice, perhaps, grew a second captaincy for Mary's sake. little lower and softer in its tone when he spoke to Belinda; but there was a sad cadence in that low voice which was too mournful for the accent? of a lover. Sometimes, when his eyes rested for \(\) a moment on the girl's blushing face, a shadow CHAPTER XXVIII.

would darken his own, and a failt quiver of the child's voice in the pavilion by the emotion stir his lower lip; but it is impossible to say what this emotion may have been. Belinda ? hoped nothing, expected nothing. I repeat that THE year were slowly on. Letitia Arundel she was unconscious of the nature of her own wrote very long letters to her friend and confifeeling; and she had never for a moment thought (dante, Belinda Isawford, and in each letter deof Edward otherwise than as a man who would manded particular intelligence of her brother's go to his grave faithful to that sad love-story doings. Had he been to the Grange? how had go to his grave faithful to that sad love-story doings. Had he been to the Grange? how had which had blighted the promise of his youth. he looked? what had he talked about? etc. etc. She never thought of him otherwise than as But to these questions Miss Lawford could only Mary's constant mourner; she never hoped that return one monotonous reply: Mr. Arundel had time would alter his feelings or wear out his not been to the Grange; or Mr. Arundel had

All through July and August the young maniquarter of an hour, and had not been seen by any visited at the Grange, and at the beginning of female member of the family. September Letitia Arundel went back to Dan- The year word slowly on. Edward endured gerfield. But even then Edward was still a free his self-appointed solitude, and waited, waited, quent guest at Major Lawford's, for his enthusiasmy with a vengeful hatred forever brooding in his upon all military matters had made him a very breast, for the day of retribution. The year great favorite with the old officer. But toward wore on, and the anniversary of the day upon the end of September Mr. Arundel's visits sud- which Mary ran away from the Towers, the 17th denly were restricted to an occasional call upon of October, came at last. the Major; he left off dining at the Grange; his { evening rambles in the garden with Mrs. Law-taking possession of the Towers upon the day fold and her blooming daughters—Berinda had following this. The twelvemonth's probation no less than four blue-eyed sisters, all more or less resembling herself-ceased altogether, to the every voice was loud in praise of his conscienwonderment of every one in the old-fashioned,

country-house.

Edward Arundel shut out the new light which had dawned upon his life and withdrew into the darkness. He went back to the stagnant monotony, the hopeless despondency, the bitter re gret, of his old existence.

While my sister was at the Grange I had at excuse for g ing there, 'he said to himself, sternly

'I have no excuse now

But the old monotonous life was somehow or other a great deal more difficult to bear than it had been before. Nothing seemed to interesthe young man now. Even the records of Indiavictories were 'flat, state, and unprofitab e.' H wondered at the remembrance with what rage: impatience he had once pined for the coming of ? the newspapers, with what frantic haste he had was to take po-session of the Towers on the 19th. devoured every syllable of the Indian news. At the had already made several alterations in the his old feelings seemed to have gone away, leav- arrangement of the different rooms. He had weary sickness of life and all belonging to it. another man would have ordered it from London; Leaving nothing else—positively nothing? 'No!' but Mr. Marchmont was bent upon being popular, he answerd, in reply to these mute questions of and did not despise even the good opinion of a nis own spirit—'no,' he repeated doggedly, 'noth- local tradesman—and by several other acts, in local tradesman—and by several other acts. ing.'

his life by reason of his abandonment of the the airy castle of Mary Marchmont's day-dreams Grange. It seemed as if he had suddenly retired ten years before. from an existence full of pleasure and delight. The coming in of the new master of March-

she was pleased, as prudence might dictate; to into the gloomy solitude of La Trappe. And

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WATER.

THE year were slowly on. Letitia Arundel constancy; yet she loved him, notwithstanding. A called on papa one morning, but had only staid a

Paul Marchmont had declared his intention of which he had imposed upon himself had expired; ious and honorable conduct. He had grown ery popular during his residence at Kemberling. enant farmers locked forward to haloyen days der his dominion; to leases renewed on favorble terms; to repairs liberally executed; to every ong that is delightful between landlord and mant. Edward Arundel heard, all this through is faithful servitor, Mr. Morrison, and chafed atterly at the news. This traiter was to be rappy and prosperous, and to have the good word of honest men; while Mary lay in her unhalwed grave, and people shrugged their shoulders, alf compassionately, half contemptuously, as ney spoke of the mad heness who had committed ·uicide.

Mr. Morrison brought his master tidings of all Paul Marchmont's doings about this time. He significant enough in themselves, had asserted It was strange to find what a blank was left in this ownership of the mansion which had been

mont Towers was to be, take it altogether, a Towers. It was a lucky September morning that very grand affair. The Chorley Castle fox-swept that bright-faced boy out of my pathway, hounds were to meet, at eleven o'clock, upon and left only sickly John Marchinont and his the great grass-plot, or lawn, as it was popularly daughter between me and fortune.' ealled, before the western front. The country Yes; Mr. Paul Marchmout's year of probation gentry from far and near had been invited to a was past. He had asserted himself to Messrs. hunting-breakfast. Open house was to be kept Paulette, Paulette, and Mathewson, and before in the way of a mount was likely to join the upon the fortune that had fallen to him, conscien-friendly gathering. Poor Reynard is decidedly tious, punctifious, generous, and unselfish. He Eagland's most powerful leveler. All differences had done all this; and now the trial was over, and of rank and station, all distinctions which Main-the day of triumph had come:

mon raises in every other quarter, met away her fore the friendly contact of the hunting-field. The very popular with the novel-writer and the dramman who rides best is the best man; and the young atist, but not, I think quite indigenous to this butcher who makes light of sunk fences, and honest British soil; a race of pale-faced, dark-skins, bird-like over hullfactors and those way and all-accomplished scoundrels, whose skims, bird-like, over bullfinches and timber, may eyed, and all-accomplished scoundrels, whose hold his own with the dandy heir of half the country chiefest attribute is imperturbability. The imperside. The cook at Marchmont Towers had enough turbable villain has been guilty of every iniquity to do to prepare for this great day. It was the in the black catalogue of crimes; but he has never first meet of the season, and in itself a solenin been guilty of an emotion. He wins a million of festival. Paul Marchmont knew this; and though money at trente et quarante, to the terror and as-the Cockney artist of Fitzroy Square knew about tonishment of all Homburg; and by not so much as much of fox-hunting as he did of the source of as one twinkle of his eye or one quiver of his lip the Nile, he seized upon the opportunity of making does that imperturbable creature betray a sentihimself popular, and determined to give such a ment of satisfaction. Ruin or glory, shame or hunting breakfast as had never been given within triumph, defeat, disgrace, or death—all are alike the walls of Marchmont Towers since the time of to the callous ruffical of the Anglo-Gallic novel; a certain rackety Hugh Marchmont, who had He smiles, and murders while he smiles, and drunk himself to death early in the reign of George smiles while he murders. III. He spent the morning of the 17th in the Paul Marchmont was n steward's room, looking through the celler-book was a hypocrite when it was essential to his own with the old butler, selecting the wines that were safety to practice hypocrise; but he did not accept to be down't the following day, and planning the life as a drama, in which he was forever to be arrangements for the mass of visitors, who were acting a part. Life would scarcely be worth the to be entertained in the great stone entrance hall, having to any man upon such terms. It is all very in the kitchens, in the housekeeper's room, in the well to wear heavy plate-ormor, and a casque that servants' hall, in almost every chamber that al-{weighs fourteen pounds or so, when we go into forded accommodation for a guest.

may give no offense.

country gentlemen who should come to do honor made this one great sacrifice in order to give the to Paul Marchmont's installation. Great cases lies to Edward Arundel's vague accusations, which of comestibles had been sent by rail from Fort-might have had an awks and effect upon the minds num and Mason's; and the science of the cook at of other people, had the artist grasped too eagerly the Towers had been taxed to the utmost, in the at his missing cousin's wesith. Paul Marchmont struggles which she made to prove herself equal thad made this sacrifice; but he did not intend to to the occasion. Twenty-one great casks of ale, set a part all his life. each cask containing twenty-one gailons, had been self, and to get the fullest possible benefit out of brewed long ago, at the birth of Arthur March- his good fortune. He meant to do this; and upon mont, and had been laid in the cellar ever since, waiting for the majority of the young heir who his spirits, but laughed and talked joyously with was never to come of age. This very atc. with whoever came in his way; winning golden opina certain sense of triumph, Paul Marchmont er- ions from all sorts of men; for happiness is condered to be brought forth for the refreshment of tagious, and every body likes happy people. the commoners.

given this order. I saw him once when he was a calculated to give the keepest possible zest to pretty boy with fair ringlets, dressed in a suit of newly-acquired wealth. Paul Marchmont rejoiced black velvet. His father brought him to my stu- in his wealth with an aimost delirious sense of dedio one day, when he came to patronize me and light. It was his at last. At last! He had waited, buy a picture of me—out of sheer charity, of and waited patiently; and at last, while his powers: course, for he cared as much for pictures as I do of enjoyment were still in their zenith, it had for fox-hounds. I was a poor relation then, and come. How often he had dreamed of this; how never thought to see the inside of Marchmont often he had dreamed of that which was to take

all day for rich and poor. Every male inhabit- the face of all Lincolnshire, in the character of ant of the district who could muster any thing an honorable and high-minded man; slow to seize

Paul Marchmont was not this sort of man. Hethe thick of the fight. But to wear the armor al-'You will take care that people get placed ac- ways, to live in it, to sleep in it, to carry the poncording to their rank,' Paul said to the gray-haired derous protection about his forever and ever!servant. 'You know every body about here, I Safety would be too dear if purchased by such a dare say, and will be able to manage so that we excriñce of all personal ease. Paul Marchmont, therefore, being a selfish and self-indulgent man, The gentry were to breakfast in the long dining-room and in the western drawing-room. Spark-ling hocks and Burgundies, fragrant Moselies, vation. He had imposed upon himself a penance, Champagnes of choicest brand and rarest bouquet, and acted a part in holding back for a year from were to flow like water for the benefit of the the enjoyment of a splee did fortune; and he had He meant to enjoy himthe 17th of Occober he made no effort to restrain

Forty years of poverty is a long apprenticeship 'Poor young Arthur!' he thought, after he had to the very hardest of masters-an apprenticeship

place to-morrow! How often in his dreams he sation between Olivia and himself, he had only had seen the stone-built mansion, and heard the voices of the crowd doing him honor. He had felt all the pride and delight of possession, to awake suddenly in the midst of his triumph, and gnash his teeth at the remembrance of his pov-And now the poverty was a thing to be dreamed about, and the wealth was his. He had always been a good son and a kind brother; and his mother and sister were to arrive upon the eve of his installation, and were to witness his tri-The rooms that had been altered were those chosen by Paul for his mother and maiden sister, and the new furniture had been ordered for { their comfort. It was one of his many pleasures { upon this day to inspect the apartments, to see that all his directions had been faithfully carried; out, and to speculate upon the effect which these spacious and luxurious chambers would have upon the minds of Mrs. Paul Marchmont and her daughter, newly come from shabby lodgings in Charlotte Street.

'My poor mother!' thought the artist, as he } looked round the pretty sitting-room. This sitting-room opened into a noble bedchamber, beyond which there was a dressing-room. 'My poor' mother!' he thought; 'she has suffered a long time, and she has been patient. She has never ceased to believe in me; and she will see now that there was some reason for that belief. I told her long ago, when our fortunes were at the lowest ebb, when I was painting landscapes for the furniture-brokers at a pound apiece—I told her I was meant for something better than a tradesman's hack; and I have proved it-I have proved it.

He walked about the room, arranging the furniture with his own hands; walking a few paces backward new and then to contemplate such and such an effect from an artistic point of view; flinging the rich stuff of the curtains into graceful folds; admiring and examining every thing, always with a smile on his face. He seemed He seemed thoroughly happy. If he had done any wrong; if by any act of treachery he had hastened Mary Arundel's death, no recollection of that foul work arose in his breast to disturb the pleasant current of his thoughts. Selfish and self-indulgent, only attached to those who were necessary to his own happiness, his thoughts rarely wandered beyond the narrow circle of his own cares or his own pleasures. He was thoroughly selfish. He could have sat at a Lord Mayor's feast with a faminestricken population elamoring at the door of the banquet chamber. He believed in himself as his mother and sister had believed; and he considered that he had a right to be happy and prosperous, whoever suffered sorrow and adversity.

Upon this 17th of October Olivia Marchmont sat in the little study looking out upon the quadrangle, while the household was busied with the preparations for the festival of the following day. She was to remain at Marchmont Towers as a guest of the new master of the mansion. would be protected from all scandal, Paul had said, by the presence of his mother and sister. She could retain the apartments she had been accustomed to occupy; she could pursue her old mode of life. He himself was not likely to be very much at the Towers. He was going to travel and to enjoy life now that he was a rich man.

These were the arguments which Mr. March-

said a very few words upon the subject.

'You must remain,' he said; and Olivia submitted, obeying him with a sullen indifference that was almost like the mechanical submission of an

irresponsible being.

John Marchmont's widow seemed entirely under the dominion of the new master of the Towers. It was as if the stormy passions which had arisen out of a slighted love had worn out this woman's mind, and had left her helpless to stand against the force of Paul Marchmont's keen and vigorous intellect. A remarkable change had come over Olivia's character. A dull apathy had succeeded that fiery energy of soul which had enfeebled and well-nigh worn out her body. There were no outbursts of passion now. She bore the miserable monotony of her life uncomplaingly. Day after day, week after week, month after month, idle and apathetic, she sat in her lonely room, or wandered slowly in the grounds about the Towers. She very rarely went beyond those grounds. She was seldom seen now in her old pew at Kemberling Church; and when her father went to her and remonstrated with her for her non-attendance, she told him sullenly that she was too ill to go. She was ill. George Weston attended her constantly; but he found it very difficult to administer to such a sickness as hers, and he could only shake his head despondently when he felt her feeble pulse, or listened to the slow beating of her heart. Sometimershe would shut herself up in her room for a month at a time; and see no one but Mr. Weston—whom, in her utter indifference, she seemed to regard as a kind of domestic animal, whose going or coming were alike unimportant—and her faithful servant Barbara.

This stolid, silent Barbara waited upon her mistress with untiring patience. She bore with every change of Olivia's gloomy temper; she was a perpetual shield and protection to her. Even upon this day of preparation and disorder, Mrs. Simmons kept guard over the passage leading to the study, and took care that no one intruded upon At about four o'clock all Paul her mistress. Marchmont's orders had been given, and the new master of the house dined for the first time by himself at the head of the long carved-oak dining table, waited upon in solemn state by the old butler. His mother and sister were to arrive by a train that would reach Swampington at ten o'clock, and one of the carriages from the Towers was to meet them at the station. The artist had leisure in the mean time for any other business he might have to transact

He ate his dinner slowly, thinking deeply all the time. He did not stop to drink any wine after dinner, but as soon as the cloth was removed, rose from the table, and went straight to Olivia's

room.

'I am going down to the painting-room,' he said. 'Will you come there presently? I want very much to say a few words to you.

Olivia was sitting near the window, with her hands lying idle in her lap. She rarely opened a book now, rarely wrote a letter, or occupied herself in any manner. She scarcely raised her eyes as she answered him.

'Yes,' she said; 'I will come.'

'Don't be long, then. It will be dark very soon. I am not going down there to paint; I am mont used when openly discussing the widow's going to fetch a landscape that I want to hang in residence in his house. But in a private convert my mother's room, and to say a few words about—' He closed the door without stopping to finish)

Ten minutes afterward Olivia Marchmont rose, and, taking a heavy woolen shawl from a chair her. near her, wrapped it loosely about her head and shoulders.

'I am his slave and his prisoner,' she muttered to herself. 'I must do as he bids me.'

A cold wind was blowing in the quadrangle, and the stone pavement was wet with a drizzling rain. The sun had just gone down, and the dull autumn sky was darkening. The failen leaves in the wood were sodden with damp, and rotted slowly on the swampy ground.

Olivia took her way mechanically along the between Marchmont Towers and the boat-house she came suddenly upon the figure of a man walking toward her through the dusk. This man was

Edward Arundel.

The two cousins had not met since the March evening upon which Edward had gone to seek the widow in Paul Marchmont's painting-room. Olivia's pale face grew whiter as she recognized the soldier.

'I was coming to the house to speak to you, Mrs. Marchmont, Edward said, sternly. I am lucky in meeting you here, for I don't want any one to overhear what I've got to say.

He had turned in the direction in which Olivia had been walking; but she made a dead stop, and

stood looking at him.

'You were going to the boat-house,' he said. 'I will go there with you.'

She looked at him for a moment, as if doubtful what to do, and then said:

'Very well. You can say what you have to say to me, and then leave me. There is no sympathy

between us; there is no regard between us; we are only antagonists.

'I hope not, Olivia. I hope there is some spark? of regard still, in spite of all. I separate you in my own mind from Paul Marchmont. I pity you, for I believe you to be his tool.

'Is this what you have to say to me?'.

'No; I came here as your kinsman, to ask you what you mean to do now that Paul Marchmont } has taken possession of the Towers?

'I mean to stay there.

'In spite of the gossip that your remaining will }

give rise to among these country people!'

me to stay. It suits me to stay. What does no me to stay. It suits me to stay. What do I care In spite of everything. Ar. Marchmont wishes What does it; for any one's opinion-now?'

'Olivia,' cried the young man, 'are you mad?'

'Perhaps I am,' she answered, coldly. 'Why is it that you shut yourself from the sympathy of those who have a right to care for you? What is the mystery of your life?'

His cousin laughed bitterly.

'Would you like to know, Edward Arundel?' she said. You shall know, perhaps, some day. You have despised me all my life; you will despise me more and more then.

They had reached Paul Marchmont's paintingroom by this time. Olivia opened the door and walked in, followed by Edward. Paul was not? there. There was a picture covered with a green baize upon the easel, and the artist's hat stood upon the table amidst the litter of brushes and ple me to death before you enter that place. You pallets; but the room was empty. The door at shall walk over my corpse before you pass over the top of the stone steps leading to the pavilion that threshold. was ajar.

'Have you any thing more to say to me?' Olithe sentence, and went out into the quadrangle. (via asked, turning upon her cousin as if she would have demanded why he had followed

> 'Only this: I want to know your determination; whether you will be advised by me-and by your father-I saw my Uncle Hubert this morning, and his opinion exactly coincides with mine -or whether you mean obstinately to take your

own course in defiance of every body?

'I do,' Olivia answered. 'I shall take my own course. I defy everybody. I have not been gifted with the power of winning people's affection. Other women possess that power, and trifle with it, and turn it to bad account. I have narrow pathway leading to the river. Half-way \ prayed, Edward Arundel-yes, I have prayed upon my knees to the God who made me, that He would give me some poor measure of that gift which Nature had lavished upon other wemen; but He would not hear me, He would not hear me. I was not made to be loved. Why, then, should I make myself a slave for the sake of winning people's esteem? If they have despised me, I can despise them.'

'Who has despised you, Olivia?' Edward asked,

perplexed by his cousin's manner.

'You have!' she cried, with flashing eyes; 'you have! From first to last-from first to last!' She turned away from him impatiently. 'Go.' she said; 'why should we keep up a mockery of friendship and cousinship? We are nothing to each other.'

Edward walked toward the door; but he paused upon the threshold, with his hat in his hand, undecided as to what he ought to do.

As he stood thus, perplexed and irresolute, a cry, the feeble cry of a child, sounded within the pavilion.

The young man started and looked at his cousin. Even in the dusk he could see that her face had suddenly grown livid.

'There is a child in that place,' he said, point-

ing to the door at the top of the steps.

The cry was repeated as he spoke—the low, complaining wail of a child. There was no other voice to be heard-no mother's voice soothing a helpless little one. The cry of the child was followed by a dead silence.

'There is a child in that pavilion,' Edward

Arundel repeated. 'There is,' Olivia answered.

'Whose child?

'What does it matter to you?'

'Whose child?'

'I can not tell you, Edward Arundel.'

The soldier strode toward the steps, but before he could reach them Olivia flung herself across his pathway.

'I will see whose child is hidden in that place, he said. 'Scandalous things have been said of you, Olivia. I will know the reason of your visits

to this place. She clung about his knees and hindered him from moving; half-kneeling, half-crouching on the lowest of the stone-steps, she blocked his pathway and prevented him from reaching the door of the pavilion. It had been ajar a few minutes ago; it was shut now. But Edward had not noticed this.

'No, no, no!' shricked Olivia; 'you shall tram-

The young man straggled with her for a few

moments; then he suddenly flung her from him- been if his young wife had lived. He could not violently, but with a contemptuous gesture.

he said; and it matters very little to me what quaint knobs, like gouty feet, and had been long you do or what becomes of you. I know now the ago banished from the Dangerfield breakfast-table secret of the mystery between you and Paul as utterly rococo and ridiculous. He conjured up Marchmont. I can guess your motive for per- the dear dead face, with faint blushes flickering petually haunting this place.

waiked slowly back through the wood.

His mind-predisposed to think ill of Olivia by the dark rumors he had heard through his servant, and which had had a certain amount of in- How willing to give up fortune and station, and fluence upon him, as all scandals have, however baseless—could imagine only one solution to the mystery of a child's presence in the lonely builddiscovery he had made, he turned his back upon Marchmont Towers.

I will stay in this hateful place no longer,' he thought, as he went back to his solitary home; try shall know what I think of Paul Marchmont." or other expressive of relief.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAPTAIN ARUNDEL'S REVUNCE.

leave Lincolnshire—and introdiately. He had cold wet note in his master's hand by way of a no motive for remaining. It may be, indeed, that delicate attention. he had a strong motive for going away from the neighborhood of Lawford Grange. There was a was answered by Mr. Morrison. lurking danger in the crose vicinage of that pleasant, old-fashioned country mansion, and the son? Mr. Arundel asked. bright band of blue-cycl damsels who inhabited there.

'I will turn my back upon Lincolashire for- ward?' he inquired, anxiously ever,' Edward Arundel said to himself once more, upon his way homeward through the October about my clothes, and I want a straightforward twilight; 'but before I go, the whole country sharl answer. know what I think of Paul Marchmont.'

voluntarily as he thought this.

old-fashioned half-glass door that led into his stiffish country, too, as I've heard, in the way of humble sitting-room at Kemberling Retreat. He huil-finches and timber—neither of them horses looked round the little chamber, which had been has any more of a hunter in him than I have.' furnished forty years before by the proprietor of 'I know that as well as you do,' Edward Arunthe cottage, and had served for one tenant after del answered, coolly; but I am going to the meet another, until it seemed as if the spindle-legged at Marchmont Towers to-morrow morning, and chairs and tables had grown attenuated and I want you to look me out a decent suit of shadowy by much service. He looked at the clothes, that's all. You can have Desperado simple room, lighted by a bright fire and a pair of saddled ready for me a little after eleven o'clock.' wax candles in antique silver candlesticks. The Mr. Morrison looked even more astonished red fire-light flickered and trembled upon the than before. He knew his master's savage enpainted roses on the walls, on the obsolete en- mity toward Paul Marchmont; and yet that very gravings in clumsy frames of imitation-ebony and master now deliberately talked of joining in an tarnished guilt; the silver tea-service and Sevres assembly which was to gather together for the china cup and saucer, which Mrs. Arundel had special purpose of doing the same Paul Marchsent to the cottage for her son's use, steed upon mont honor. However, as he afterward rethe small oval table; and a brown setter, a favo- marked to the two fellow-servants with whom he rite of the young man's, lay upon the hearth-rug, sometimes condescended to be familiar, it wasn't with his chin upon his outstretched paws, blink-his place to interfere or to ask any questions, and

ing at the blaze.

As Mr. Arundel lingered in the doorway, looking at these things, an image arose before him, as the result of prudence than of inclination; for vivid and distinct as any apparition of Professor there was a dangerous light in Edward Arundel's Pepper's manufacture; and he thought of what eyes upon this particular evening which Mr. Morthat commonplace cottage-chamber might have rison never had observed before.

fancy her bending over the low silver tea-pot-'You are a wicked woman, Olivia Marchmont,' the sprawling, inartistic tea-pot, that stood upon amidet its liny pallor, and soft hazel eyes looking He left the solitary building by the river and up at him through the misty steam of the teatable, innocent and virginal as the eyes of that mythic nymph who was wont to appear to the old Roman king. How happy she would have been! to have lived for ever and ever in that queer old cottage, ministering to him and loving him!

Presently the face changed. The hazel-brown ing by the river., Outraged and indignant at the hair was suddenly lit up with a glitter of barbaric gold; the hazel eyes grew blue and bright; and the cheeks blushed rosy red. The young man frowned at this new and brighter vision; but he contemplated it gravely for some moments, and but before I leave Lincolnshire the whole count then breathed a long sigh, which was somehow

'No,' he said to himself, 'I am not false to my poor jost girl; I do not forget her. Her image is , dearer to me than any living creature. The moureful shadow of her face is more precious to

me than the brightest reality.'

He sat down in one of the spindle-legged armchairs, and poured out a cup of tea. He drank it slowly, brooding over the fire as he sipped the EDWARD ARUNDEL went back to his lonely home innocucus beverage, and did not deign to notice with a settled purpose in his mind. He would the caresses of the brown setter, who laid his

After tea the young man rang the bell, which

'Have I any clothes that I can hunt in, Morri-

His factotum stared aghast at this question. 'You win't a-goin' to 'unt, are you, Mr. Ed-

'Never mind that. I asked you a question

'But, Mr. Edward,' remonstrated the old ser-He clenched his fists and ground his teeth in- vant, I don't mean no offense; and the 'orses is very tidy animals in their way; but if you're It was quite dark when he let himself in at the thinkin' of going across country-and a pretty

The factotum said something about this later | bers have a certain disma grimness about them, in the evening.

-which those as says it always rains in Lincolnthe man he were.'

his supper-beer.

The sun shone upon Paul Marchmont on the morning of the 18th of October. The glorious autumn sunshine streamed into his gorgeous bedplated the figures upon the tapestry in a drowsy reverie. He had been dreaming of his poverty; with it forever,

Mr. Marchmont gave a faint shudder, and

admiring his new bedchamber.

room for an artist and a sybarite. Mr. March-\in the deep oriel window. His valet—he had a ment had not chosen it without due consideration. It was situated in an angle of the house; and ? though its chief windows looked westward, being immediately above those of the western drawing- { room, there was another casement, a great oriel { window, facing the east, and admitting all the grandeur of the morning sun through painted glass, on which the Marchmont escutcheon was represented in gorgeous hues of supphire and house flower, white and fragile, peeped out of a ruby, emerald and topaz, amethyst and aqua slender crystal vas-marina. Bright splashes of these colors flashed dark shining leaves. and sparkled on the polished oaken floor, and } mixed themselves with the Oriental gaudiness of Square,' said Mr. Marchmont, throwing himself a Persian carpet, stretched beneath the low Ara-back a aong the pillows until such time as his bian bed, which was hung with ruby-colored valet should bring him a cup of strong tea to redraperies that trailed up in the ground. Paul; fresh and invigorate his nerves withal. I re-Marchmont was fond of sp. dor, and meant to member the paper in my room : drab hexagons have as much of it as money could buy. There and yellow spots upon a brown ground. So was a voluptuous pleasure in all to finery, which pretty! And then the dressing-table: deal, graceonly a parvenu could feel; it was the sharpness of fully designed; with a shallow drawer that very the contrast between the magnifice re of the rarely would consent to come out, and which, present and the shabby miseries of the ast that when out, had an insurmountable objection to gave a poignancy to the artist's enjoymen. If his new habitation.

All the furniture and draperies of the cham. had been made by Paul Marchmont's direction; but its chief beauty was the tapestry that covered the walls, which had been worked three hundred years before, by a patient chatelaine of the house of Marchmont. This tapestry lined the endant upon the divine pleasure, and had never reom on every side. The low door had been cut for one moment dreamed of intruding his own in it; so that a stranger going into that apartment impious handiwork amidst the mysterious deat night, a little under the influence of the Marchmont cellars, and unable to register the topography of the chamber upon the tablet of his mem-ment Towers. This bright October morning ory, might have been sorely puzzled to find an was not the very best for hunting purposes; for

which is more pleasant to the sight-seer than to "I'l do really think," he remarked, 'that, what the constant inhabitant; but in this tapeatry the with that young 'coman's death, and the solitood colors were almost as bright and glowing to-day of this most dismal place, and the rainy weather (as when the fingers that had handled the variegated worsteds were still warm and flexible. The shire ain't far out-my pore young master is not subjects, too, were of a more pleasant order than usual. No mailed ruffians or drapery-clad bar-He tapped his forehead ominously, to give sig- barians menaced the unoffending sleeper with nificance to his words, and sighed heavily over suplified clubs, or horrible holts, in the very act of being launched from ponderous cross-bows; no wicked-looking Saracens, with ferocious eyes and copper-colored visages, brandished murderous eimetars above their turbaned heads. No; here all was pastoral gayety and peaceful delight. chamber—which had been luxuriously fitted for Maidens, with flowing kirtles and crisped yellow him under his own superintendence—and awoke hair, danced before great wagons loaded with the new master of Marchmont Towers. He golden wheat. Youths, in red and purple jeropened his eyes, and looked about him. He raised | kirr, frisked as they played the pipe and tabor. himself among the down pillows, and contem- (The Flemish horses dragging the heavy wain were hung with bells and garlands, as for a rustic festival, and tossed their untrimmed manes and had been disputing a poor-rate summons into the air, and frisked and gamboled with their with an importment tax-collector i the dingy av kward legs, in ponderous imitation of the passage of the house in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy youths and maidens. Afar off, in the distance, Square. Ah! that horrible house 'ad so long wonderful villages, very queer as to perspective, been the only seene of his life that it had grown but all a-bloom with gaudy flowers and quaint almost a part of his mind, and haunt d him per-, roofs of bright red tiles, stood boldly out against petually in his sleep, like a nightmare of brick abluer sky than the most enthusiastic pre-Raand mortar, now that he was rich, and had done phaelite of to-day would care to send to the Academy in Trafalgar Square.

Paul Marchmont smiled at the youths and shook off the influence of the bad dream. Then, m. idens, the laden wagons, the revelers, and the propped up by the pillows, he amase's himself by impossible village. He was in a humor to be preased with every thing to-day. He looked at It was a handsome room, certainly; the very his dressing-table, which stood opposite to him, valet now - had opened the great inlaid dressing-case, and the silver-gilt fittings reflected the erimson hues of the velvet lining, as if the gold had been fleoked with blood. Glittering bottles of diamond-cut giass, that presented a thousand facets to the morning light, stood like crystal obelisks amidst the litter of carved ivory brushes. and Sevres boxes of pomatums; and one rare hotslender crystal vase, against a back-ground of

'It's better than Charlotte Street, Fitzroy going in again; a most delicious table, exquisitely painted in stripes, olive green upon stone color, picked out with the favorite brown. Oh, it was most delightful life; but it's over, thank Provilence; it's over!

Mr. Paul Marchmont thanked Providence as levoutly as if he had been the most patient atfor one moment dreamed of intruding his own signs of Omnipotence.

The sun shone upon the new master of Marchexit the next morning. Most tapostried cham-there was a fresh breeze blowing from the north,

and a blue unclouded sky. But it was most de- body about him-ha-felt on this most-arrab. lightful weather for the breakfast, and the as-arrah-interesting-er-occasion; and said a sensbling on the lawn, and all the pleasant pre- great deal more, which took a very long time to liminaries of the day's sport. Mr. Paul March say, but the gist of which was, that all these mont, who was a thorough-bred Cockney, troubled country gentlemen were so enraptured by the himself very little about the hunt as he basked in new addition to their circle, and so altogether that morning light. He only thought that the delighted with Mr. Paul Marchmont, that they sun was shining upon him, and that he had come really were at a loss to understand how it was at last-no matter by what crooked ways-to they had ever managed to endure existence withthe realization of his great day-dream; and that (out him. he was to be happy and prosperous for the rest of ' his life.

had put on the dress for the gratification of his viz., the fact of his jollity-nobody could deny. hunting costume.

knew what took place at that long table at which spectful servants, and reverential trades-people! he sat for the first time in the place of host and master. He was intoxicated from the first with any of his guests; but his drunkenness was of a the sense of triumph and delight in his new posi-different kind to theirs. It was not the wine, but tion; and he drank a great deal, for he drank un-his own grandeur that intoxicated and besotted consciously, emptying his glass every time it was him. filled, and never knowing who filled it, or what was put into it. By this means he took a very drunkenness in half an hour or so; but his intoxiconsiderable quantity of various sparkling and cation was likely to last for a very long time uneffervescing wines; sometimes hock, sometimes less he should receive some sudden shock, power-Moselle, very often Champagne, to say nothing ful enough to sober him. The hounds were yelp-of a steady undercurrent of unpronounceable ing and baying upon the lawn, and the huntsmen German hocks and crusted Burgundies. But he and whippers in were running backward and forwas not drunk after the common fashion of mor-, ward from the lawn to the servants' hall, devourtals; he could not be upon this particular day, ing snacks of beef and ham-a pound and a He was not stupid, or drowsy, or unsteady upon quarter or so at one sitting; or crunching the his legs; he was only preturnaturally excited, bones of a frivolous young chicken—there were looking at every thing through a haze of dazzling not half a dozen mouthfuls on such insignificant, light, as if all the gold of his newly-acquired for : half-grown fowls; or excavating under the roof tune had been melted into the atmosphere.

delicious comestible that the science of a first- way, merely to beguile the time until the gentle-rate cook, to say nothing of Fortnum and Mason, folks should appear upon the broad stone terrace. could devise; that the profusion of splendid sil-ver, the costly china, the hot-house flowers, and mont's guests were still drinking and speechifythe sunshine, made a confused mass of reatless ing. They had been on the point of making a glitter and glowing color that dazzled his eyes as move ever so many times; but it had happened he looked at it. He knew that every body wourted that each time some gentleman, who had been and flattered him, and that he was almost stifled very quiet until that moment, suddenly got upon by the overpowering sease of his own grandeur. \his legs, and began to cling convulsively to the Perhaps he felt this most when a certain county | neck of a ha!f empty Champagne-bottle, and to magnate, a baronet, member of Parliament, and make swallowing and gasping noises, and to wipe great land-owner, rose—primed with Champagne, his lips with a napkin; whereby it was understood and rather thicker of utterance than a man that he was going to propose somebody's health should be who means to be in at the death, by- This had considerably lengthened the entertain-and-by—and took the opportunity of—hum— ment, and it seemed rather likely that the ostenexpressing, in a few words—haw—the very sible business of the day would be forgotten alto-great pleasure which he—aw, yes—and he gether. One gentleman, indeed, huskier than his thought he might venture to remark—aw—every neighbors, had been heard to mutter something

And then there was a good deal of rather unnecessary but very enthusiastic thumping of the He drank his tea, and then got up and dressed table, whereat the costly glass shivered, and the himself. He wore the conventional 'pink,' the hot-house blossoms trembled, amidst the musical whitest buckskins, the most approved boots and chinking of silver forks, while the fox-hunters tops; and he admired himself very much in the declared in chorus that the new owner of Marcheheval glass when this toilet was complete. He mont Towers was a jolly good fellow, which vanity, rather than from any serious intention of 11 was not a very refined demonstration, but it doing what he was about as incapable of doing was a very hearty one. Moreover, these noisy as he was of becoming a modern Rubens or a fox-hunters were all men of some standing in new Raphael. He would receive his friends in the county; and it is a proof of the artist's inthis costume, and ride to cover, and follow the herent snobbery that to him the husky voices of hounds, perhaps—a little way. At any rate, it these half-drunken men were more delicious was very delightful to him to play the country than the sweet soprano tones of an equal number gentleman; and he had never felt so much a of Pattis-penniless and obscure Pattis, that is country gentleman as at this moment, when he to say—sounding his praises. He was lifted at contemplated himself from head to heel in his last out of that poor artist-life, in which he had always been a groveler-not for lack of talent, At ten o'clock the guests began to assemble; but by reason of the smallness of his own soulthe meet was not to take place until twelve, so into a new sphere, where every body was rich that there might be plenty of time for the break- and grand and prosperous; and where the pleasant pathways were upon the necks of prostrate I don't think Paul Marchmont ever really slaves, in the shape of grooms and hirelings, re-

Yes; Paul Marchmont was more drunken than

These fox-hunters might get the better of their of a great game-pie; or drinking a quart or so of He knew that the breakfast was a great suc-strong ale, or half a tumbler of raw brandy, en cess; that the long table was spread with every passant; and doing a great deal more in the same

gracious Majesty—suggested a stretch on a sofa, and the removal of his boots. At last, at half shire, remembered that there were twenty couple eager watchers at the window. of impatient hounds scratching up the turf in front of the long windows of the banquet-cham-. ber, while as many eager young tenant farmers, stalwart yoomen, well-to-do butchers, and a herd of tag-rag and bobtail, were pining for the sport to begin—at last, I say, Sir Lionel Boport remembered this, and led the way to the terrace, leaving the renegades to repose on the comfortable sofas lurking here and there in the spacious } rooms. Then the grim stone front of the house was suddenly lighted up into splendor. The long terrace was one blaze of pink, relieved here and there by patches of sober black and forester's green. Among all these stalwart, florid-visaged country gentlemen, Paul Marchmont, very elegant, very picturesque, but extremely unaportsman-like, the hero of the hour, walked slowly down the broad stope steps, amidst the vociferous cheering of the crowd, the snapping and yelping of impatient hounds, and the distant braying of a

moment he had dreamed of again and again in unlooked-for was his coming. Me stood upon the the wretehed days of poverty and obscurity. The step immediately below the artist; but as the terseene was scarcely new to him-he had acted it race steps were shallow, and as he was taller by so often in his imagination; he had heard the half a foot than Paul, the faces of the men were shouts and seen the respectful crowd. There level, and they confronted each other. was a little difference in detail—that was all. brightest dreams are fulfilled, and the one great good, the all-desired, is granted to us. No; the sacrificed to win it.

He looked up and saw his mother and his sisters in the great window over the porch. Be could see the exultant pride in his mother's pale face; and the one redeeming sentiment of his nature, his love for the womankind who depended upon i him, stirred faintly in his breast, amidst the tion from the gentlemen on the terrace and the tumult of gratified ambition and selfish joy.

This one drop of unselfish pleasure filled the; cup to the brim. He took off his hat and waved? it high up above his head in answer to the shout-ing of the crowd. He had stopped half-way down? the flight of steps to bow his acknowledgment of not such a cur as to submit unresistingly to this the cheering. He waved his hat, and the huzzas hideous disgrace; but the attack was so sudden grew still louder; and a band upon the other? side of the lawn played that familiar and trium-its execution as to leave him no time for resistphant march which is supposed to apply to every cance. Before he had recovered his presence of living hero, from a Wellington just come home mind; before he knew the meaning of Edward from Waterloo to the winner of a boat-race, or a Arundel's appearance in that place; even before patent-starch proprietor newly elected by an ad- ac could fully realize the mere fact of his being miring constituency.

There was nothing wanting. I think that in { that supreme moment Paul Marchmont quite forgot the tortuous and perilous ways by which he depth of social degradation. had reacked this all-glorious goal. I don't sup- 'Gentlemen!' Edward Ar pose the young princes, smothered in the Tower, voice, which was distinctly heard by every memwere ever more palpably present in tyrant ber of the gaping crowd, 'when the law of the Richard's memory than when the murderous land suffers a scoundrel to prosper, honest men usurper groveled in Bosworth's miry clay, and must take the law into their own hands. I wished knew that the great game of life was lost. It you to know my opinion of the new master of was only when Henry the Eighth took away the Marchmont Towers; and I think I've expressed great seal that Wolsey was able to see the fool-it pretty clearly. I know him to be a most con-

about billiards and sodn-water; and another, who (ishness of man's ambition. In that moment was thick of speech, but not husky, and who had memory and conscience, never very wakeful in shed tears in proposing an uniatelligible toast the breast of Paul Marchmont, were dead asleep, which was supposed to be the health of her and only triumph and delight reigned in their stead. No; there was nothing wanting. glory and grandeur paid him a thousand-fold for past.twelve, the county magnate, who had bidden his patience and self-abnegation during the past Paul Marchmont a stately welcome to Lincoln- year. He turned half round to look up at those

Good God! It was his sister Lavinia's face he saw; no longer full of triumph and pleasure, but shastly pale, and staring at some one or something herrible in the crowd. Paul Marchmont turned to look for this horrible something, the sight of which had power to change his sister's face; and found himself confronted by a young man-a young man whose eyes flamed like coals of fire; whose cheeks were as white as a sheet of paper; and whose firm lips were locked as tightly as if they had been chiseled out of a block of granite.

This man was Edward Arundel—the young widower, the handsome soldier-whom every body remembered as the husband of poor lost Mary Marchmont.

He had sprung out from amidst the crowd only one moment before, and had dashed up the steps of the terrace before any one had time to think of hindering him or interfering with him. It seemed to Paul Marchmont as if he must have It was the the crowning moment of his life; the leaped out of the solid earth, so sudden and so

The soldier held-a heavy hunting-whip in his There was no disappointment, no shortcoming in hand, no foppish toy with a golden trinket for its the realization, as there so often is when our head, but a atout handle of stag-horn, and a fermidable leathern thong. He held this whip in his strong right hand, with the thong twisted round prize was his, and it was worth all that he had the handle; and throwing out his left arm nervous and muscular as the limb of a young gladiator, he seized Paul Marchmont by the collar of that fashionably-cut scarlet coat which the artist had so much admired in the cheval glass that morning.

> There was a shout of surprise and consternaerowd upon the lawn, a shrill scream from the women, and in the next moment Paul Marchmont was writhing under a shower of blows from the hunting-whip in Edward Arundel's hand. The artist was not physically brave, yet he was and unexpected as to paralyze him; so rapid in there—the thing was done; he was disgraced forever. He had sunk in that one moment from the very height of his new grandeur to the lowest

> Gentlemen!' Edward Arundel cried, in a loud

summate villain; and I give you fair warning Edward Arundel had whispered close to his ear that he is no fit associate for honorable men. in the midst of the struggle.

Good-morning.'

assembly, and then ran down the steps. Paul the river! Marchmont, livid, and foaming at the mouth, ! rushed after him, brandishing his clenched fists. and gesticulating in impotent rage; but the young man's horse was waiting for him at a few paces from the terrace, in the eare of a butcher's apprentice, and he was in the saddle before the artist could overtake him.

'I shall not leave Kemberling for a week, Mr. Marchmont,' he called out; and then he walked | for a week and upward, but Paul Marchmont

and staring defiance at the crowd.

of the British populace; but I am bound to own forever, as he thought, and went away from Linthat a great many of the stalwart yeomen who colnshire. had, eaten game-pies and drunk strong liquors at Paul Marchmont's expense not half an hour before, were base enough to feel an involuntary struggle, physical or legal-he scarcely cared admiration for Edward Arundel, as he rode slowly which—would occur between them. He would away, with his head up and his eyes flaming, have courted any hazard which might have There is seldom very much genuise sympathy for given him some chance of revenge. But nothing a man who has been horsewhipped; and there is happened. He sent out Mr. Morrison to beat a pretty universal inclination to believe that the up information about the master of Marchmont man who inflicts chastisement upon him must be right in the main. It is true that the tenant farmers, especially those whose leases were nearly run out, were very loud in their indignation against Mr. Arundel, and one adventurous spirit made a dash at the young man's bridle as he went by; but the general feeling was in favor of the conqueror, and there was a lack of heartiness even in the loudest expressions of sympathy.

The crowd made a lane for Paul Marchmont

and sick with shame.

Several of the gentlemen upon the terrace came forward to shake hands with him, and to express their indignation, and to offer any friendly service that he might require of them by-and-bysuch as standing by to see him shot, if he should choose an old-fashioned mode of retaliation; or bearing witness against Edward Arundel in a law-court, if Mr. Marchmont preferred to take legal measures. But even these men recoiled when they felt the cold dampness of the artist's hands, and saw that he had been frightened. These sturdy uproarious fox-hunters, who braved the peril of sudden death every time they took a day's sport, entertained a sovereign contempt for a man who could be frightened of any body or any thing. They made no allowance for Paul Marchmont's Cockney education; they were not ble lead, not to be cast away from him. is the dark secrets of his life, and knew nothing of his guilty conscience; and it was that which of his guilty conscience; and it was that which reason of its emptiness. He had no duty to perhad made him more helpless than a child in the form, no task to achieve. That nature must be fierce grasp of Edward Arundel.

pathy, the rick man's guests fell away from him; (something, wanting these—a duty or a purpose. and the yelping hounds and the cantering horses. Better to be Sisyphus toiling up the mountain-side. left the lawn before Marchmont Towers; the than Bisyphus with the stone taken away from sound of the brass band and the voices of the him, and no hope of ever reaching the top. Theard people died away in the distance; and the giory (a man once-a bill-sticker, and not by any means

of the day was done.

luxurious bedchamber which he had left only a had thirteen orphangrandchildren to support; and few hours before, and, throwing himself at full surely there was a universal moral in that bill-length upon the bed, sobbed like a frightened sticker's confession. He had been a drunkard bechild.

'I know every thing,' the young man had said. Edward Arundel lifted his hat, bowed to the I know the secrets you hide in the pavilion by

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DESERTED CHAMBERS.

EDWARD ARUNDEL kept his word. He waited his horse away, holding himself erect as a dart, made no sign; and after having given him three days' grace over and above the promised time I am sorry to have to testify to the fickle nature the your g man abandoned Kemberling Retreat,

> He had waited, hoping that Paul Marchmont would try to retaliate, and that some desperate Towers; and the factotum came back with the intelligence that Mr. Marchmont was ill, and would see no one-'leastways' excepting his mother and Mr. George Weston.

Edward Arundel shrugged his shoulders when

he heard these tidings.

'What a contemptible cur the man is!' he thought. 'There was a time when I could have suspected him of any foul play against my lost girl. I know him better now, and know that he is as he went back to the house, white and helpless, i not even capable of a great crime. He was only strong enough to stab his victim in the dark, with lying paragraphs in newspapers, and dastardly hints and inuendoes for his weapons.

> It would have been only perhaps an act of ordinary politeness had Edward Arundel paid a farewell visit to his friends at the Grange. did not go near the hospitable o'd house. He contented himself with writing a cordial letter to Major Lawford, thanking him for his hospitality and kindness; and referring, vaguely enough, to the

hope of a future meeting.

Throughout that last day Mr. Arundel wandered here and there about the house and garden that so soon were to be descrited. He was dreadfully at a loss what to do with himself, and, alas! it was not to-day only that he felt the burden of his hopeless idleness. He felt it always, a horri-

His life was most miserable, most hopeless, by (utterly selfish, entirely given over to sybarite rest So, one by one, after this polite show of sym- and self-indulgence, which does not feel a lack of a sentimental or philosophical person-declare Paul Marchmont crawled slowly back to that that he had never known real prosperity until he hild.

He was panic-stricken; not because of the —and a reprobate, it may be; but those thirteen horsewhipping, but because of a sentence that small mouths clamoring for food made him sober

and earnest, brave and true. do, and was happy in its performance. He was wanted in the world, and he was somebody.

The only joy that had been left for Edward Arundel after his retirement from the East India Company's service, was the fierce delight of vengeance. He had drained the intoxicating cup to tne dregs, and had been drunken at first in the sense of his triumph. But he was sober now; and he paced up and down the neglected garden beneath a chill October sky, crunching the fallen leaves under his feet, with his arms folded and his head bent, thinking of the barren future. no city in the distance; no purple domes or airy minarets on the horizon. It was in the very nature of this young man to be a soldier; and he was nothing if not a soldier. He could never remember having had any other aspiration than that by the water. The fascination that lured him to eager thirst for military glory. Before he knew the meaning of the word 'war,' in his very inthe meaning of the word 'war,' in his very in- not go to Mary's grave; but he went, in as rev-fancy, the sound of a trumpet or the sight of a erent a spirit as he would have gone thither, to waving banner, a glittering weapon, a sentinel's the scene of his betrothal, to pay his farewell scarlet coat, had moved him to a kind of rapture. The unvarnished school-room records of Greek and Roman warfare had been as delightful to him (as the finest passages of a Macaulay or a Froude, a Thiers or Lamartine. He was a soldier by the inspiration of Heaven, as all great soldiers are. He had never known any other ambition, or } dreamed any other dream. Other lads had talked of the bar, and the senate, and their glories. Bah! how cold and tame they seemed! What was the { glory of a parliamentary triumph, in which words were the only weapons wielded by the combat- ing to step aside as a string of them went by, dragants, compared with a hand-to-hand struggle, ankle deep in the bloody mire of a crowded trench, or a cavalry charge, before which a pha-lanx of fierce Afghans fled like frightened sheep upon a moor. Edward Arundel was a soldier, like the Duke of Weltington or Sir Colin Campbell, or Othello. believes that Desdemona is false, and his life is broken, is that sublime farewell to all the glories of the battle-field. It was almost the same with His will, and not you Edward Arundel. The loss of his wife and of you were lost to me! his captaincy were blent and mingled in his mind, and he could only bewail the one great loss which left life most desolate.

He had never felt the full extent of his desolation until now, for heretofore he had been buoyed up by the hope of vengeance upon Paul Marchmont; and now that his solitary hope had been realized to the fullest possible extent, there was nothing left-nothing but to revoke the sacrifice he had made, and to regain his place in the lidian army at any cost.

He tried not to think of the possibility of this. It seemed to him almost an infidelity toward his dead wife to dream of winning honors and distinction, now that she, who would have been so proud of any triumph won by him, was forever lost.

So, under the gray October sky he passed up and down upon the grass-grown pathways, amidst the weeds and briers, the brambles and broken branches, that crackled as he trod upon them; and late in the afternoon, when the day, which had been sunless and cold, was melting into dusky twilight, he opened the low wooden gateway and went out into the road. An impulse which he could not resist, took him toward the riverbank, and the wood behind Marchmont Towers. her hands planted upon her hips, in humble imi-Once more, for the last time in his life, perhaps, ition of the matrons whom she had been w

He had a duty to he went down to that lonely shore. He went to look at the bleak, unlovely place which had been the scene of his betrothal.

It was not that he had any thought of meeting Olivia Marchmont; he had dismissed her from his mind ever since his last visit to the Ionely boathouse. Whatever the mystery of her life might be, her secret lay at the bottom of a black depth which the impetuous soldier did not care to fathom. He did not want to discover that hideous secret. Tarnished honor, shame, falsehood, disgrace, lurked in the obscurity in which John March-It, mont's widow had chosen to enshroud her life. was all bare—a blank stretch of desert land, with Let them rest. It was not for him to drag away the curtain that sheltered his kinswoman from the world.

He had no thought, therefore, of prying into any secrets that might be hidden in the pavilion the spot was the memory of the past. He could visit to the spot which had been forever hallowed by the confession of her innocent love.

It was nearly dark when he got to the river-side. He went by a path which quite avoided the grounds about Marchmont Towers—a narrow foot-path, which served as a towing-path sometimes when some black barge crawled by on its way out to the open sea. To-night the river was hidden by a mist—a white fog—that obscured land and water; and it was only by the sound of the horses' hoofs that Edward Arundel had warnging a chain that grated on the pebbles by the river-side.

'Why should they say my darling committed suicide?' thought Edward Arundel, as he groped his way along the narrow pathway; 'it was on such an evening as this that she ran away from home. The Moor's first lamentation when he What more likely than that she lost the track and wandered into the river? Oh, my own poor lost one, God grant it was so! God grant it was by His will, and not your own desperate act, that

> Sorrowful as the thought of his wife's death was to him, it soothed him to believe that that death might have been accidental. There was all the difference between sorrow and despair in the alternative.

> Wandering ignorantly and helplessly through this autumnal fog, Edward Arundel found himself at the boat-house before he was aware of its vi-

> There was a light gleaming from the broad north window of the painting-room, and a slanting line of light streamed out of the half-open door. In this lighted doorway Edward saw the figure of a girl-an unkempt, red-headed girl, with a flat freckled face—a girl who wore a lavendercotton pinafore and hobnailed boots, with a good deal of brass about the leather fronts, and a redundancy of rusty leather boot-lace twisted round the ankles.

The young man remembered having seen this girl once in the village of Kemberling. She had been in Mrs. Weston's service as a drudge, and was supposed to have received her education in the Swampington union.

This young lady was supporting herself against the half-open door, with her arms a-kimbo, and

see lounging at their cottage-doors in the high grinned maliciously as Mr. Arundel raised the street of Kemberling, when the labors of the day (light above his head, and looked about him. He were done.

tion of this damsel

you to this place?

had seized upon him, which he had no power to the amusement of Miss Bessy Murrel, who, with account for. It seemed as if Providence had her arms crossed, and her elbows in the palms of brought him to this spot to-night, and had placed, her moist hands, followed him backward and forthis ignorant country girl in his way for some spe- ward between the two small chambers. cial purpose. Whatever the secrets of this place There was some one living here a w might be, he was to know them, it appeared, since the said; some one who had the care of ahe had been led here, not by the promptings of cu-

'Who are you, girl?' he asked again."

'Oi be Bessy Murrel, Sir,' the damsel answered; 'some on 'em calls me "Wuk-us Bet;" and I be coom here to cle-an oop a bit.'

'To clean up what?'

'The paa-intin'room. There's a de-al o' moock? about, and aw'm to fettle cop, and make all toidy she replied; not to take their victuals, and such agen t'squire gets well.

'Are you all alone here?' 'All alo-an? Oh yes, Sir.' 'Have you been here long?'

The girl looked at Mr. Arundel with a cunning leer, which was one of her 'wuk-us' acquirements.

down 'ere.

Edward Arundel looked at her sternly; but? there was nothing to be gathered from her stolid? countenance after its agreeable leer had melted presence of the child might have been purely acaway. The young man might have scrutinized, cidental; and his cousin's wild vehemence only a the figure-head of the black barge creeping slowly paroxysm of insanity. He sighed as he left Miss past upon the hidden river with quite as much. Murrel to her scouring. The world seemed out chance of getting any information out of its plays of feature.

He walked past the girl into Paul Marchmont's painting-room. Miss Bessy Murrell made no attempt to hinder him. She had spoken the truth as to the cleaning of the place, for the room smelled of soap suds, and a pail and scrubbing-brush stood in the middle of the floor. The young man looked at the door behind which he had bustle of packing and preparation was all over, heard the crying of the child. It was ajar, and and where Mr. Morrison was entertaining a sethe stone steps leading up to it were wet, bearing testimony to Bessy Murrill's industry.

from the table in the painting-room and went up given up to the landlord; and a wooden board, the steps into the pavilion. The girl followed flapping above the dilapidated trellis-work of the but she did not try to restrain him, or to interfere with him. She followed him with her let. mouth open, staring at him after the manner of her kind, and she looked the very image of rustic

stupidity.

With the flaring candle shaded by his left hand, Edward Arundel examined the two chambers in the pavilion. There was very little to reward his scrutiny. The two small rooms were bare and cheerless. The repairs that had been executed had only gone so far as to make them told the county within a certain radius of Marchmont erably inhabitable, and secure from wind and Towers, waited very anxiously for Mr. Paul weather. The furniture was the same that Ed. Marchmont to make some move. The horseward remembered having seen on his last visit to whipping business had given quite a pleasant

walked in and out of the two rooms. He stared Edward Arundel started at the sudden appari- at the obsolete chairs, the rickety tables, the dilapidated damask curtains, flapping every now 'Who are you girl?' he asked; 'and what brings and then in the wind that rushed in through the crannies of the doors and windows. He looked He trembled as he spoke. A sudden agitation here and there, like a man bewildered; much to

'There was some one living here a week ago,'

He stopped suddenly. If he had guessed rightly riosity; but only by a reverent love for a scene at the dark secret, it was better that it should rethat was associated with his dead wife.

'Who are you, girl?' he asked again.'

at the dark secret, it was better that it should remain forever hidden. This girl was perhaps more ignorant than himself. It was not for him to enlighten her.

'Do you know if any body has lived her lately?'

he asked.

Bessy Murrel shook her head.

'Nobody has lived here-not that oi knows of,' loike. Missus brings her work down sometimes, and sits in one of these here rooms, while Muster Poll does his pictur' paa-intin'; that's all oi knows of.'

Edward went back to the painting-room, and set down his candle. The mystery of those empty. chambers was no business of his. He began to 'Aw've been here off an' on ever since t'squire think that his cousin Olivia was mad, and that ke'ame,' she said. 'There's a deal o' cleanin' her outbursts of terror and agitation had been only the raving of a mad woman after all. There had been a great deal in her manner during the last year that had seemed like insanity: of joint; and he, whose energetic nature fitted him for the straightening of crooked things, had no knowledge of the means by which it might be set right.

'Good-by, lonely place,' he said; 'good-by to the spot where my young wife first told me of her love.

He walked back to the cottage, where the lect party of friends in the kitchen. Early the next morning Mr. Arundel and his servant left Edward Arundel took the flaming tallow candle! Lincolnshire; the key of Kemberling Retreat was porch, gave notice that the habitation was to be

CHAPTER XXXI.

TAKING IT QUIETLY

ALL the county, or, at least, all that part of ward remembered naving seen on his last visit to whipping business had given quite a pleasant the Towers; for Mary had been fond of sitting in zest, a flavor of excitement, a dash of what it is one of the little rooms, looking out at the slow the fashion nowadays to call 'sensation,' to the river and the trembling rushes on the shore, wind-up of the hunting-breakfast. Poor Paul's There was no trace of recent occupation in the thrashing had been more racy and appetizing to the river prooms, no ashes in the grates. The girls, than the firest olives that ever grew, and his late guests looked forward to a great deal more ex- had done very little damage to the artist's flesh; citement and 'sensation' before the business was but it had slashed away his manhood, as the done with. Of course Paul Marchmont would sickle sweeps the flowers amidst the corn. do something. He must make a stir; and the have to be explained. People expected to know the horror of confronting the altered faces of his the cause of Edward Arundel's enmity; and of neighbors, was as dreadful to him as the anticipation. the propriety of setting himself right in the eyes which is the last step but one into eternity, must of his influential acquaintance, his tenantry, and be to the condenmed criminal. retainers, especially if he contemplated standing for Swampington at the next general election.

scene at the hunting-breakfast was a most fertile topic of conversation. It was almost as good as like to this place since that savage attacked me a popular murder, and furnished scandalous par-the other day. agraphs ad infinitum for the provincial papers, Mrs. Marchmont sighed.
most of them beginning, 'It is understood—' or 'It will seem hard to lose you, Paul, now that 'It has been whispered in our hearing that—' or you are rich. You were so constant to us through 'Rochefoucault has observed that-' Every body all cur poverty; and we might be so happy toexpected that Paul Marchmont would write to gether now.' the papers, and that Edward Arundel would The artist answer him in the papers; and that a brisk and with his hands in the pockets of his braided velstirring warfare would be carried on in printer's vet coat. He knew that in the conventional cosink—at least. But no line written by either of tume of a well-bred gentleman he showed to a the gentlemen appeared in any one of the county disadvantage among other men; and he affected a journals; and by slow degrees it dawned upon picturesque and artistic style of dress, whose people that there was no further amusement to brighter hues and looser outlines lighted up his be got out of Paul's chastisement, and that the pale face; and gave a grace to his spare figure. master of the Towers meant to take the thing You think it worth something, then, mother?' quietly, and to swallow the horrible outrage, tak- he said, presently, half kneeling, half lounging ing care to hide any wry faces he made during in a deep-cushioned easy-chair near the table at that operation.

The report was circulated that he was very ill, bles, this great rambling house, the servants who and had suffered from a touch of brain-fever, wait upon us, and the carriages we ride in, are which kept him a victim to incessant delirium; worth something, are they not? they make us hapuntil after Mr. Arundel had left the county. This pier, I suppose. I know I always thought such rumor was set afloat by Mr. Weston, the surgeon; things made up the sum of happiness when I was

any one to contradict his assertion.

The fox-hunting squires shrugged their shoulders, and I am sorry to say that the epithets 'nound,' 'cur,' 'sneak,' and 'mongrel,' were more often applied to Mr. Marchmont than was consistent with Christian feeling on the part of the gentlemen who uttered them. But a man who not so much for myself as for your sake that I can swallow a sound thrashing, administered upon his own door-step, has to contend with the

quences of being in advance of his age.

So, while his new neighbors talked about him, her devoted son, and very precious. Paul Marchmont lay in his splendid chamber, with the frisking youths and maidens staring at him all day long, and simpering at him with their unchanging faces, until he grew sick at ther, he said; that's something gained, at any heart, and began to loathe all this new grandeur, rate. which had so delighted him a little time ago. He no longer laughed at the recollection of shabby down the room, stopping now and then to look out Charlotte Street. He dreamed one night that he was back again in the old bedroom, with the painted deal furniture, and the hideous paper on the walls, and that the Marchmont Towers magnificence had been only a feverish vision; and he What was it worth, this fine house, with the was glad to be back in that familiar place, and broad flat before it? Nothing, if he had lost the was sorry on awaking to find that Marchmont Towers was a splendid reality.

shoulders; for the thrashing had not been a bru-esteem; not from poor people, whose esteem and tal one. It was disgrace Edward Arundel had admiration were scarcely worth having, but from wanted to inflict, not physical pain, the common- wealthy squires, his equals or his superiors by birth place punishment with, which a man corrects his, and fortune. He ground his teeth at the thought

The thought He could never look up again. sooner he made it the hetter. Matters would of going out of this house for the first time, and course the new master of the Towers would see pation of that awful exit from the Debtor's Door,

'I shall go abroad,' he said to his mother, when the made his appearance in the western drawing-This was what people said to each other. The froom, a week after Edward's departure. 'I shall go on the Continent, mother; I have taken a dis-

The artist was walking up and down the room,

which his mother sat. 'You think our money is Yes; Paul Marchmont let the matter drop, worth something to us? All these chairs and taand as he was the only person admitted to his poor. I have seen a hearse going away from a brother-in-law's apartment, it was impossible for rich man's door, carrying his cherished wife, or his only son, perhaps; and I've thought, "Ah! but he has forty thousand a year!" You are happier here than you were in Charlotte Street-eh; mother?

> 'Am I happier?' exclaimed Mrs. Marchmont. 'Need you ask me the question, Paul? But it is

value all this grandeur.

She held out her long thin hand, which was prejudices of society, and must take the conse- covered with rings, some old-fashioned and comparatively valueless, others lately purchased by The artist took the shrunken fingers in his own, and raised them to his lips.

'I'm very glad that I've made you happy, mo-

He left the fire-place, and walked slowly up and at the wintry sky, or the flat expanse of turf below it; but he was quite a different creature to that which he had been before his encounter with Edward Arundel.

respect and consideration of his neighbors. He wanted to be a great man as well as a rich one. There was only one faint red streak upon his He wanted admiration and flattery, reverence and admiration were scarcely worth having, but from refractory horse. The lash of the hunting-whip of his disgrace. He had drunk of the cup of triumph, and had tasted the very wine of life; and twisted into a heavy knot at the back of her

hand of his enemy.

Christmas came, and gave Paul Marchmont a good opportunity of playing the country gentle-man of the olden time. What was the cost of a couple of bullocks, a few hogsheads of ale, and a wagon-load of coals, if by such a sperifice the master of the Towers could secure for himself the admiration due to a public benefactor? Paul gave carte blanche to the old servants; and tents were erected on the lawn, and monstrous bonfires blazed briskly in the frosty air; while the populace, who would have accepted the bounties of a new Nero fresh from the burning of a modern Rome, drank to the health of their benefactor, and warmed themselves by the unlimited consumption of strong beer.

Mrs. Marchmont and her invalid daughter assisted Paul in his attempt to regain the popufarity he had lost upon the steps of the western terrace. The two women distributed square miles of flannel and blanketing among greedy claimants; they gave searlet cloaks and pokebonnets to old women; they gave an insipid feast upon temperance principles to the children of the National Schools. And they had their reward: for people began to say that this Poul Marchmont. was a very noble fellow after all, by Jove, Sir! and that fellow Arundel must have been in the wrong, Sir; and no doubt Marchmont had his own reasons for not resenting the outrage, Sir; and a

great deal more to the like effect.

After this roasting of the two bullocks the wind changed altogether. Mr. Marchmont gave a great dinner-party upon New-Year's Day. He sent out thirty invitations, and had only two refusals. So the long dining-room was filled with all the notabilities of the district, and Paul held his head up once more, and rejoiced in his own brain? may not a monotonous recurrence of the grandeur. After all, one horsewhipping can not same ideas be above all injurious? If by reason annihilate a man with a fine estate and eleven of the peculiar nature of a man's labor he uses splash with his money. Olivia Marchmont shared strange losses rise up to testify to that ill-usage, in none of the festivals that were held. Her father was very ill this winter: and she spent a fection of Nature gives place to deformity. So good deal of her time at Swampington Rectory, the brain, perpetually pressed upon, forever sitting in Hubert Arundel's room, and reading to him. But her presence brought very little comfort to the sick man; for there was something in his daughter's manner that filled him with inexpressible terror; and he would lie for hours together watching her blank face, and wondering ideas. On every subject but that one which inat its horrible rigidity. What was it? What volved Edward Arundel and his fortunes her was the dreaful secret which had transformed this woman? He tormented himself perpetually with this question, but he could imagine no answer to it.

lively or delightful of companions. If she could, as to the passage of time which is one of the most have been Edward Arundel's wife, she would painful signs of madness. She looked at her have been the noblest and truest wife that ever merged her identity into that of another, and into the cheerless garden, indifferent to the bitter lived upon the refracted glory of her husband's

triumphs.

there could have been no sadder spectacle than this of her decay. The mind and body decayed together, bound by a mysterious sympathy. All occupation after another, to throw all aside with womanly roundness disappeared from the spare equal impatience, and sometimes immobile for figure, and Mrs. Marchmont's black dresses hung hours together. But as she was never violent, about her in loose folds. Her long, dead, black never in any way unreasonable, Hubert Arandel hair was pushed away from her thin face, and shad not the heart to call science to his aid, and

at the moment when that cup was fullest it had head. Every charm that she had ever possessed been snatched away from him by the ruthless was gone. The oldest women generally retain some traits of their lost beauty, some faintereflection of the sun that has gone down to light up the soft twilight of age, and even glimmer through the gloom of death. But this woman's face retained no token of the past. No empty hull, with shattered bulwarks crumbled by the fury of figree seas, cast on a desert shore to rot and perish there, was ever mere complete a wreck than she was. Upon her face and figure, in every look and gesture, in the tone of every word she spoke, there was an awful something, worse than the seal of death. Little by little the miserable truth dawned upon Hubert Arundel His daughter was mad! He knew this; but he kept the dreadful knowledge hidden in his own breast; a hideous secret, whose weight oppressed him like an actual burden. He kept the secret; for it would have seemed to him the most cruel treason against his daughter to have confessed his discovery to any living creature, unless it should be absolutely necessary to do so. Meanwhile he set himself to watch Olivia, detaining her at the Rectory for a week together, in order that he might see her m all moods, under all phases.

He found that there were no violent or outrageous evidences of this mental decay. mind had given way under the perpetual pre-sure of one set of thoughts. Hubert Arondel, in his ignorance of his daughter's secrets, could not discover the cause of her decodence: but that cause was very simple. If the body is a wonderful and complex machine which must not be tampered with-surely if this is so, that still more complex machine, the mind, must need careful treatment. If such and such a course of diet is fatal to the body's health, may not some thoughts be equally fatal to the health of the thousand a year, if he knows how to make a one limb or one muscle more than the rest, the idle limbs wither, and the harmonious perstrained to its utmost tension by the wearisome succession of thoughts, becomes crooked and one-sided, atways leaning one way, continually

tripping up the wretched thinker.

John Marchmont's widow had only one set of memory had decayed. She asked her father the same questions--commonplace questions relating to his own comfort, or to simple household matters—twenty times a day, always forgetting that Olivia Marchmont had never been the most he had answered her. She had that impatience watch ten times an hour, and would wander out weather, in order to look at the clock in the church-steeple, under the impression that her own To any one who had known Olivia's secret watch, and her father's, and all the time-keepers in the house, were slow.

She was sometimes restless, taking up one

to betray her secret. clearness were mone. No drugs that ever grew wrapped up in that doleful brother of mine.' upon this ear h could restore that which was lost. Whereupon, of course, Miss Lawford had been

silent. It would have given him unntterable up' in Edward, whatever state of feeling that anguish to have told his daughter's secret to any obscure phase might signify; and to express, by living being; but he would have endured that the vehemence of her denial, that, if any thing, misery if she could have been benefited thereby. He most firmly believed that she could not, and

that her state was irremediable.
'My poor girl!' he thought to himself: how proud I was of her ten years ago! I can do nothing for her; nothing except to love and cherish her, and hide her humiliation from the world.'

than a week, Paul Marchmont and his mother her father to reject all hospitalities offered by drove over to Swampington Rectory one morning and carried her away with them. The rector then saw for the first time that his once strong- said, with her hands clasped upon her father's minded daughter was completely under the do- arm, her cheeks kindling, and her eyes filling minion of these two people, and that they knew with tears as she spoke to him: 'you won't go the nature of her malady quite as well as he did. and sit at Paul Marchmont's table, and drink He resisted her return to the Towers; but his his wine, and shake hands with him? I know resistance was useless. She submitted herself that he had something to do with Mary Arundel's

grandeur, and made stupe dous efforts to regain cruel to her, papa; he was cruel to her. troubles. He had sent Mr. Morrison down to stood by her and comforted her all through that Dangerfield with the greater part of his luggage; sad time! but he had not the heart to go back himself—yet a while. He was afraid of his mother's sympathy, and he went away into the lonely Breton villages to try and cure himself of his great grief before he began life again as a soldier. It was useless for him to strive against his vocation. Nature had made him a soldier, and nothing else; friendship? and wherever there was a good cause to be fought for his place was on the battle-field.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MISS LAWFORD SPEAKS HER MIND.

Major Lawford and his blue-eyed daughters were not among those guests who accepted Paul Marchmont's princely hospitalities Belinda Lawford had never heard the story of Edward's lost sighing thoughtfully as he went away. bride as he himself could have told it; but she; had heard an imperfect version of the sorrowful ford nor any of his family were present at those history from Letitia, and that young lady had splendid entertainments which Paul Marchmont informed her friend of Edward's animus against gave to his new friends. Mr. Marchmont knew the new master of the Towers.

mont's part with Edward, he does get so violent upon the young man, and join in the general

The thought that his and go on so, that one's obliged to say all sorts daughter's malady might be cured never entered of dreadful things about Mary's cousin for the his mind as within the range of possibility. There sake of peace: But, really, when I saw him one was nothing to cure; no delusions to be exorcised day in Kemberling, with a black velvet shooting-hy medical treatment; no violent vagaries to be coat, and his beautiful smooth white hair and held in check by drugs and nostrums. The anourn mustache, I thought him most interesting. powerful intellect had decayed; its force and And so would you, Belinda, if you weren't so

This was the conviction which kept the rector compelled to declare that she was not wrapped she rather detested Miss Arundel's brother. Bythe-by, did you ever know a young lady who could understand the admiration aroused in the breast of other young ladies for that most uninteresting object, a brother? Or a gentleman who could enter with any warmth of sympathy into his friend's feelings respecting the uuburn But Hubert Arundel was not allowed to do tresses or the Grecian nose of 'a sister?' Beeven this much for the daughter he loved; for linda Lawford, I say, knew something of the when Olivia had been with him a little more story of Mary Arundel's death, and she implored Paul Marchmont.

'You won't go to the Towers, papa dear?' she willingly to her new friends, declaring that she death. He had, indeed, papa. I don't mean was better in their house than any where else. any thing that the world calls crime; I don't While the master of the Towers reasserted his mean any act of open violence. But he was the ground he had lost, Edward Arundel wan-tortured her and tormented her until she-' The dered far away in the depths of Brittany, travel- girl paused for a moment, and her voice faltered ing on foot, and making himself familiar with a little. 'Oh, how I wish that I had known her, the simple peasants, who were ignorant of his papa,' she cried, presently, 'that I might have

> The major looked down at his daughter with a tender smile—a smile that was a little significant perhaps, but full of love and admiration.

> 'You would have stood by Arundel's poor little wife, my dear?' he said. 'You would stand by her now, if she were alive, and needed your

> 'I would indeed, papa,' Miss Lawford answered, resolutely.

'I believe it, my dear; I believe it with all my heart. You are a good girl, my Linda; you are a noble girl. You are as good as a son to me, my dear.

Major Lawford was silent for a few minutes, holding his daughter in his arms and pressing his lips upon her broad forehead.

'You are fit to be a soldier's daughter, my darling,' he said, 'or-or a soldier's wife.

He kissed her once more, and then left her,

This is how it was that neither Major Lawalmost as well as the Lawfords themselves why The poor dear foolish boy will insist upon they did not come, and the absence of them at thinking that Mr. Marchmont was at the bottom, his glittering board made his bread bitter to him of it all,' she had said, in a confidential chat, and his wine tasteless. He wanted these people with Belinda, 'somehow or other; but whether as much as the others-more than the others he was, or whether he wasn't, I'm sure I can't perhaps; for they had been Edward Arundel's cay. But if one attempts to take Mr. March- friends; and he wanted them to turn their backs

absence of Major Lawford at the lighted banquet-table tormented this modern rich man as the presence of Mordecai at the gate tormented Haman. It was not enough that all the others should come if these staid away, and by their absence tacitly testified to their contempt for the master of the Towers.

with her blue eyes sparkling, and her auburn hair, should do. blowing away from her candid face; he met her mother's side, half buried among soft furry rugs ple had never called upon Mrs. Marchmont; but and sleek leopard-skins, making the chilly at- Paul did not allow any flimsy ceremonial law to mosphere through which he rode odorous with stand in his way when he had a purpose to the scent of perfumed hair, and smiling over achieve. So the ladies went to the Grange and cruelly delicious criticisms in newly-cut reviews. were politely received; for Miss Lawford and her He looked out at this fearless girl, whose friends mother were a great deal too innocent and nobleso obstinately stood by Edward Arundel; and minded to imagine that these pale-faced, delithe cold contempt upon Miss Lawford's face out cate-looking women could have had any part, him more keenly than the sharpest wind of that either directly or indirectly, in that cruel treatbitter January.

not telling them his thoughts, fears, doubts, or ton were kindly received, therefore; and in a litwishes—it was not his habit to do that—but the conversation with Belinda about birds, and taking their ideas, and only telling them so much dahlias, and worsted-work, and the most innoas it was necessary for them to know in order cent subjects imaginable, the wily Lavinia conthat they might be useful to him. Paul March-trived to lead up to Miss Letitia Arundel, and mont's life was regulated by a few rules, so sim-thence, by the easiest conversational short cut, to ple that a child might have learned them; indeed, Edward and his lost wife. Mrs. Weston was I regret to say that some children are very apt obliged to bring her cambric handkerchief out of pupils in that school of philosophy to which the her muff when she talked about her cousin Mary; master of Marchmont Towers belonged, and but she was a clever woman, and she had taken cause astonishment to their elders by the preco- to heart Paul's pet maxim about the folly of uncity of their intelligence. Mr. Marchmont might necessary lies; and she was so candid as entirely to have inscribed upon a very small scrap of parch- disarm Miss Lawford, who had a school-girlish ment the moral maxims by which he regulated notion that every kind of hypocrisy and falsehood

and generous to those who serve you. N. B. No, who have learned to make that subtle admixture good carpenter would allow his tools to get of truth and falsehood which defy detection, like risty. Make yourself master of the opinions of some fabrics in whose woof silk and cotton are others, but hold your own tongue. Seek to ob- so cunningly blended that only a practiced eye tain the maximum of enjoyment with the mini-; can discover the inferior material. mum of risk.

make for his own especial guidance; and he hoped, laughing and crying, to pass smoothly onward upon the railway of life, riding in a first-class carriage, on the greased musn't think that I would for a moment pretend wheels of a very easy conscience. As for any to be sorry that my brother has come into this unfortunate fellow-travelers pitched out of the fortune. Of course any such pretense as that carriage-window in the course of the journey, or would be ridiculous, and quite useless into the left lonely and helpless at desolate stations on bargain, as it isn't likely any body would believe the way, Providence, and not Mr. Marchmont, me. Paul is a dear, kind creature, the best of was responsible for their welfare. Paul had a brothers, the most affectionate of sons, and dehigh appreciation of Providence, and was fond of serves any good fortune that could fall to his lot: talking—very piously, as some people said; very but I am truly sorry for that poor little girl. I impiously, as others secretly thought—about the am truly sorry, believe me, Miss Lawford; and I inestimable Wisdom which governed all the af-) only regret that Mr. Weston and I did not come fairs of this lower world. Nowhere, according to Kemberling sooner, so that I might have been to the artist, had the hand of Providence been a friend to the poor little thing; for then, you more clearly visible than in this matter about know, I might have prevented that foolish runa-Paul's poor little cousin Mary. If Providence way match, out of which almost all the poor had intended John Marchmont's daughter to be a child's troubles arose. Yes, Miss Lawford; I happy bride, a happy wife, the prosperous mis- wish I had been able to befriend that unhappy

outery against his violence and brutality. The dence to have prevented all this; and then he, Paul, would have been still in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, patiently waiting for a friendly lift upon the high road of life. Nobody could say that he had ever been otherwise than patient. Nobody could say that he had ever intruded himself upon his rich cousins at the Towers, or had aster of the Towers.

been heard to speculate upon his possible inherHe met Belinda sometimes on horseback with
itance of the estate; or that he had, in short, the old grey-headed groom behind her, a fearless done any thing but that which the best, truest, young Amazon, breasting the January winds, most conscientious and disinterested of mankind

In the course of that bleak, frosty January, Mr. and looked out at her from the luxurious ba- Marchmont sent his mother and his sister Lavinia rouche in which it was his pleasure to loll by his to make a call at the Grange. The Grange peotter January. * ment which had driven Edward's young wife Then he took counsel with his womankind, from her home. Mrs. Marchmont and Mrs. Weshis dealings with mankind.

'Always conciliate,' said this philosopher. manner. She was not upon her guard against 'Never tell an unnecessary lie. Be agreeable those practiced adepts in the arts of deception,

So when Lavinia dried her eyes and put her Such golden saws as these did Mr. Marchmont; handkerchief back in her muff, and said, betwixt

'Now you know, my dear Miss Lawford, you tress of that stately habitation, why all that sad { child, although, by my so doing Paul would have business of old Mr. Arundel's sudden illness, Ed- { been kept out of the fortune he now enjoys—for ward's hurried journey, the railway accident, and { some time, at any rate. I say for some time, be all the complications that had thereupon arisen? { cause I do not believe that Mary Marchmont Nothing would have been easier than for Frevi- { would have lived to be old under the happiest cirsumptive.

care not to say too much.

parts.' That was another of Paul Marchmont's a noble cause.

rest of the world,' Lavinia said, but I know how minx omitted to state that it was by reason o good he is to those who belong to him. I should her entreaties her father had staid away. I thin! be ashamed to tell you all he has done for Mr. he is quite right. Mrs. Marchmont and Mrs Weston and me. He gave me this cashmere Weston may be very nice, and of course it isn' shawl at the beginning of the winter, and a set of likely they would be cruel to poor young Mre sables fit for a duchess; though I told him they Arundel, but I know that Mr. Marchmont mu-1 were not at all the thing for a village surgeon's have been unkind to that poorgirl, or Mr. Arun wife, who keeps only one servant and dusts her del would never have done what he did. own best parlor.

no loud enthusiasm, but with a tone of quiet con-their hats in the hall, and to submit themselve viction that was worth any money to Paul. To meekly to feminine government. It is only th have an innocent person, some one not in the se- whippersnapper, the sneak, the coward out a cret, to play a small part in the comedy of his doors, who is a tyrant at home. See how meek! life, was a desideratum with the artist. His the Conqueror of Italy went home to his charn mother had always been this person, this uncon- ing Creole wife! See how pleasantly the Liber scious actor, instinctively falling into the action ator of Italy lolls in the carriage of his golder of the play, and shedding real tears, and smiling haired Empress, when the young trees in that fai actual smiles—the most useful assistant to a great wood beyond the triumphal arch are green in th schemer.

said as to Paul's conduct toward his unhappy Lawford's wife was too gentle, and too busy will cousin; nothing was said either to praise or to exclude the store-room and her domestic cares, to tyratellipate; and when Mis. Marchmont and her nize over her lord and master; but the major will daughter drove away in one of the new equipages duly hen-pecked by his blue-eyed daughters, a which Paul had selected for his mother, they left went here and there as they dictated. only a vague impression in Belinda's breast. She So he staid away from Marchmont Towers didn't quite know what to think. These people please Belinda, and only said, 'Haw,' 'Ye were so fronk and candid, they had spoken of 'Pon my honor, now!' 'Bless my soul!' wt Paul with such real affection, that it was almost his friends told him of the magnificence of Paul impossible to doubt them. Paul Marchmont dinners. might be a bad man, but his mother and sister? loved him, and surely they were ignorant of his did not encounter Mr. Marchmont in his wickedness.

cellent, warm-hearted, domestic creature, and party given by the rector of the parish in w thought a great deal more about the grand questithe Grange was situated. tion as to whether she should have new damask curtains for the drawing-room, or send the old this occasion; but in the brief interval before ones to be dyed; or whether she should withdraw iner he was absorbed in a conversation with her custom from the Kemberling grocer, whose Davenant, the rector, upon the subject of ec-'best black' at four and sixpence was really now astical architecture—he knew every thing so very inferior; or whether Belinda's summer could talk about every thing, this dear Paul silk-dress could be cut down into a frock for Isa-| made no attempt to approach Miss Lawforde bella to wear in the winter evenings—than about only looked at her now and then, with a futhe rights or wrongs of that story of the horse-oblique glance out of his almond-shaped se whipping which had been administered to Mr. gray eyes; a glance that was wisely hidden with the story of the horse-oblique gray eyes.

'I'm sure those Marchmont Towers people semblance to the leer of an evil-natured . seem very nice,' my dear, the lady said to Be- Mr. Marchmont contented himself with k' linda, 'and I really wish your papa would go and this furtive watch upon Belinda, while she dine there. You know I like him to dine out a gayly with the rector's two daughters in a good deal in the winter, Linda; not that I want ant corner near the piano; and as the artis to save the housekeeping money, only it is so Mrs. Davenant down to the dining-room, a difficult to vary the dinners for a man who has next her at dinner, he had no opportunity a been in the army, and has had mess-dinners and ternizing with Belinda during that meal; the same lady was divided from him but to a French cook.'

But Belinda stuck fast to her colors. She was length of the table, and, moreover, very my a soldier's daughter, as her father said, and she cupied by the exclusive attentions of two c was almost as good as a son. The major meant looking officers from the nearest garrison this latter remark for very high praise; for the who were afflicted with extreme youth, and great grief of his life bad been the want of a boy's | painfully conscious of their degraded state

cumstances. Her mother died very young; and brave face at his fire-side. She was as good as ? her father, and her father's father, were con- son; that is to say, she was braver and more out 'spoken than most women, although she was femil Then Mrs. Weston took occasion, incidentally, nine and gentle withal, and by no mean, strong of course, to allude to her brother's goodness; minded. She would have fainted, perhaps, 37 but even then she was on her guard, and took the first sight of blood upon a battle-field; bue she would have bled to death with the calm he 'The worst actors are those who overact their roism of a martyr rather than have been false t.

'I think papa is quite right not to go to March 'I don't know what my brother may be to the mont Towers, mamma,' she said; 'the artfu,

It is in the nature of good and brave men t And Mrs. Marchmont talked of her son, with lay down their masculine rights when they leav bright spring weather, and all the hired vehicle But during the whole of the visit nothing was in Paris are making toward the cascade! Maje

But although the major and his eldest daug! house, they met him sometimes on the net Mrs. Lawford troubled herself very little about ground of other people's dining-rooms, and this unexpected morning call. She was an ex-jone especial evening at a pleasant little dir

Paul made himself particularly agreeable light auburn lashes, for it had an unplease young lady was divided from him by the

with him at this dinner; for his mother and insivited. The artist's special object in coming to flicted upon him. ons dinner was the conquest of Miss Belinda Lawilue-eyed Belinda; and he looked to this dinner as fidential voice: sikely to afford him an opportunity of laying the He was voxed at being placed apart from 'girl. rer at the dinner-table, but he concealed his vex- ter.' tion; and he was aggravated by the rector's old-cashioned hospitality, which detained the gentle-tion; but it was quite a random shot. Paul didn't ttion; and he was aggravated by the rector's oldhe had not anticipated.

radies in the cozy countrified drawing-rooms. Beand and her two companions were very polite to tone as good as expressed that he was intimately the helptess young wanderers from the diningpom; and they talked pleasantly enough of all long admired and loved him. It was one of Paul's Hanner of things, until somehow or other the con- happy inspirations, this allusion to Belinda's fa-

and he was not a little proud of his superior ac-

paintance with the whole business.

I was the-aw, Miss Lawford, he said. I was nep; and I was a witness of all the west that oc- tressed by his evident avoidance of me and mine. n ed; and if I'd been Marchmont I should have

, Awundel before he left the pawk, if I'd had , b'Jove, that my own sense of honaw de- eyes. aded the sacwifice.

i, scoundwel.

Llinda could not bear this. She had borne a She had been obliged to sit. w deal already. adiscussed by Thomas, Richard, and Henry, gy body else who chose to talk about it; and id been patient, and had held her peace, with omate crimson blushes burning her cheeks. please he could not submit to hear a heardless, pale-, and rather weak-eyed young ensign-who of raw recruits in a barrack-yard, in the early have been very much pained—yes, very much oness of a winter's morning—take upon him- pained—by the manner in which the major has blame Edward Arundel, the brave soldier, repelled my little attempts at friendliness. ble Indian hero, the devoted lover and hus- Belinda's heart smote her. She knew

ried notwithstanding to carry it off with a high 'I don't think you know any thing of the real and, and affected the opinions of used-up fifty. story, Mr. Pallisser,' Belinda said, boldly, to the . Mr. Marchmont had none of his womankind half-fledged ensign. 'If you did, I'm sure you would admire Mr. Arundel's conduct instead of talid sister had neither of them felt strong enough blaming it. Mr. Marchmont fully deserved the , come, and Mr. and Mrs. Weston had not been disgrace which Edward-which Mr. Arundel in-

The words were still upon her lips when Paul She sided with Edward Arundel against Marchmont himself came softly through the flicknm. She must be made to believe Edward wrong, ering fire-light to the low chair upon which Beand himself right; or she might go about spread-linda sat. He came behind her, and laying his are opinions, and doing him mischief. Beyond hand lightly upon the scroll-work at the back of hat, he had another idea about this auburn-baired, her chair, bent over her, and said, in a low, con-

'You are a noble girl, Miss Lawford; I am sorry joundation of a very diplomatic scheme, in which that you should think ill of me; but I like you for this Lawford should unconsciously become his having spoken so frankly. You are a most noble You are worthy to be your father's daugh-

hen over their wine for some time after the ladies know any thing about the major, except that he of the dining-room. But the opportunity that he had a comfortable income, drove a neat dog cart, wanted came nevertheless, and in a manner that and was often seen riding on the flat Lincolnshire roads with his eldest daughter. For all Paul knew The two callow defenders of their country had to the contrary, Major Lawford might have been neaked out of the dining-room, and rejoined the the veriest bully and coward who had ever made those about him miserable; but Mr. Marchmont's acquainted with the old soldier's career, and had mrsation came round to the Marchmont Towers ther; one of those bright touches of color laid on and al, and Edward's treatment of his lost wife's with a skillful recklessness, and giving sudden brightness to the whole picture; a little spot of tione of the young men had been present at the vermilion dabbed upon the canvas with the point anting-breakfast on that bright October morning, of the pallet-knife, and lighting up all the land-'scape with sunshine.

'You know my father?' said Belinda, surprised. 'Who does not know him?' cried the artist. 'Do the tew-wace after bweakfast-and a vewy ex- you think, Miss Lawford, that it is necessary to tent bweakfast it was, I ass-haw you; the still sit at a man's dinner-table before you know what selle was weally admiwable, and Marchmont he is? I know your father to be a good man and e some Madewa that immeasurably surpasses a brave soldier, as well as I know that the Duke thing I can induce my wine-merchant to send of Wellington is a great general, though I never or I was on the tew-wace, and I saw Awundel dined at Apsley House. I respect your father, tin' up the steps, awful pale, and gwaspin' his Miss Lawford; and I have been very much dis-

This was coming to the point at once. Marchmont's manner was candor itself. Belinda wing fow it, Miss Lawford; for I should have looked at him with widely opened, wondering She was looking for the evidence of his Howevaw. Marchmont wickedness in his face. I think she half expected is a vewy good tella; so I suppose it all that Mr. Marchmont would have corked eye-et as far as he goes; but it was a boundal busi- brows, and a slouched hat like a stage ruffian. raltogethaw, and that fella Awundel must She was so innocent, this simple young Belinda, that she imagined wicked people must necessarily look wicked.

Paul Marchmont saw the wavering of her mind ry often, and hear Edward Arundel's con- in that half-puzzled expression, and he went on boldly.

'I like your father, Miss Lawford,' he said; 'I like him, and I respect him; and I want to know neart humping indignantly in her breast, and him. Other people may misunderstand me, if they I can't help their opinions. The truth is generally strongest in the end; and I can afford to But I can not afford to forfeit the friend-₩¤it. sever done any greater service for his Queen ship of a man I esteem; I can not afford to be mispountry than to cry 'Ship norm!' to a detach- understood by your father, Miss Lawford; and I

Belinda's heart smote her. She knew that it the valiants venger of his dead wife's wrongs. I was her influence that had kept her father away

from Marshmont Towers. This young lady was Arundel so nearly lost his life. I can not tell ward's error—how very badly Mr Marchmont ment of his wrongs to any living being. had been treated between them! She didn't say The artist looked more sharply that had been treated between them! She didn't say any thing, but sat looking thoughtfully at the fire; Belinda's listening face. There was no change and Paul saw that she was more and more perpension. The same wondering look, plexed. This was just what the artist wanted, the same perplexity—that was all.

To talk his antagonist into a state of intellectual 'When I say that I regret the young man's fog was almost always his manner of commencing folly. Miss Lawford,' Paul continued, 'believe an argument. an argument.

a chair close to hers. were busy turning over the 'e-ves-and never he in the wrong' turning them over at the right moment-of a thundering duet which the Misses Davenant were per-but at this point Miss Lawford, who had by no forming for the edification of their papa's visitors. means deserted her colors, interrupted his easy Miss Lawford and Mr. Marchmont were alone, progress. therefore, in that cozy inner chamber, and a very ("It remains to be proved who is right and who pretty picture they made; the auburn-haired girl, wrong. Mr. Marchmont, she said. 'Mr Arundel and the pale, sentimental-looking actist sitting side is the brother of my friend. I can not easily beby side in the glow of the low fire, with a back-frieve him to have done wrong. ground of crimson curtains and gleaming pictureframes; winter flowers piled in grim Indian jars; brought hot blushes to her face; but she returned the fitful light flickering now and then upon one; his look without flinching. The brave blue eyes sharp angle of the high carved mantle-piece, with { looked full at the narrow gray eyes sheltered unall its litter of antique china; and the rest of the der pale auburn lashes, and their steadfast gaze room in sombre shadow. Paul had the field all did not waver. . to himself, and felt that victory would be easy He began to talk about Edward Arundel.

soldier, I think this impetuous girl, who had not cult to convince a woman that he can do yet learned to count the cost of what she did, wrong. Edward Arundel has done wrong. His would have been passionately eloquent in defense, ultra Quixotism has made him blind to the folly of her friend's brother-for no other reason than of his own acts. I can afford to forgive him. that he was the brother of her friend, of course; But I repeat that I regret his infatuation about what other reason should she have for defending this poor lost girl for more upon his account Mr. Arundel?

spoke in praise of the hot-headed young soldier (known with my poor chi dish cousin Mary Marchexcuses for the young man's violence, and using another attachment, and that it is only a chivalof the world might naturally talk about a foolish never really in love with, and whom he only

ford,' Paul said, by and by; 'he has been very that other and brighter prospect.' unreasonable, and has most grossly insulted me. But, is spite of all, I believe him to be a very noble young fellow; and I can not find it in my heart to be really angry with him. What his particular grievance against me may be I really .tlo not know.

The furtive glauce from the long, narrow gray eyes kept close watch upon Belinda's face as Paul said this. Mr. Marchmont wanted to a-certain exactly how much Belinda knew of that grievance of Edward's; but he could see per- the inner drawing-room, followed by a callow plexity only in her face. She knew nothing def- ensign. mite, therefore; she had only heard Edward talk vaguely of his wrongs. Paul Marchmont was Davenant. 'We want you to sing, you tiresome convinced of this, and he went on boldly now, Belinda, instead of hiding yourself in that dark for he felt that the ground was all clear before room all the evening. him.

This foolish young soldier chooses to be angry thee s flushed and her eyelids drooping

very conscientious. She was a Christia, to a you how sincerely I regret the misconception that and a certain sentence touching wrongful judge has arisen in his mind. Because I have profited ments 105: up against her while Mr. Marchaout by the death of John Marchaout's daughter this was speaking. If she had wronged this man; if impetuous young husband imagines—what? I Edward Arundel had been misted by his passionate can not answer that question; nor can he him-grief for Wary; if she had been deluded by Edward, it seems, since he has made no definite state-

me it is chiefly on his account rather than my Belinda was silent, and Paul seated himself in own. Any insult which he can inflict upon me The callow ensigns had can only rebound upon himself, since every body gone into the lamp-lit front drawing-room, and in Lincolnshire knows that I am in the right, and

Mr. Warchmont was going on very smoothly;

Paul looked at her with a smile—a smile that

'Ah, Miss Lawford,' said the artist, still smiling, 'when a young man is hand-ome, brave, If he had said one word against the young chivalrous, and generous-hearted, it is very diffithan on my own; for I know-at least, I venture But Paul Marchmont did not give her any to think—that a way lies open to him of a hapoccasion for indignation. On the contrary, he pier and a better life than he could ever have who had assault d him, making all manner of mont. I have reason to know that he has formed that tone of calm superiority with which a man rous delution about that poor girl-whom he was married because of some romantic notion inspired He has been very unreasonable, Miss Law-, by my cousin John-that withholds him from

> He was silent for a few moments, and then he said, hastily:

> Pardon me, Miss Lawford; I have been be-trayed into saying much that I had better have left unsaid, more especially to you. I-

> He hesitated a little, as if embarrassed, and then rose and looked into the next room, where the duet had been followed by a solo.

> One of the rector's daughters came toward

'We want Belinda to sing,' exclaimed Miss

B-linda came out of the darkness with her with me because of a calabit, which I was as heart was beating so fast as to make it quite impowerless to avert as to prevent that accident possible to speak just yet, or to sing either. But upon the Southwestern Railway by which sir. she sat down before the piano, and, with kands

touch in the pianist who is bold enough to seek him as he went by the smithy. All the lights in to interpret him; and upon this occasion I am the queer latticed windows twinkled and blinked compelled to admit that Miss Lawford's fingerat him, as if in friendly welcome to the waning was eccentric, not to say ridiculous—in comderer. He remembered them all—the quaint, mon parlance, she made a mess of it; and just misshapen, lop-sided roofs; the tumble-down as she was going to break down, friendly Clara chimneys; the low doorways, that had sunk Davenant cried out:

than all Beethoven's sonatas.'

lids still drooping, played Sir John Stevenson's light upon the rugged pavement; mysterious little

Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from morn till night,

of the room, turning over Miss Davenant's scrap-book, looked up through his auburn lashes, and sleepy child. Every where in this pleasant Eng-smiled at the beaming face of the singer. smiled at the beaming face of the singer.

He felt that he had improved the occasion.

ment of that great end which, in the strange ing-room, watching the fire-light and the shadows simplicity of cunning, he believed to be the one trembling on her fair young face. purpose of every man's life—Self-Aggrandize- It never had been, and it never was to be. purpose of every man's life—Self-Aggrandize-

that Edward Arundel was any more real than he others; all the simple domestic joys which make was himself. There can be no perfect comprediffe beautiful—had never been known to John hension where there is no sympathy. Paul be- Marchmont's daughter since that early time in lieved that Edward had tried to become master, which she shared her father's lodging in Oakley of Mary Marchmont's heritage, and had failed, Street, and went out in the cold December mornand was angry because of his failure. He be-, ing to buy rolls for Edward Arundel's breakfast lieved this passionate young man to be a schemer, From the bay-window of his mother's favorite like himself, only a little man in a schemer of the company of th like himself, only a little more impetuous and sitting-room the same red light that he had seen blundering in his manner of going to work.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

THE March winds were blowing among the books and music, needle-work and drawing maoaks in Dangerfied Park, when Edward Arundel terials, made it homelike. The fire-light flickwent back to the house which had never been terials, made it homelike. The fire-light flickwent back to the house which had never been ture-frames, the black oak paneling, the open cause he had grown weary of lonely wanderpiano, a cluster of snow-drops in a tall glass on that strange Breton country. He had the table, the scattered worsteds by the embroidgrown weary of himself, and of his own thoughts. He was worn out by the eager desire that deA young lady stood in the bay-window with her voured him by day and by night—the passionate back to the fire. Edward Arundel crept softly vearning to be far away beyond that low Eastern up to her, and put his arm round her waist. yearning to be far away beyond that low Eastern up to her, and put his arm round her waist. horizon line; away amidst the carnage and riot of an Indian battle-field.

'Letty.'

It was not Letitia, but a young lady with

had written to him again and again, imploring the young man rather fiercely, and then recoghim to return to her, and to rest, and to be happy inizing him, dropped into the nearest-chair, and in the familiar household where he was be-began to tremble and grow pale.

loved. He left his luggage at the little lim where the coach that had brought him from Exeter Edward said, gently; 'I really thought you were

that trembled in spite of herself, began to play stopped, and then he walked quietly homeward one of her pet sonatas.

Unhappily Beethoven requires precision of bleak and chill. The blacksmith's fire roared at touch in the pignist who is held enough to seek him as he went by the smithy. All the lights in down below the level of the village street, until 'That won't do, Belinda! We want you to all the front parlors became cellars, and strange sing, not to play. You are trying to cheat us, pedestrians butted their heads against the flower-We would rather have one of Moore's melodies pots in the bed-room windows; the withered iron frame and pitiful oil-lamp hung out at the corner So Miss Lawford, still blushing, with her eye- of the street, and making a faint spot of feeble simple symphony, and, in a fresh swelling voice shops in diamond paned parlor windows, where that filled the room with melody, began:

Dutch dolls and stationery, stale ginger-bread and pickled-cabbage, were mixed up with wooden peg-tops, rickety paper-kites, green apples, and string-they were all familiar to him.

Was love, still love.'

He passed unquestioned by a wicket at the side of the great gates. The fire-light was rosy in the windows of the lodge, and he heard a wother end in the windows of the lodge, and he heard a wother end in the windows of the lodge, and he heard a wother end in the windows of the lodge. fires, and friendliness, and love, and home. The 'I am not afraid of Miss Lawford now,' he young man sighed as he remembered that great thought to himself.

Stone mansion far away in dismal Lincolnshire,
This candid, fervent girl was only another and thought how happy he might have been in
piece in the schemer's game of chess, and he this bleak spring twilight, if he could have sat
saw a way of making her useful in the attainby Mary Marchmont's side in the western draw-

The happiness of a home; the sweet sense of It never for a moment entered into his mind ownership; the delight of dispensing pleasure to in every lattice in the village streamed out upon the growing darkness of the lawn. There was a half-glass door leading into a little lobby near this sitting-room. Edward Arundel opened it and went in, very quietly. He expected to find his mother and his sister in the room with the {bay-window.

The door of this familiar apartment was ajar; he pushed it open and went in. It was a very pretty room, and all the womanly litter of open THE March winds were blowing among the books and music, needle-work and drawing ma-

It was not Letitia, but a young lady with very So he went back at last to his mother, who blue eyes, who blushed scarlet, and turned upon

my sister. I did not even know that you were her waving brown hair pushed off her forchead, here.

returning. I thought you meant to be away all them. the summer; Mrs. Arundel told me so.

he was very slow to understand any such signs transport-ship. as these. He saw that he had startled the young Belinda Lawford was clever, but only just lady, and that she had turned pole and trembled clever enough to be charming. I don't think as she recognized him; and he looked at her with she could have got through 'Paradise Lost,' or

basket were a matter of vital importance, to be him aloud to her father in a fresh, clear voice, achieved at any sacrifice of politeness. Then that was like music on the water. And she read suddenly remembering that she ought to say Macaulay's 'History of England,' with eyes that remark:

be to see you?'

alone. titia?'

Lawford went on sorting the skeins of worsted in as his page; or would have followed him into the fire-light. Edward Arundel had been stand-captivity, and tended him in prison, if she had ing all this time with his hat in his hand, almost lived in the days when there was such work for as if he had been a visitor making a late morning a high-spirited girl to do. call upon Belinda; but he put his hat down now, But she sat opposite Mr. Edward Arundel, and and seated himself near the table by which the twisted her chain round her fingers, and listened young lady stood busy with the arrangement of for the footsteps of the returning mistress of the her work-basket.

calculation as to the time in which Mrs. Arundel gles to appear at her ease, there was a sort of and Letitia could walk to the village school-house pleasure in being seated here by the low fire with

last forever. It had become the most pitiful pre-{ the wide chimney; the falling of the cinders on tense by the time Miss Lawford shut down the the hearth; the occasional snort of one of the wicker lid, and seated herself primly in a low (sleeping dogs; and the beating of her own restchair by the fire-place. She sat looking down less heart. And though she dared not lift her and out between her smooth white fingers. She earnest countenance, with the chestnut hair lit looked very pretty in that fitful fire-light, with up with gleams of gold, the firm lips shaded by a

and her white eyelids hiding the tender blue eyes. 'No, of course not. I—you did'nt startle me She sat twisting the chain in her fingers, and much, Mr. Arundel, only you were not expected dared not lift her eyes to Mr. Arundel's face; home. I thought you were far away in Brittany. and if there had been a whole flock of geese in I had no idea that there was any chance of your the room she could not have said 'Bo!' to one of

· And yet she was not a stupid girl. Her father Belinda Lawford said all this in that fresh; could have indignantly refuted any such slander girlish voice which was familiar to Mr. Arundel; as that against the azure-eyed Hebe who made but she was still very pale, and she still trembled his home pleasant to him. To the major's mind a little, and there was something almost apolo-Belinda was all that man could desire in the wogetic in the way in which she assured Edward man of his choice, whether as daughter or wife. that she had believed he would be abroad through. She was the bright genius of the old man's home, out the summer. It seemed almost as if she had; and he loved her with that chivairous devotion said: 'I did not come here because I thought I which is common to brave soldiers, who are the should see you. I had no thought or hope of simplest and gentlest of men when you chain meeting you.' But Edward Arundel was not a coxcomb, and the din of the camp and the confusion of the

a half-wandering, half-pensive expression in his Gibbon's Decline and Fall, or a volume by face.

Adam Smith or M'Cu-loch, though you had She blushed as he looked at her. She went to promised her a diamond necklace when she came the table and began to sather together the silks conscientiously to 'Fiuis.' But she could read and worsteds, as if the arrangement of her work- Shakspeare for the hour together, and did read something to Mr. Arundel, she gave evidence of kindled when the historian's pages flamed out the originality of her intellect by the following with burning words that were like the characters upon a blazing scroll. She could play Menthow surprised Mrs. Arundel and Letitia will delssohn and Beethoven-plaintive sonatas, tender songs, that had no need of words to expound the Even as she said this her eyes were still bent mystic meaning of the music. She could sing upon the skeins of worsted in her hand. old ballads and Irish melodies, that thrilled the 'Yes; I think they will be surprised. I did not souls of those who heard her, and made hard mean to come home until the autumn. But I got men pitiful to brazen Hibernian beggars in the so tired of wandering about a strange country London streets for the memory of that pensive alone. Where are they—my mother and Le-music. She could read the leaders in the Times, with no false quantities in the Latin quotations, 'They have gone down the village to the and knew what she was reading about; and had school. They will be back to tea. Your brother her favorites at St. Stephen's and adored Lord is away; and we dine at three o'clock, and drink ? Palmerston, and was Diberal to the core of her tea at eight. It is so much pleasanter than din-tender young heart. She was as brave as a true ing late. Englishwoman should be, and would have gone This was quite an effort of genius; and Miss to the wars with her old father, and served him

house. She was like a bashful school-girl who Her heart was beating very fast, and she was has danced with an officer at her first ball. And straining her arithmetical powers to the utter- yet amidst her shy confusion, her fears that she most, in the endeavor to make a very abstruse should seem agitated and embarrassed, her strugand back to Dangerfield, and the delay that might Edward Arundel opposite to her. There was a arise by reason of sundry interruptions from ob-strange pleasure, and almost painful pleasure, sequious gaffers and respectful goodys, eager for mingled with her feelings in those quiet moments. a word of friendly salutation from their patroness. She was acutely conscious of every sound that The arrangement of the work-basket could not broke the stillness—the sighing of the wind in at the fire, and twisting a slender gold chain in eyelids to the young soldier's face, that handsome,

brown mustache, the pensive smile, the broad come to pass in half a century or sc-if he should white forehead, the dark-blue handkerchief tied choose her for his second wife, she knew that loosely under a white collar, the careless gray traveling-dress, even the attitude of the hand and arm, the bent head drooping a little over the as this. Belinda knew how anxiously that loving fire, were as present to her inner sight as if her; mother hoped that her son might, by and by, form

by grave professors of, magic; a second sight

which common people call Love.

But by-and-by Edward began to talk, and then Miss Lawford found courage, and took heart to had not yet ceased to lament that irrevocable question him about his wanderings in Brittany. past. She had only been a few weeks in Devonshire, she said. Her thoughts went back to the dreary autumn in Lincolnshire as she spoke; and she and gave utterance to loud rejoicings; and preremembered the dull October day upon which her, parations were made for the physical comfort father had come into the girls" morning-room at of the wanderer-bells were rung, lighted waxthe Grange with Edward's farewell letter in his ; candles and a glittering tea-service were brought hand. She remembered this, and all the talk, in, a cloth was laid, and cold meats and other that there had been about the horsewhipping of comestibles spread forth, with that profusion that Mr. Paul Marchmont upon his own threshold, has made the west country as proverbial as the She remembered all the warm discussions, the north for its hospitality speculations, the ignorant conjectures, the praise, the blame; and how it had been her business to without a king any such commonplace question sit by, and listen, and hold her peace, except as to whether Mr Arundel required refreshment. upon that one never-to-be-forgotten night at the She had read in her Hort's Puntheen that the gods rectory, when Paul Marchmont had hinted at sometimes are and drank like ordinary mortals; something whose perfect meaning she had never dared to imagine, but which had, somehow or could be hungry. But she now had the satisfacother, mingled vaguely with all her day-dreams tion of seeing Mr. Arundel eat a very good din-

Was there any truth in that which Paul Marchmont had said to her? Was it true that Edward? Arundet had never really loved his young bride?, as if there had been no such person as that hand-Letitia had said as much, not once, but twenty some young soldier in the world. times.

have ever been in love with the poor, dear, sickly read at tea-time,' the young lady remarked, apolothing,' Miss Arundel had exclaimed; 'it was only the absurd romance of the business that captivated him; for Edward is really ridiculously romantic; thinks he'll marry Miss St. Leger, and be miseiand her father having been a supernumer-it's no use; I don't think any body ever did know how many syllables there are in that word—and having lived in Oakley Street, and having written be a wicked wretch if he does, after the things a pitiful letter to Edward about this motherless he has said to Theodora—I hope, if he does, daughter, and all that sort of thing; just like one she'll die-catch cold at a dejeuner at Twickenof those tiresome old novels with a baby left at a ham, or something of that kind, you know: and cottage-door, and all the s's looking like f's, and then he'll marry Treedora afterward, and all the last word of the page repeated at the top of will end happily. Do you know, Linda, I always the next page, you know. That was why my fancy that you're like Theodora, and that Edbrother married Miss Marchmont, you may de-ward's like him.' pend upon it, Linda; and all I hope is, that he'll; be sensible enough to marry again soon, and to to her book, and Edward helped himself to a have a Christian-like wedding, with carriages, slice of tongue rather awkwardly; and Belinda and a breakfast, and two clergymen: and I should Lawford, who had her hand upon the urn, sufwear white glace silk, with tulle puffings, and a fered the tea-pot to overflow among the cups and tulle bonnet (I suppose I must wear a bonnet, being only a bride-maid?), all showered over with clematis, as if I'd stood under a clematis-bush when the wind was blowing, you know, Linda.'

With such discourse as this Miss Arundel had? frequently entertained her friend; and she had indulged in numerous innuendees of an embarrassing nature as to the propriety of old friends and school-fellows being united by the endearing tie of sister-in-law-hood, and other observations

to the like effect.

Belinda knew that if Edward ever came to love her-whenever she did venture to speculate for the first time in his life, shutting himself in upon such a chance, she never dared to come at his dead father's library, and sitting hour after all near it, but thought of it as a thing that might (hour in a great easy-chair, reading the histories

she would be gladly and tenderly welcomed at Dangerfield. Mrs. Arundel had hinted as much eyes had kept watch all this time, and had never new ties, and cease to lead a purposeless life, wavered in their steady gaze.

There is a second sight that is not recognized his lost bride. She knew all this; and sitting opposite to the young man in the fire-light, there was a dull pain at her heart for there was something in the soldier's sombre face that told her he

> But Mrs. Arundel and Letitic came in presently, I think Miss Lawford would have sat opposite the traveler for a week yet it had never entered into her mind that Edward ner, while she herself poured out the tea to oblige Letitia, who was in the middle of the third volume of a new novel, and went on reading it as cobly

The books must go back to the club to morrow 'It's quite ridiculous to suppose that he could morning, you know, mamma dear, or I wouldn't getically. I want to know whether he'll marry Theodora or that masty Miss St. Leger Linda able, and Theodora will die. I believe Linda likes love-stories to end unhappily. I don't. I hope if he dees marry Miss St. Leger-and hell

> After which speech Miss Arundel went back saucers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A WIDOWER'S PROPOSAL.

For some time after his return Edward Arundel was very restless and gloomy, roaming about the country by himself, under the influence of a pretended passion for pedestrianism, reading hard

of all the wars that have ever ravaged this earth, my brighter and happier self to you, Belinda; I from the days in which the elephants of a Carthaginian ruler trampled upon the soldiery of Rome, son, who came out of his simple island home to conquer the civilized half of the world.

Edward Arundel showed himself a very indifsuits. She caused a butt to he set up upon the at them by stealth sometimes through the window of the library, and sighed as he thought of the

might have been.

Had he not done his duty to the dead; and was he were but brave enough to stretch out his hand lamh:' and claim the precious treasure for his own. But And here Mr. Arundel paused, and sat si-when he thought of all this—when he pondered lently looking out at the long shadows of the dead bury their dead, and to accept that other much of his heart as a widower may be supposed blessing which the same Providence that had to have at his disposal. blighted his first hope seemed to offer to him now —the shadowy phantom of John Marchmon are some things, and those the most beautiful of arose out of the mystic realms of the dead, and are all things, that can never be renewed: the bloom ghostly voice cried to him:

you?

the congenial society of his sister and Belinda

to pain. twilight of a bright day in early May, nearly two months after his return to Dangerfield, Md- and the mother's love there would be the pale Lawford as she sat alone in the deep bay-window drew undreamed-of melodies from the sleeping where he had found her on his first coming, con-chord-first evoked the slumbering spirit of mafessed to her the terrible struggle of feeling that ternal love. Among the latter lines—the most made the great trouble of his life, and asked her passionate, the most soriowful—that George if she was willing to accept a love which, in its Gordon Noel Byron wrote, are some brief verses

shadows of the sorrowful past.

'I love you dearly, Linda,' he said; 'I love, I Oh, could I feel as I have felt; or be what I have been; esteem, I admire you; and I know that it is in Or weep as I could once have went!' your power to give me the happiest future that ever a man imagined in his youngest, brightest cried the poet when he complained of that mordreams. But if you do accept my love, dear, tal coldness of the soul, which is like death you must take my memory with it. I can not itself.' forget, Linda I have tried to forget. I have Edw prayed that God, in His mercy, might give me Lawford unconsciously, and in spite of himself; forgetfulness of that irrevocable past. But the but the first love of his heart, the first fruit of prayer has never been granted; the boon has his youth, had perished. He could not feel quite never been bestowed. I think that love for the the same devotion, the same boyish chivalry, that living and remorse for the dead must forever he had felt for the innocent bride who had wan-

consecrate my sorrow and my tears to her. love you with all my heart, Belinda, but even to the era of that Corsican harrister's wonderful for the sake of your love I will not pretend that son, who came out of his simple island home to I can forget her. If John Marchmont's daughter had died with her head npon my breast and a prayer on her lips, I might have regretted her as ferent brother; for, do what she could, Letitia other men regret their wives, and I might have could not induce him to join in any of her pur- learned by and hy to look back upon my grief with only a tender and natural regret, that would lawn; but all she could say about Belinda's best have left my future life unclouded. But it can gold could not bring the young man out upon the never he so. The poison of remorse is blended grass to watch the two girls shooting. He looked with that sorrowful memory. If I had done otherwise-if I had been wiser and more thoughtful-my darling need never have suffered; my darblight upon his manhood, and of all the things that ling need never have sinned. It is the thought that her death may have been a sinful one that is Might not these things even yet come to pass: most cruel to me, Belinda. I have seen her pray, with her pale, earnest face uplifted, and the light he not free now to begin a fresh life? His mo- of faith shining in her gentle eyes; I have seen ther was perpetually hinting at some bright pros- the inspiration of God upon her face; and I can pect that lay smiling before him, if he chose to not hear to think that, in the darkness that came tike the blossom-bestrewn path that led to that down upon her young life, that holy light was fair country. His sister told him still more quenched; I can not bear to think that Heaven plainty of a prize that was within his reach, if was ever deaf to the pitiful cry of my innocent

whether it would not be wise to drop the dense trees upon the darkening lawn; and I fear that, curtain of forgetfulness over that sad picture of for the time being, he forgot that he had just the past—whether it would not be well to let the made Miss Lawford an offer of his hand and so

Ah me! we can only live and die once. The on a butterfly's wing; the morning dew upon a I charged you with my daughter's safe-keep- newly-blown rose; our first view of the ocean; ing; I trusted you with her innocent love; I gave our first pantomime, when all the fairies were you the custody of her helplessness. What have fairies forever, and when the imprudent conyou done to show yourself worthy of my faith in sumption of the contents of a pewter quartmeasure in sight of the stage-box could not dis-Thes houghts tormented the young widower enchant us with that elfin creature Harlequin, perpetually, and deprived him of all pleasure in the graceful, faithful betrothed of Columbine the fair. The firstlings of life are most precious. Lawford; or infused so sharp a flavor of remorse. When the black wing of the angel of death swept into his cup of enjoyment that pleasure was akin over agonized Egypt, and the children were smitten, offended Heaven, eager for a sacrifice, took So I don't know how it was that, in the dusty the first-born. The young mothers would have other children, perhaps; but between those others ward Arundel, coming by chance upon Miss shadow of that lost darling whose tiny hands first warmest fervor, was not quite unclouded by the that breathed a lament for the lost freshness, the never-to-be-recovered youth:

Or weep as I could once have wept!

Edward Arundel had grown to love Belinda reign side by side in my heart. It is no falsehood dered beside him in the sheltered meadows near to you that makes me remember her; it is no for- Winchester. He might begin a new life, but he getfulness of her that makes me love you. I offer; could not live the old life over again. He must

wear his rue with a difference this time. But he change his mind if matters were not brought loved Belinda very dearly, nevertheless; and he swiftly to a climax, and that she hurried on the told her so, and by-and-by won from her a tear- irrevocable day in order that he might have no ful avowal of affection.

much; and all the good she had desired in this universe became hers from the moment of Ed- and Letitia, who was to be chief bridemaid, ward Arundel's utterance of those words. He should go with them. The marriage was to be loved her; that was enough. That he should solemnized at Hillingsworth Church, which was cherish a remorseful sorrow for that lost wife within a mile and a half of the Grange. made him only the truer, nobler, and dearer in Belinda's sight. She was not vain, or exacting, or selfish. It was not in her nature to begrudge Mrs. Arundel, and on the 18th of June Edward poor dead Mary the tender thoughts of her hus- was to accompany his mother, Letitia, and Beband. She was generous, impulsive, believing; linda to Lincolnshire. They were to break the and she had no more inclination to doubt Ed- journey by stopping in town for a few days, in ward's love for her, after he had once avowed order to make a great many purchases necessary such a sentiment, than to disbelieve in the light for Miss Lawford's wedding paraphernalia, for of heaven when she saw the sun shining. Unquestioning, and unutterably happy, she received her lover's betrothal kiss, and went with him to his mother, blushing and trembling, to receive that lady's blessing.

the girl's slight figure in her arms.

'And I shall wear white glace with pinked flounces, instead of tulle puffings, you sly Linda, cried Letitia.

'And I'll give Ted the home farm, and the white house to live in, if he likes to try his hand at the new system of farming,' said Reginald Arundel, who had come home from the Continent, and had amused himself for the last week by strolling about his estate, and staring at his timber, and almost wishing that there was a necessity for cutting down all the oaks in the avenue, so that he might have something to occupy him until the 12th of August.

Never was promised bride more welcome to a household than bright Belinda Lawford; and as for the young lady herself, I must confess that she was almost childishly happy, and that it was all that she could do to prevent her light step from falling into a dance as she floated hither and thither through the house at Dangerfield—a fresh young Hebe in crisp muslin robes; a gentle goddess, with smiles upon her face and happiness in

her heart.

'I loved you from the first, Edward,' she whispered one day to her lover. 'I knew that you were good, and brave, and noble; and I loved

you because of that.

And a little for the golden glimmer in his clustering auburn curls; and a little for his handsome clouded the countenance of an expectant brideprofile, his dark-blue eyes, and that distinguished groom. air peculiar to the defenders of their country, more especially peculiar, perhaps to those who ride on horseback when they sally forth to defend her. Once a soldier forever a soldier, I think. may rob the noble warrior of his uniform, if you after a brief pause, he said, in a different tone, will; but the je ne sais quoi, the nameless air of 'It is no use trying to hide these things from you, the 'long-sword, saddle, bridle,' will hang round mother. The truth is, I am not happy. him still.

Mrs. Arundel and Letitia took matters quite but surely youout of the hands of the two lovers. The elder lady fixed the wedding-day, by agreement with Major Lawford, and sketched out the route for all my heart; I love her most sincerely; and I the wedding-tour. The younger lady chose the could look forward to a life of unalloyed happifabrics for the dresses of the bride and her at- ness with her, if-if there was not some inexplitendants; and all was done before Edward and cable dread, some vague and most miserable Belinda well knew what their friends were about. feeling always coming between me and my hopes.

breathing-time until the vows had been spoken and Belinda Lawford was his wedded wife. Alas! she had no power to question the man- and Belinda Lawford was his wedded wife. It ner of his wooing. He loved her—he had said as had been arranged that Edward should escort Belinda back to Lincolnshire, and that his mother

The first of July was the day appointed by agreement between Major and Mrs. Lawford and which the Major had sent a bouncing check to

his favorite daughter.

And all this time the only person at all@insettled, the only person whose mind was ill at ease, was Edward Arandel; the young widower who was about to take to himself a second wife. His 'Ah, if you knew how I have prayed for this, was about to take to himself a second wife. His Linda!' Mrs. Arundel exclaimed, as she folded mother, who watched him with a maternal comprehension of every change in his face, saw this, and trembled for her son's happiness.

'And yet he cannot be otherwise than happy with Belinda Lawford,' Mrs. Arundel thought to

herself.

But upon the eve of that journey to London Edward sat alone with his mother in the drawingroom at Dangerfield, after the two younger ladies had retired for the night. They slept in adjoining apartments, these two young ladies; and I regret to say that a great deal of their conversation was about Valenciennes lace, and flounces cut upon the cross, moire antique, mull muslin, glacé silk, and the last 'sweet thing' in bonnets. It was only when loquacious Letitia was shut out that Miss Lawford knelt alone in the still moonlight, and prayed that she might be a good wife to the man who had chosen her. I don't think she ever prayed that she might be faithful, and true, and pure; for it never entered into her mind that any creature bearing the sacred name of wife could be otherwise. She only prayed for the mysterious power to preserve her husband's affection, and make his life happy:

Mrs. Arundel, setting téte-à-téte with her younger son in the lamp-lit drawing-room, was startled by hearing the young man breathe a deep sigh. She looked up from her work to see a sadder expression in his face than perhaps ever

'Edward!'she exclaimed.

'What, mother?

'How heavily you sighed just now!'

'Did I?' said Mr. Arundel, abstractedly. Then,

'Not happy, Edward!' cried Mrs. Arundel;

'I know what you are going to say, mother. Yes, mother; I love this dear girl, Linda, with I think that Mrs. Arundel feared her son might I have tried to look forward to the future, mo-

not look forward; all is dark to me. I try to build London on the way to Lincolnshire. honor, draw back, even now, and not go upon this journey to Lincolnshire; if I could break my faith to this poor girl who loves me, and whom I love, as God knows, with all truth and earnestness—I would do so; I would do so'

'Edward!'

'Yes, mother; I would do it. It is not in me to forget. My dead wife haunts me by night and day. I hear her voice crying to me, "False, false, false; cruel and false; heartless and forgetful!" There is never a night that I do not dream of that dark sluggish river down in Lincolnshire. There is never a dream that I have, however ridiculous, however inconsistent in all its other details, in which I do not see her dead face looking up at me through the murky waters. Even when I am talking to Linda, when words of love for her are on my lips, my mind wanders away back -always back-to the sun-set by the boat-house, \ when my little wife gave me her hand, to the trout-stream in the meadow, where we sat side by side and talked about the future.

For a few minutes Mrs. Arundel was quite silent. She abandoned herself for that brief interval to complete despair. It was all over. bridegroom would cry off; insulted Major Lawford would come post-haste to Dangerfield, to annihilate this dismal widower, who did not know his own mind. All the shimmering fabrics—the gauzes, and laces, and silks, and velvets-that were in course of preparation in the upper chamhidden in out-of-the-way cupboards, and de-{silken stuff held up in her white hands, and voured by misanthropical moths-insect iconoclasts, who take a delight in destroying the deco-

rations of the human temple.

Poor Mrs. Arundel took a mental photograph of all the complicated horrors of the situation. An offended father; a gentle, loving girl, crushed like some broken lily; gossip, slander, misery of all kinds. And then the lady plucked up courage, and gave her recreant son a sound lecture, to the effect that his conduct was atrociously wicked; and that if this trusting young bride, this fair young second wife, were to be taken away from him as the first had been, such a calamity } would only be a fitting judgment upon him for his

But Edward told his mother very quietly that } he had no intention of being false to his newly-

plighted troth.

'I love Belinda,' he said; 'and I will be true to her, mother. But I cannot forget the past. It hangs about me like a bad dream.

CHAPTER XXXV

SHIRE.

The young widower made no further lamentation, but did his duty to his betrothed bride with ing confusions, they took him round the Park, in

ther: I have tried to think of what my life may a cheerful visage. Ah, what a pleasant jour-be with Belinda; but I can not, I can not. I can ney it was to Belinda, that progress through up a bright palace, and an unknown hand shatters like that triumphant journey of last March, when it. I try to turn away from the memory of my the royal bridegroom led his Northern bride old sorrows; but the same hand plucks me back, through a surging sea of eager, smiling faces, to and chains me to the past. If I could retract the musical jangling of a thousand bells. If what I have done; if I could, with any show of there were neither populace nor joy-bells on honor, draw back, even now, and not go upon this occasion, I scarcely think Miss Lawford knew that those elements of a triumphal progress were missing. To her ears all the universe was musical with the sounds of mystic joy-bells; all the earth was glad with the brightness of happy faces. The railway-carriage, the commonplace vehicle, frouzy with the odor of wool and morocco, was a fairy chariot, more wonderful than Queen Mab's; the white chalk-cutting in the hill was a shining cleft in a mountain of silver; the wandering streams were melted diamonds; the stations were enchanted castles. The pale sherry, carried in a pocket flask, and sipped out of a little silver tumbler—there is apt to be a warm flatness about sherry taken out of pocketflasks that is scarcely agreeable to the connoisseur-was like nectar newly brewed for the gods; even the anchovies in the sandwiches were like the enchanted fish in the Arabian story. A magical philter had been infused into the atmosphere; the flavor of first love was in every sight and sound.

·Was ever bridegroom more indulgent, more devoted, than Edward Arundel? He sat at the counters of silk-mercers for the hour together. while Mrs. Arundel and the two girls deliberated over crisp fabrics unfolded for their inspection. He was always ready to be consulted, and gave his opinion upon the conflicting merits of peach color and pink, apple-green and maize, with un-wearying attention. But sometimes, even while bes, would become so much useless finery, to be Belinda was smiling at him, with the rippling making a lustrous cascade upon the counter, the mystic hand plucked him back, and his mind wandered away to that childish bride who had chosen no splendid garments for her wedding, but had gone with him to the altar as trustfully as a baby goes in its mother's arms to the cradle. If he had been left alone with Belinda, with tender, sympathetic Belinda-who loved him well enough to understand him, and was always ready to take her cue from his face, and to be joyous or thoughtful according to his mood-it might have been better for him. But his mother and Letitia reigned paramount during this ante-nuptial week. and Mr. Arundel was scarcely suffered to take breath. He was hustled hither and thither in the hot summer noontide. He was taken to Howell and James's to choose a dressing-case for his bride; and he was made to look at glittering objects until his eyes ached, and he could see nothing but a bewildering dazzle of ormolu and silver-gilt. He was taken to a great emporium in Bond Street to select perfumery, and made to sniff at divers essences until his nostrils were unnaturally distended, and his olfactory nerves af-flicted with temporary paralysis. There was flicted with temporary paralysis. There was jewelry of his mother's and of Belinda's mother's to be re-set; and the hymeneal victim was compelled to sit for an hour or so, blinking at HOW THE TIDINGS WERE RECEIVED IN LINCOLN- hery-crested serpents that were destined to coil up his wife's arms, and emerald padlocks that were to lie upon her breast. And then, when his soul was weary of glaring splendors and glitter-

a whirlpool of diaphanous lonners, and smiling) taces, and brazen barness, and emblazoned ham-.. omer-cloths, on the margin of a river whose was senger carries the tidings of a great victory to his ters were like molten gold under the blazing sun. And then they gave him a seat in an of cra-box. and the crash of a monster orchestra, blended with the hum of a thousand voices, to soothe his

But the more wearied this young man became with glitter, and dazzle, and sunshine, and salkmercer's ware, the more surely his mind wandered back to the still meadows, and the limpid trout-stream, the sheltering hills, the solemin shadows of the cathedral, the distant voices of

the rooks high up in the waving elms.

The bustle of preparation was over at last, and the bridal party went down to Lincolnshire. Pleasant chambers had been prepared at the Grange for Mr. Arundet and his mother and sister; and the bridegroom was received with enthusiasm by Belinda's blue-eyed younger sisters, who were enchanted to find that there was going to be a wedding, and that they were to have new .frocks.

had he seemed otherwise than happy; had he been any thing but devoted to the bright girl who

loved hum.

Tidings of the coming wedding flew like wildfire through Lincolnshire. Edward Arundei's romantic story had elevated him into a hero; all ; Edward Arundel came in upon us unexpectedly? manner of reports had been circulated about his devotion to his lost young wife. He had sworn never to mingle in society again, people said. He had sworn never to have a new suit of newspaper, with a gesture expressive of considclothes, or to have his hair cut, or to shave, or to erable vexation. eat a hot dinner. And Lincolnshire by no means approved of the defection implied by his ap-said; if your husband is a fool, I am not going proaching union with Belinda. He was only a to be bored about his folly. You have managed commonplace widower after all, it seemed; ready him for fifteen years; surely you can go on manto be consoled as soon as the ceremonious interval of decent grief was over. People had ex-/lf Mr. George Weston doesn't know when he's pected something better of him. They half ex- well off, he's an ungrateful cur, and you may pected to see him in a year or two with long gray tell him so, with my compliments. hair, shabby clothes, and his beard upon his. He picked up his newspaper again, and began breast, prowling about the village of Kember- to read. But Lavinia Weston, looking anxiously ling, baited by little children. Lincolnshare was at her brother's face, saw that his pale auburn very much disappointed by the turn that affairs brows were contracted in a thoughtful frown, had taken. Shakspearian aphorisms were cut- and that, if he read at all, the words upon which rent among the gossips at comfortable tea tables; and people talked about funeral baked meats, and the propriety of building churches if you have any ambitious desire that your memory should still looking at the page before him, and with an outlast your life, and other bitter observations, familiar to all admirers of the great dramatist.

But there were some people in Lincolnshite to tralia, Lavinia?' whom the news of Edward Arundel's intended Alore?' asked marriage was more welcome than the early Mayflowers to rustic children eager for a festival. Paul Marchmont heard the report, and rubbed Weston rather dubiously; 'I don't want you to his hands stealthily, and smiled to himself as te sat reading in the sunny western drawing-room. The good seed that he had sown that night at while to go out there, Lavinia. You shouldn't the Rectory had borne this welcome truit. Ed- have any reason to regret obliging me, my dear ward Arundel with a young wife would be very much less formidable than Edward Arundel single and discontented, prowling about the neighborhood of Marchmont Towers, and perpetually threatening vengeance upon Mary's cousin.

It was busy little Lavinia Weston who first brought her brother the tidings. He took both her hands in his, and kissed them in his enthusiasme

pair of diamond ear-rings for this.'

'For only bringing you the news, Paul?'

'For only bringing me the news. When a mesking, the king makes him a knight upon the spot. This marriage is a victory to me, Lavin a. From to-day I shall breathe freely."

'But they are not married yet. Something

may happen, perhaps, to prevent-

'What should happen?' asked Paul, rather sharply. 'By-the-by,' it will be as well to keep this from Mrs. John,' he added, thoughtfully; though realty now I fancy it matters little what she hears.'

He tapped his forehead lightly with his two slim fingers, and there was a horrible significance

in the action.

'She is not likely to hear any thing,' Mrs. Weston said; 'she sees no one but Barbara Sim-

'Then I should be glad if you would give Simmons a hint to hold her tongue. This news about the wedding would disturb her mistress.

'Yes, l'il tell her so. Barbara is a very exocks.

cellent person. I can always manage Barbara.

So Edward would have been a churl indeed But, oh, Paul, I don't know what I'm to do with that poor weak-witted husband of mine.

'Jow do you mean?'

Oh, Paul, I have had such a scene with him to day. Such a scene! You remember the way he went on that day down in the boat-house when Well, he's been going on as badly as that to-day, Paul-or worse, I really think.

Mr. Marchmont frowned, and flung aside his

'Now, really, Lavinia, this is too bad,' he aging him now without annoying me about him?

his eyes rested could convey very little meaning

to his brain.

She was right, for presently he spoke to her, attempt at carelessness.

Do you think that fellow would go to Aus-

·Alone?' asked his sister.

Yes, alone, of course,' said Mr. Marchmont, putting down his paper, and looking at Mrs. go to the antipodes; but if-if the fellow refused to go without you. I'd make it well worth your

The dear girl looked rather sharply at her af-

fectionate brother.

'It's like your selfishness, Paul, to propose such a thing,' she said, 'after all I've done-'

'I have not been uliberal to you. Lavinia.' 'No, you have been generous enough to me, I onds in his, and kissed them in his enthusiasme know, in the matter of gifts; but you re rich, 'My best of sisters,' he said, 'you shall have a Paul, and you can afford to give. I don't like the idea that you are so willing to pack me out

of the way now that I can be no longer useful to study looking out into the quadrangle. She sat you.'

Mr. Marchmont shrug god his shoulders.

a sisterly act toward me. I hate selfishness, Lavinia, almost as much as I detest sentimen-} tality.

Mrs. Weston was silent for some minutes, absorbed in reflection. Paul got up, kicked aside a foot-stool, and walked up and down the room }

with his hands in his pockets.

'Perhaps I might get George to leave England, } if I promised to join him as soon as he was comsaid, at last.

'Yes,' cried Paul; 'nothing could be more easy.'
I'll act very liberally toward him, Lavinia; I'll I feel that he must be got out of the country.'

sister talked together earnestly.

Layinia to declare that her brother had accidentally heard of some grand opening for a mediately. Were still lingering among the wild flowers in dentally heard of some grand opening for a mediately heard of some grand opening for a mediately. Upon this summer evening, when happy people were still lingering among the wild flowers in dentally heard of some grand opening for a mediately heard of some grand opening for some sum given him, and Lavinia would, of course, join him as soon as he was settled. Paul March- only a human automaton slowly decaying into mont even looked through the Shipping Gazette in dust? There was no speculation in those large

necessary credentials. She was to promise all revolved before her. She had no memory of most any thing to her husband, provided that he that which had happened a quarter of an hour gave his consent to an early departure.

alone in that dismal chamber, dimly lighted by a pair of wax-candles, in tall, tarnished, silver For Heaven's sake, Lavinia, don't be senti-candlesticks. There could be no greater commental. If there's one thing I despise more trast than that between this desolate woman and than another, it is this kind of mawkish senti-the master of the house. All about him was manufality. Very the said of the house and glittering and salendid. mentality. You've been a very good sister to bright, and fresh, and glittering, and splendid; me, and I've been a very good sister to bright, and fresh, and glittering, and splendid; me, and I've been a very decent brother to you. around her there was only ruin and decay, thick-If you have served me, I have made it answer ening dust, and gathering cobwebs—outward eviyour purpose to do so. I don't want you to go dences of an inner wreck. John Marchmont's
away. You may bring all your goods and chatwide was of no importance in that household. tels to this house to-morrow, if you like, and live The servants did not care to trouble themselves at free quarters here for the rest of your existable about her whims or wishes, nor to put her rooms ence. But if George Weston is a pig-headed in order. They no longer courtesied to her when brute, who can't understand upon which side his they met her, wandering—with a purposeless breed is buttered by the care of the care o bread is buttered, he must be got out of the way step and listless feet that dragged along the somehow. I don't care what it costs me; but he ground—up and down the corridor, or out in the must be got out of the way. I'm not going to dreary quadrangles. They knew that she was mad. live the life of a modern Damocles, with a blun- What was to be gained by any show of respect dering sword always dangling over my head, in to her, whose brain was too weak to hold the the person of Mr. George Weston. And if the memory of their conduct for five minutes to-man objects to leave the country without you, gether? Of all the cruel calamities that can beman objects to leave the country without you, gether? Of all the cruel calamities that can be-why, I think your going with him would be only fall humanity, surely this living death called madness is the worst.

Barbara Simmons only was faithful to her mistress with an unvarying fidelity. She made no boast of her devotion; she expected neither fee nor reward for her self-abnegation. That rigid religion of discipline which had not been strong enough to preserve Olivia's stormy soul from danger and ruin was at least all-sufficient for this lower type of woman. Barbara Simmons had fortably settled in the colonies,' Mrs. Weston been taught to do her duty, and she did it without question or complaint. As she went through rain, snow, hail or sunshine twice every Sunday to Kemberling Church—as she sat upon a hard treat him well; but he shall not stay in England. { seat in an uncomfortable angle of the servants' No, Lavinia; after what you have told me to-day, pew, with the sharp edges of the wood-work cutting her thin shoulders, to listen patiently to dull Mr. Marchmont went to the door and looked rambling sermons upon the hardest texts of St. out, to see if by chance any one had been listen- Paul-so she attended upon her mistress, submiting to him. The coast was quite clear. The ting to every caprice, putting up with every hard-stone-paved hall looked as desolate as some un-discovered chamber in an Egyptian temple. The relief she allowed herself was an hour's gossip artist went back to Lavinia, and seated himself has now and then in the housekeeper's room; but by her side. For some time the brother and she never alluded to her mistresses infirmities, sister talked together earnestly.

They settled every thing for poor hen-pecked vant to have spoken lightly of Mrs. John March-George Weston. He was to sail for Sydney im-mont in stern Barbara's presence.

Was there any thing in her mind, or was she Lavinia Weston went home armed with all ing, like the scenes in some magic panorama, ago; but she could remember every word that Edward Arundel had said to her in the Rectory garden at Swampington-every intonation of the

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. WESTON REFUSES TO BE PUT UPON.

Upon the 31st of June, the eve of Edward rundel's wedding-day, Olivia Marchmont set Arundel's wedding-day, Olivia Marchmont sat' and saucer with the gilding washed off. That in her own room—the room that she had chiefly meal, which is generally called social, has but a occupied ever since her husband's death—the dismal aspect when it is only prepared for one,

The solitary tea-cup, half filled with cold, stag- fround this way on purpose. You can let me in nant tea, with a leaf or two floating upon the at the little door in the lobby, can't you, Mrs. top, like weeds on the surface of a tideless pond; John? I tell you I must tell you what I've got to the tea-spoon thrown askew across a little pool tell you,' cried Mr. Weston, indifferent to tau-of spilled milk in the tea-tray—looked as dreary tology in his excitement. 'Do let me in, there's of spilled milk in the tea-tray-looked as dreary as the ruins of a deserted city.

In the western drawing-room Paul was strolling backward and forward, talking to his mother and sisters, and admiring his pictures. He had spent a great deal of money upon art since taking possession of the Towers, and the western drawing-room was quite a different place to what it good creature. It's awful particular, I tell you. had been in John Marchmont's lifetime.

Etty's divinites smiled through hazy draperies, more transparent than the summer vapors that (seemed to act upon the woman's shattered nerves float before the moon. Pearly-complexioned nymphs, with faces archly peeping round the corner of soft resy shoulders, frolicked amids! { the silver spray of classic fountains. Turner's Grecian temples glimmered through sultry summer mists; while glimpses of ocean sparkler here and there, and were as beautiful as if the artist's brush had been dipped in melted opals Stanfield's breezy beaches made cool spots of freshness on the wall. Panting deer upon dizzy crags, amidst the misty Highlands, testified to the hand of Landseer. Low down, in the cornerof the room, there lurked quaint cottage-scenes by Faed. Ward's patched and powdered beaux and beauties—a Rochester, in a light periwig; a Nell Gwynne, showing her white teeth across a basket of oranges-made a blaze of color upon the walls; and among all these glories of to-day there were prim Madonnas and stiff-necked angels by Raphael and Tintoretto; a brown-faced grinning boy by Murillo (no collection ever was complete without that inevitable brown-faced boy); an obese Venus, by the great Peter Paul; and a pale Charles the First, with martyrdom foreshadowed in his pensive face, by Vandyke.

Paul Marchmont contemplated his treasures complacently as he strolled about the room, with his coffee-cup in his hand; while his mother watched him admiringly from her comfortable

cushioned nest at one end of a luxurious sofa. 'Well, mother,' Mr. Marchmont said, presently. 'let people say what they may of me, they can never say that I have used my money badly When I am dead and gone these pictures will remain to speak for me; posterity will say, 'At any rate, the fellow was a man of taste.' Now what, in Heaven's name, could that miserable little Mary have done with eleven thousand a year, if-if she had lived to enjoy it?'

The minute-hand of the little clock in Mrs. John Marchmont's study was creeping slowly toward the quarter before eleven, when Olivia was aroused suddenly from that long reverie, in which the images of the past had shone upon her across the dull stagnation of the present, like the domes and minarets in a Phantasm City gleaming } athwart the barren desert sands.

She was aroused by a cautious tap upon the outside of her window. She got up, opened the window, and looked out. The night was dark and starless, and there was a faint whisper of } wind among the trees, that sounded like the pre-

sage of a storm.

'Don't be frightened,' whispered a timid voice: 'it's only me, George Weston. I want to talk to by poor's rates, Mrs. John; but, good gracious you, Mrs. John. I've got something particular me! I'd rather have the Queen's taxes and the to tell you—awful particular; but they mustn't poor rates following me up day and night, and a hear it; they mustn't know I'm here I came man in possession to provide for at every meal—

a dear good soul. The little door in the lobby, you know; it's locked, you know, but the key ain't taken away, I dessay.

'The door in the lobby?' repeated Olivia, in a

dreamy voice.

'Yes, you know. Do let me in now, that's a

It's about Edward Arundel.

Edward Arundel! The sound of that name like a stroke of electricity. The drooping head reared itself erect. The eyes, so lustreless before, flashed fire from their sombre depths. Comprehension, animation, energy returned, as sudlenly as if the wand of an enchanter had summoned the dead back to life.

'Edward Arundel!' she cried, in a clear voice, that was utterly unlike the dull deadness of her'

usual tones.

'Hush!' whispered Mr. Weston; 'don't speak loud, for goodness gracious sake. I dessay there's all manner of spies about. Let me in, and I'll tell you every thing.'

'Yes, yes; I'll let you in. The door by the lobby-1 understand; come, come.'

Olivia disappeared from the window. The lobby of which the surgeon had spoken was close to her own apartment. She found the key in the ock of the door. The place was dark; she ppened the door almost noiselessly, and Mr. Weston crept in on tip-toe. He followed Olivia into the study, closed the door behind him, and drew a long breath.

'I've got in,' he said; 'and now I am in, wild horses shouldn't hold me from speaking my mind,

much less Paul Marchmont.

He turned the key in the door as he spoke, and, even as he did so, glanced rather suspiciously toward the window. To his mind the very atmosphere of that house was pervaded by the

presence of his brother-in-law.
'Oh, Mrs. John!' exclaimed the surgeon, in piteous accents, the way that I've been put upon! You're been put upon. Mrs. John, but you don't seem to mind it; and perhaps it's better to bring one's self to that, if one can; but I can't. I've tried to bring myself to it; I've even taken to drinking, Mrs. John, much as it goes against me; and I've tried to drown my feelings as a man in rum-and-water. But the more spirits I consume, Mrs. John, the more of a man I feel.'

Mr. Weston struck the top of his hat with his clenched fist, and stared fiercely at Olivia, breathing very hard, and breathing rum-and-water

with a faint odor of lemon-peel.

'Edward Arundel !-- what about Edward Arun-

del?' said Olivia, in a low, eager voice.
'I'm coming to that, Mrs. John, in due c'course,' returned Mr. Weston, with an air of dignity that was superior even to hiccough. 'What I say, Mrs. John,' he added, in a confidential and argumentative tone, 'is this: I won't be put upon!' Here his voice sank to an awful whisper- Of course it's pleasant enough to have one's rent provided for, and not to be kept awake

and you don't know how contemptuous a man in } sufferings. Oh, Mrs. John, when I think how ing, at Hillingsworth Church. my pangs of conscience have been made game of • of manliness within me blazes up like a fiery furnace. I've been trodden upon, Mrs. John; but \ here. I'm not the worm they took me for. To-day they've put the finisher upon it.' The surgeon paused to take breath. His mild and rather sheeplike countenance was flushed; his fluffy eyebrows twitched convulsively in his endeavors to give expression to the violence of his feelings. To-day they've put the finisher upon it,' he repeated. 'I'm to go to Australia, am 1? Ha! ha! we'll see about that. There's a nice opening in the medical line, is there? and dear Paul will provide the funds to start me! Ha! ha! two can play at } that game. It's all brotherly kindness, of course, and friendly interest in my welfare-that's what { it's called, Mrs. J. Shall I tell you what it is? I'm to be got rid of, at any price, for fear my in Jamaica wouldn't drown, and they're frightened of me.

Olivia had listened to all this with an impatient frown upon her face. I doubt if she knew the meaning of Mr. Weston's complaints. She had been listening only for the one name that had power to transform her from a breathing automaton into a living, thinking, reasoning woman. She grasped the surgeon's wrist fiercely.

'You told me you came here to speak about Edward Arundel,' she said. 'Have you been only

trying to make a fool of me?'
'No, Mrs. John; I have come to speak about him, and I come to you, because I think you're not so bad as Paul Marchmont. I think that you've been a tool, like myself; and they've led you on, step by step, from bad to worse, pretty much as they have led me. You're Edward Arundel's blood relation, and it's your business to look to any wrong that's done him more than it is mine. But if you don't speak, Mrs. John, I will.

Edward Arundel is going to be married.'
'Going to be married!' The words burst from Olivia's lips in a kind of shriek, and she stood glaring hideously at the surgeon, with her lips apart and her eyes dilated. Mr. Weston was fascinated by the horror of that gaze, and stared at her in silence for some moments. 'You are a madman! Why do you come here with your idiotic fancies? Surely my life is miserable enough without this!'

'I ain't mad, Mrs. John, any more than-' Mr. possession can look at you if you offer him salt \ Weston was going to say, 'than you are;' but it butter, or your table in a general way don't meet struck him that, under existing circumstances, his views—than the conscience I've had since the comparison might be ill-advised—'I ain't any Paul Marchmont came into Lincolnshire. I feel, madder than other people, he said, presently. Mrs. John, as if I'd committed oceans of mur- Edward Arundel is going to be married. I have ders! It's a miracle to me that my hair hasn't seen the young lady in Kemberling with her Pa; turned white before this; and it would have done and she's a very sweet young woman to look at; it, Mrs. J., if it wasn't of that stubborn nature and her name's Belinda Lawford; and the wedit, Mrs. J., if it wasn't of that stubborn nature and her name's Belinda Lawford; and the wed-which is too wiry to give expression to a man's ding is to be at eleven o'clock to-morrow morn-

Olivia slowly lifted her hands to her head; and —when I remember the insulting names I have swept the loose hair away from her brow. All been called, because my heart didn't happen to be the mists that had obscured her brain melted made of adamant, my blood boils; it boils, Mrs. (slowly away, and showed her the past as it had John, to that degree that I feel the time has come really been in all its naked horror. Yes; step by for action. I have been put upon until the spirit step the cruel hand had urged her on from bad to worse; from bad to worse; until it had driven her

It was for this that she had sold her soul to the powers of hell. It was for this that she had helped to torture that innocent girl whom a dying father had given into her pitiless hand. For this! for this! To find at last that all her iniquity had been wasted, and that Edward Arundel had chosen another bride—fairer, perhaps, than the first. The mad, unholy jealousy of her nature awoke from the obscurity of mental decay, a fierce ungovernable spirit. But another spirit arose in the next moment. Conscience, which so long had slumbered, awoke, and cried to her, in an awful voice, 'Sinner, whose sin has been wasted, repent! restore! It is not yet too late.'

The stern precepts of her religion came back conscience should get the better of me, and I to her. She had rebelled against those rigid laws, should speak. I've been made a tool of, and I've she had cast off those iron fetters, only to fall into been put upon; but they've been obliged to trust a worse bondage; only to submit to a stronger me. I've got a conscience, and I don't suit their tyranny. She had been a servant of the God of views. If I hadn't got a conscience, I might stop / Sacrifice, and had rebelled when an offering was here and have my rent and taxes provided for, demanded of her. She had cast off the yoke of and riot in rum-and-water to the end of my days. her Master, and had yielded herself up the slave But I've a conscience that all the pine-apple rum (of sin. And now, when she discovered whither her chains had dragged her, she was seized with a sudden panic, and wanted to go back to her old Master.

> She stood for some minutes with her open palms pressed upon her forehead, and her chest heaving as if a stormy sea had raged in her

bosom.

'This marriage must not take place,' she cried, at last.

'Of course it musn't,' answered Mr. Weston; 'didn't I say so just now? And if you don't speak to Paul and prevent it, I will. I'd rather you spoke to him, though,' added the surgeon, thoughtfully; 'because, you see, it would come better from you, wouldn't it, now?'

Olivia Marchmont did not answer. Her hands had dropped from her head, and she was standing

looking at the floor.

'There shall be no marriage,' she muttered, with a wild laugh. 'There's another heart to be broken-that's all. Stand aside, man,' she cried; stand aside, and let me go to him; let me go to him.

She pushed the terrified surgeon out of her pathway, unlocked the door, hurried along the passage and across the hall. She opened the door of the western drawing-room and went in.

Mr. Weston stood in the corridor looking after her. He waited for a few minutes, listening for any sound that might come from the western drawing-room. But the wide stone hall was between him and that apartment; and however

loudly the voices might have been uplifted, no points tightening upon his neck. He was afraid breath of them could have reached the surgeon's of Olivia. ear. He waited for about five minutes, and then crept into the lobby and let himself out into the quadrangle.

'At any rate, nobody can say that I'm a coward, he thought complacently, as he went under true, she was not violent. Her voice was low; a stone archeay that led into the park. But her hand fell loosely by her side. But Paul was what a whirlwind that woman is! O my gra-frightened of her, nevertheless; for he saw that cious, what a perfect whirlwind she is!'

CHAPTER XXXVII.

◆◆◆

GOING TO BE MARRIED

thither about the room, admiring his pictures, and smiling to himself at the recollection of the easy manner in which he had obtained George Weston's consent to the Australian arrangement. For in his sober moments the surgeon was ready to submit to any thing his wife and brother-inlaw imposed upon him. It was only under the eyes at Paul's face. influence of pine-apple rum that his manhood asserted itself. Paul was still contemplating his, pletely by surprise that Ipictures when Olivia burst into the room; but 'That you have not got a lying answer ready Mrs. Marchmont and her invalid daughter had for me,' said Olivia, interrupting him. 'You need retired for the night, and the artist was alone—{ not trouble yourself to invent one. I see that alone with his own thoughts, which were rather George Weston told me the truth. There was of a triumphal and agreeable character just now; for Edward's marriage and Mr. Weston's departure were equally pleasant to him.

He was startled a little by Olivia's abrupt entrance; for it was not her habit to intrude upon \ heart's content; it gave him leisure to reflect, and him or any member of that household; on the contrary, she had shown an obstinate determination to shut herself up in her own room, and to leave her malleable to his skillful hands once avoid every living creature except her servant \

Barbara Simmons.

Paul turned and confronted her very deliberately, and with the smile that was almost habitual to him upon his thin, pale lips. Her sudden appearance had blanched his face a little; but beyond this he betrayed no sign of agitation. •

'My dear Mrs. Marchmont, you quite startle

this hour especially.'

It did not seem as if she had heard his voice. She went sternly up to him, with her thin listless arms hanging at her side, and her haggard eyes fixed upon his face.

'Is this true?' she asked.

He started a little, in spite of himself; for he understood in a moment what she meant. Some one, it scarcely mattered who, had told her of he had finished speaking. the coming marriage.

'Is what true, my dear Mrs. John?' he said,

carelessly.

'Is this true that George Weston tells me?' she cried, laying her thin hand upon his shoulder. Her wasted fingers closed involuntarily upon the collar of his coat, her thin lips contracted into a ghastly smile, and a sudden fire kindled in her have been; what a miserable tool in this man's eyes. A strange sensation awoke in the tips of hands! O my offended God! why didst Thou so those tightening fingers, and thrilled through abandon me, when I turned away from Thee, and every vein of the woman's body—such a horrible made Edward Arundel the idol of my wicked thrill as vibrates along the nerves of a monoma- heart?' niac, when the sight of a dreadful terror in his victim's face first arouses the murderous impulse sigh of relief. in his breast.

'My dear Mrs. John, what is it you want of me?' he said, hastily. 'Pray do not be violent.'

'I am not violent.

She dropped her hand from his breast. It was if she was not violent, she was something worse

-she was dangerous.
Did George Weston tell me the truth just

now?' she said.

. Paul bit his nether lip savagely. George Weston had tricked him, then, after all, and had communicated with this woman. But what of that? She would scarcely be likely to trouble herself about this business of Edward Arundel's mar-PAUL MARCHMONT was still strolling hither and riage. She must be past any such folly as that. She would not dare to interfere in the matter. She could not.

'Is it true?' she said; 'is it? Is it true that Edward Arundel is going to be married to-

morrow?

She waited, looking with fixed, widely-opened

'My dear Mrs.' John, you take me so com-

reality in his words. There is nothing but false-

hood in yours.

Paul stood looking at her, but not listening to her. Let her abuse and upbraid him to her plan his course of action; and perhaps these bit-ter words might exhaust the fire within her, and more. He had time to think this, and to settle his own line of conduct while Olivia was speaking to him. It was useless to deny the marriage. She had heard of it from George Weston, and she might hear of it from any one else whom she chose to interrogate. It was useless to try to stifle this fact.

'Yes, Mrs. John,' he said, 'it is quite true. me. It is so very unusual to see you here, and at Your cousin, Mr. Arundel, is going to marry Belinda Lawford; a very lucky thing for us, believe me, as it will put an end to all questioning and watching and suspicion, and place us beyond all

Olivia looked at him, with her bosom heaving, her breath growing shorter and louder with every word he spoke.

'You mean to let this be, then?' she said, when

'To let what be?

'This marriage. You will let it take place?' 'Most certainly. Why should I prevent it?'

'Why should you prevent it?' she cried, fiercely; and then, in an altered voice, in tones of anguish, that were like a wail of despair, she exclaimed, 'O my God! my God! what a dupe I

Paul sank into the nearest chair, with a faint

She will wear herself out,' he thought, 'and Paul's face whitened as he felt the thin finger-then I shall be able to do what I like with her.'

But Olivia turned to him again while he was this woman had made him a little nervous, and

take place?' she asked.

'I do not think you will be so mad as to prevent it. That little mystery which you and I we have every reason to be thankful to Provi- you. dence for the turn that affairs have taken,' Mr.

Marchmont concluded, piously.

to have another bride. He is to be happy with cured. Then he turned, prepared to fight the another wife; and I am to hear of their happi- battle out somehow or other, ness, to see him some day, perhaps, sitting by her; side and smiling at her, as I have seen him smile sudden crash, a shiver of broken glass, and the at Mary Marchmont. He is to be happy, and I, cold night wind blew into the room. One of the am to know of his happiness. Another baby- long French windows faced girl is to glory in the knowledge of his love, Marchmont was gone. and I am to be quiet-I am to be quiet. Is it for > this that I have sold my soul to you, Paul March- ment; but even then he was too late, for he could mont? Is it for this I have shared your guilty not see her right or left of him upon the long secrets? Is it for this I have heard her feeble stone platform. There were three separate wailing sounding in my wretched feverish slum-{ bers, as I have heard it every night since the day she left this house? Do you remember what you said to me? Do you remember how it was you tempted me? Do you remember how you played upon my misery, and traded on the tortures of my jealous heart? "He has despised your love," you said; "will you consent to see him happy with dark. A pair of handsome bronze lamps, which another woman?" That was your argument, Paul had placed before the principal doorway. devil that held possession of my breast, and to- {ran along the terrace, looking into every nook gether you were too strong for me. I was set and corner which might have served as a hidingapart to be damned, and you were the chosen instrument of my damnation. You bought my this marriage.

'You are a mad woman, Mrs. John March-? mont, or you would not propose any such thing.'

'Go,' she said, pointing to the door; 'go to Edward Arundel, and do something, no matter what, she hope to prevent the marriage? to prevent this marriage.'

'I shall do nothing of the kind.'

to be subdued by indomitable resolution, and he next to hopeless. There were half a dozen outlooked at Olivia, thinking to tame her by his un- lets from the park. There were ever so many faltering glance. He might about as well have different pathways through the woody labyrinth tried to look the raging sea into calmness.

said, 'and I shall do nothing of the kind.'

He had risen, and stood by the lamp-lit table, trifling rather nervously with its elegant litter of must counter-check this desperate creature's delicately-bound books, jeweled-handled paper-movements. knives, newly-cut periodicals, and pretty womanly toys collected by the women of the house- window, and then rang the bell.

as they stood opposite to each other, with only snow. The man who answered the bell was a the table between them.

'Then I will prevent it!' Olivia cried, turning idon. toward'the door.

upon her face. She would do what she threat- has left the house, and I am going after her. ened. He ran to the door and had his hand She has given me very great alarm to-night by upon the lock before she could reach it.

it was as much as he could do to find the handle 'Do you imagine that I will let this marriage of the key. 'No, no, my dear Mrs. John; you shall not leave this house, nor this room, in your present state of mind. If you choose to be violent and unmanageable, we will give you the full have arranged between us is not exactly child's benefit of your violence, and we will give you a play, Mrs. John. We can neither of us afford to better sphere of action. A padded room will betray the other. Let Edward Arundel marry. be more suitable to your present temper, my dear and work for his wife, and be happy; nothing madam. If you favor us with this sort of concould be better for us than his marriage. Indeed, duct, we will find people more fitted to restrain

He said all this in a sneering tone, that had a trifling tremulousness in it, while he locked the Indeed!' said Olivia: 'and Edward Arundel is door, and assured himself that it was safely se-

At the very moment of his turning there was a long French windows was wide open, and Olivia

He was out upon the terrace in the next moflights of steps, three different paths, widely diverging across the broad grassy flat before Marchmont Towers. She might have gone either way. There was the great porch, and all manner of stone abutments along the grim façade of the house. She might have concealed herself behind any one of them. The night was hopelessly Paul Marchmont. You allied yourself with the only made two spots of light in the gloom. He {place; but he did not find Olivia.

She had left the house with the avowed insoul, Paul Marchmont. You shall not cheat me tention of doing something to prevent the marof the price for which I sold it. You shall hinder {riage. What would she do? What course would this desperate woman take in her jealous rage? Would she go straight to Edward Arundel and

{tell him-

Yes; this was most likely; for how else could

Paul stood quite still upon the terrace for a few minutes, thinking. There was only one He had heard that a monomaniac was always course for him. To try and find Olivia would be at the back of the Towers. This woman might 'I am not a fool, Mrs. John Marchmont,' he have taken any one of them. To waste the night in searching for her would be worse than eless.

There was only one thing to be done. He

He went back to the drawing-room, shut the

There were not many of the old servants who The faces of the two were nearly upon a level had waited upon John Marchmont at the Towers person whom Paul had brought down from Lon-

'Get the chestnut saddled for me, Peterson,' Paul Marchmont saw the resolution stamped said Mr. Marchmont. 'My poor cousin's widow her conduct. I tell you this in confidence; but 'No, Mrs, John,' he said, standing at the door, you can say as much to Mrs. Simmons, who with his back turned to Olivia, and his fingers knows more about her mistress than I do. See busy with the bolts and key. In spite of himself, that there's no time lost in saddling the chestnut. I want to overtake this unhappy woman if the horse's bridle to one of these, and went up

clock.

them up, I wonder? Does she know that Ed-to Lawford Grange. ward's there? I doubt that; and yet Weston? 'I must be before her, at any rate,' Paul ward's there? I doubt that; and yet Weston if must be before her, at any rate, Paul may have told her. At any rate, I can be there thought to himself, as he waited patiently for an before her. It would take her a long time to get answer to his summons. there on foot. I think I did the right thing in The time seemed very long to him, of course; with her against me, and George Weston-oh, Mr. Marchmont through the opening. the cur, the white-hearted villam, after all that ? I've done for him and Lavinia! But what can a voice. man expect when he's obliged to put his trust in a fool?

He went to the window, and stood there looking out until he saw the groom coming along the gravel roadway below the terrace, leading a horse by the bridle. Then he put on the hat that the servant had brought him, ran down the steps, and immediately.' got into the saddle.

·All right, Jeffreys,' he said; 'tell them not to? expect me back till to-morrow morning. Let Mrs. Simmons sit up for her mistress. Mrs. John ?

may return at any hour in the night.'

He galloped away along the smooth carriaged drive. At the lodge he stopped to inquire if any one had been through that way. No, the woman my good woman, do what I tell you. Go and said; she had opened the gates for no one. Paul (call up Major Lawford—you can do it quietlyhad expected no other answer. There was a and tell him I must speak to him at once.' footpath that led to a little wicket gate opening. The woman, with the chain of the door still on the high-road; and of course Olivia had chosen between her and Mr. Marchmont, took a timid that way, which was a good deal shorter than {survey of Paul's face. the carriage-drive.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

day which had been appointed for Edward Arun-fame of which had no doubt circulated through-del's wedding, when Paul Marchmont drew rein out all Lincolnshire! Mr. Marchmont had nei-before the white gate that divided Major Law-ther a black mask nor a dark lantern, and to Marford's garden from the high-road. There was tha Philpot's mind these were essential attributes no lodge, no pretense of grandeur here. An old-of the legitimate burglar; but he might be burfashioned garden surrounded an old-fashioned glariously disposed, nevertheless, and it would be red-brick house. There was an apple-orchard well to be on the safe side. upon one side of the low while gate, and a '1'il go and tell 'em,' the discreet Martha said, flower-garden, with a lawn and fish-pond, upon civilly; but perhaps you won't mind my leaving the other. The carriage-drive wound sharply the chain oop. It ain't like as if it was winter, round to a shallow flight of steps, and a broad she added, apologetically. door with a narrow window upon each side of it. You may shut the door

leading the animal by the bridle. He was a can tell him that I want to see him upon a matter cockney heart and soul, and had no sense of any, of life and death. enjoyments that were not of a cockney nature. So the horse he had selected for himself was any broad stone steps waiting for her return. Every thing but a fiery creature. He liked plenty of moment was precious to him, for he wanted to be bone and very little blood in the steed he rode, beforehand with Olivia. He had no thought exand was contented to go at a comfortable jog-cept that she would come straight to the Grange trot, seven-miles-an-hour pace, along the wretch-to see Edward Arundel; unless, indeed, she was ed country roads.

There was a row of old-fashioned wooden Presently the light appeared again in the narposts, with iron chains swinging between them, row windows, and this time a man's foot sounded upon both sides of the doorway. Paul fastened upon the stone-flagged hall. This time, too, Mar-

I can. Go and give the order, and then bring me the steps. He rang a bell that went clanging and my hat.' y hat.' jangling through the house in the stillness of the The man went away to obey his master. Paul summer night. All the way along the road he walked to the chimney-piece and looked at the had looked right and left, expecting to pass clock.

Olivia; but he had seen no sign of her. This was 'They'll be gone to bed at the Grange,' he nothing, however; for there were by-ways by thought to himself. 'Will she go there and knock which she might come from Marchmont Towers

saying what I said to Peterson. I must have the but at last he saw a light glimmering through the report of her madness spread every where. I mansion windows, and heard a shuffling foot in must face it out. But how—but how? So long the hall. Then the door was opened very cauas she was quiet I could manage every thing. But tiously, and a woman's scared face peered out at

'What is it?' the woman asked, in a frightened

'It is I, Mr. Marchmont, of Marchmont Towers. Your master knows me. Mr. Arundel is here, is he not?'

'Yes, and Mrs. Arundel, too; but they're all

abed.'

Never mind that. I must see Major Lawford

'But they're all abed.'

'Never mind that, my good woman; I tell you i must see him.'

'But won't to-morrow mornin' do? It's near three o'clock, and to-morrow's our eldest miss's

weddin'-day, and they're all abed.' 'I must see your master. For mercy's sake,

She had heard of him often enough, but had never seen him before, and she was rather doubtful as to his identity. She knew that thieves and robbers resorted to fall sorts of tricks in the course of their evil vocation. Mightn't this application for admittance in the dead of the night be only a part of some burglarious plot against the spoons and forks, and that hereditary silver urn with lions' heads Ir was past two o'clock in the morning of the holding rings in their mouths for handles, the

'You may shut the door if you like,' answered Paul got off his horse at the gate, and went in, Paul; 'only be quick and wake your master. You

> Martha hurried away, and Paul stood upon the by any chance ignorant of his whereabouts.
>
> Presently the light appeared again in the nar-

fear of burglarious marauders now that the valiant { antly.'

Major was at her elbow.

visit. When an old fellow like me is called up in mind quite at ease. He has chosen to insult me the middle of the night he can't be expected to very grossly; but let that pass. I must do him the have his wits about him just at first. Martha, justice to state that I believe him to have been bring us a light. Sit down Mr. Marchmont.— from first to last utterly ignorant of the state of There's a chair at your elbow there. And now, his cousin's mind.'

There's a chair at your elbow there. And now, his cousin's mind.' may I ask the reason-

'The reason I've disturbed you in this abrupt | Major, rather fiercely. manner. The occasion that brings me here is a young man had trifled with the lady's affection; very painful one; but I believe that my coming if I thought may save you and yours from much annoyance.

Sir, you-'

interposed, blandly; 'but if you will have a little ? Marchmont-my cousin's widow?'

'I have,' answered the Major, gravely.

wretched Olivia Marchmont came into his mind \nia. with the mention of her name, and the memory that embittered her character, and made her a of those miserable slanders overshadowed his harsh step-mother to my poor cousin Mary. For frank face.

Paul waited while Martha brought in a smoky lamp, with the half-lighted wick sputtering and calm. To-night the storm broke. Olivia Marchstruggling in its oily socket. Then he went on, in a calm, dispassionate voice, which seemed the to morrow; and, for the first time a state of melvoice of a benevolent Christian, sublimely remote {ancholy mania developed into absolute violence. from other people's sorrows, but tenderly pitiful { She came to me, and attacked me upon the subof suffering humanity, nevertheless.

'You have heard of my unhappy cousin. You have no doubt heard that she is-mad?'

He dropped his voice into so low a whisper that he only seemed to shape this last word with his { thin, flexible lips.

'I have heard some rumor to that effect,' the Major answered; 'that is to say, I have heard that Mrs. John Marchmont has lately become ec. }

centric in her habits. 'It has been my dismal task to watch the slow decay of a very powerful intellect,' continued Paul. 'When I first came to Marchmont Towers, about the time of my cousin Mary's unfortunate } elopement with Mr. Arundel, that mental decay had already set in. Already the compass of Olivia Marchmont's mind had become reduced to a monotone, and the one dominant thought was doing its ruinous work. It was my fate to find the clew? to that sad decay; it was my fate very speedily to discover the nature of that all-absorbing thought which, little by little, had grown into monomania.

Major Lawford stared at his visitor's face. He was a plain-spoken man, and could scarcely see was a plain-spoken man, and could scarcely see his way clearly through all this obscurity of fine words.

'You mean to say you found out what had driven your cousin's widow mad?' he said, bluntly.

'You put the question very plainly, Major Lawford. Yes; I discovered the secret of my unhappy relative's morbid state of mind. That secret lies in the fact, that for the last ten years Olivia mont swooping down upon her like an angry ti-Marchmont has cherished a hopeless affection for gress. her cousin, Mr. Edward Arundel.

rified surprise.

tha let down the chain, and opened the door wide Good gracious!' he exclaimed; 'you surprise enough for Mr. Marchmont to enter. She had no me, Mr. Marchmont, and—and—rather unpleas-

'I should never have revealed this secret to you 'Mr. Marchmont,' exclaimed the old soldier, or to any other living creature, Major Lawford, opening a door leading into a little study, 'you'll had not circumstances compelled me to do so. As excuse me if I seem rather bewildered by your far as Mr. Arundel is concerned, I can set your visit. When an old fellow like me is called up in mind quite at ease. He has chosen to insult me

'I hope so, Sir; egad, I hope so!' exclaimed the 'If I thought that this

'You need think nothing to the detriment of Mr. 'Save us from annoyance! Really, my dear Arundel,' answered Paul, with placid politeness, except that he is hot-headed, obstinate, and fool-'I mystify you for the moment, no doubt,' Paul ish. He is a young man of excellent principles, and has never fathomed the secret of his cousin's patience with me, Major Lawford, I think I can conduct toward him. I am rather a close ob-make every thing very clear—only too painfully cerver—something of a student of human nature— clear. You have heard of my relative, Mrs. John and I have watched this unhappy woman. She loves, and has loved, her cousin Edward Arundel; and hers is one of those concentrative natures in The dark scandals that had been current about which a great passion is near akin to a monoma-It was this, hopeless, unreturned affection a long time this wretched woman has been very quiet; but her tranquility has been only a deceitful mont heard of the marriage that is to take place ject of this intended marriage. She accused me of having plotted to give Edward Arundel another bride; and then, after exhausting herself by a torrent of passionate invective against me, against her cousin Edward, your daughter-every one concerned in to-morrow's event-this wretched wonan rushed out of the house in a jealous fury, declaring that she would do something-no matter vhat—to hinder the celebration of Edward Arunnel's second marriage.'

'Good Heavens!' gasped the Major. 'And you nean to say-

'I mean to say, that there is no knowing what may be attempted by a mad woman, driven mad by a jealousy in itself almost as terrible as madness. Olivia Marchmont has sworn to hinder your laughter's marriage. What has not been done by inhappy creatures in this woman's state of mind? Every day we read of such things in the newspapers-deeds of horror at which the blood grows cold in our veins; and we wonder that Heaven can permit such misery. It is not any frivolous motive that brings me here in the dead of the night, Major Lawford. I come to tell you that a desperate woman has sworn to hinder to-morrow's marriage. Heaven knows what she may do in her jealous frenzy. She may attack your daughter.'

The father's face grew pale. darling, exposed to the fury of a mad woman! He could conjure up the scene; the fair girl clinging to her lover's breast, and desperate Olivia March-

'For mercy's sake, tell me what I am to do, Mr. The Major almost bounded off his chair in hor- Marchmont: cried the major.

Sir. for bringing me this warning. But what am I to do? What do you advise?

pone the wedding?

this wretched woman at bay. Shut your doors Do not let her be admitted to this upon her. house upon any pretense whatever. Get the wed- pumping the water off the low-lying lands. Thus it ding over an hour earlier than has been intended if, was that the old farm-house and the old farm-yard it is possible for you to do so, and hurry the bride; were suffered to fall into decay. The empty sties, and bridegroom away upon the first stages of their; the ruined barns and outhouses, the rotting straw, wedding-tour. If you wish to escape all the and pools of rank corruption, made this tenantwretchedness of a public scandal, avoid seeing less farm-yard the very abomination of desolathis woman.

'It's a most awful situation. My poor Belinda! through the mud and filth, leading his horse by Her wedding-day! And a mad woman to attempt the bridle till he came to an outhouse, where he —. Upon my word, Mr. Marchmont, I don't secured the animal. Then he picked his way know how to thank you for the trouble you have across the yard, lifted the rusty latch of a narrow taken.'

sin's widow: any shame of hers is disgrace to me. Avoid seeing her. If by any chance she does contrive to force herself upon you, turn a deaf ear flags. to all she may say. She horrified me to-night by \ fluttered into a corner at sight of Paul March-Be prepared for any thing her mad assertions. she may declare. She is possessed by all manner of delusions, remember, and may make the most ridiculous assertions. There is no limit to her hallucinations. She may offer to bring Edward? Arundel's dead wife from the grave, perhaps .-But you will not, on any account, allow her to obtain access to your daughter.'

'No, no; on no account. My poor Belinda! I am very grateful to you, Mr. Marchmont, for this warning. You'll stop here for the rest of the night? Martha's beds are always aired. You'll accept the shelter of our spare room until to-mor-

row morning?

'You are very good, Major Lawford; but I must hurry away directly. Remember that I am quite { ignorant as to where my unhappy relative may be } wandering at this hour of the night. She may have a returned to the Towers. Her jealous fury may have exhausted itself; and in that case I have exaggerated the danger. But, at any rate, I thought in which a minimum of flame struggled feebly it best to give you this warning.

'Most decidedly, my dear Sir; I thank you from the bottom of my heart. But you'll take something-wine, tea, brandy-and-water,-eh?

Paul had put on his hat and made his way into the hall by this time. There was no affectation in his eagerness to be away. He glanced uneasily toward the door every now and then while the Major was offering hospitable hindrance to his departure. He was very pale, with a haggard, ashen pallor that betrayed his anxiety, in spite of his bland calmness of manner.

once. I have done my duty here; I must now try 'You are very kind. No; I will get away at } and do what I can for this wretched woman .-Remember; shut your doors upon Good-night.

her.'

He unfastened the bridle of his horse, mounted, (and rode away slowly, so long as there was any chance of the horse's tread being heard at the Grange. But when he was a quarter of a mile away from Major Lawford's house, he urged the with pear-trees trained against it, and dragon'shorse into a gallop. He had no spurs; but he used his whip with a ruthless hand, and went off at a tearing pace along a narrow lane, where the ruts were deep.

ing when he drew rein at a dilapidated five-barred gate leading into the great, tenantless yard of an flung there; and upon the floor, near the fire-uninhabited farm-house. The place had been un- place, there were the fragments of a child's first

Shall we post- let for some years; and the farm was in the charge of a hind in Mr. Marchmont's service. The hind 'On no account. All you have to do is to keep lived in a cottage at the other extremity of the farm; and Paul had erected new buildings, with engine-houses and complicated machinery for Paul Marchmont opened the gate and 'I will, I will,' answered the bewildered Wajor., went in. He picked his way very cautiously wooden door set in a plastered wall, and went 'Don't speak of that. This woman is my cou-jinto a dismal stone court, where one lonely hen was moulting in miserable solitude.

Long rank grass grew in the interstices of the The lonely hen set up a roopy_cackle, and mont. There were some rabit-hutches, tenantless; a dove-cote, empty; a dog-kennel, and a broken chain rusting slowly in a pool of water, but no dog. The court-yard was at the back of the house, looked down upon by a range of latticed windows, some with closed shutters, others with shutters swinging in the wind, as if they had been fain to beat themselves to death in very

desolation of spirit.

Mr. Marchmont opened a door and went into the house. There were empty cellars and pantries, dairies and sculleries, right and left of him. The rats and mice scuttled away at sound of the intruder's footfall. The spiders ran upon the lamp-stained walls, and the disturbed cobwebs floated slowly down from the cracked ceilings

and tickled Mr. Marchmont's face.

Further on in the interior of the gloomy habitation Paul found a great stone-paved kitchen, at the darkest end of which there was a rusty grate, with a maximum of smoke. An open oven-door revealed a dreary black cavern; and the very manner of the rusty door, and loose, half-broken handle, was an advertisement of incapacity for any homely hospitable use. Pale, sickly fungi had sprung up in clusters at the corners of the damp hearth-stone. Spiders and rats, damp and cobwebs, every sign by which Decay writes its name upon the dwelling man has deserted, had set its separate mark upon this ruined place.

Paul Marchmont looked round him with a contemptuous shudder. He called 'Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Brown!'two or three times, each time waiting for an answer; but none came, and Mr. Marchmont passed on into another room.

Here at least there was some poor pretense of comfort. The room was in the front of the house, and the low latticed window looked out upon a neglected garden, where some tall fox-gloves reared their gaudy heads among the weeds. Across the garden there was a stout brick wall, mouth and wall-flower waving in the morning

There was a bed in this room, empty; an easychair near the window; near that a little table, He rode for fifteen miles; and it was gray morn- and a set of Indian chessmen. Upon the bed there were some garments scattered, as if but lately toys—a tiny trumpet, bought at some village fair, { license in this case; for Miss Lawford's chamber

spoke.
The inner door was opened before Paul could reach it, and a woman appeared; a tall, gauntbrawny arms.

Where, in Heaven's name, have you been hiding yourself, woman? Paul cried impatiently. 'And where's your patient?'
'Gone, Sir.'
'Gone! Where?'

'With her step-mamma, Mrs. Marchmont--not half an hour ago. As it was your wish I should stop behind to clear up, I've done so, Sir; but I did think it would have been better for me to} have gone with-

dragged her toward him.

He couldn't finish the sentence. His throat {row! grew dry, and he gasped for breath, while all the blood in his body seemed to rush into his swollen forehead.

ened. 'You did, didn't you? She said so!'

'She is a liar; and you are a fool or a cheat. {

mont's face that frightened her, notwithstand-

All my plots, my difficulties, my struggles and tongue went as fast as her fingers; but Belinda victories, my long sleepless nights, my bad was very silent. dreams—has it all come to this? Ruin, unutter She was thin able ruin, brought upon me by a mad woman! hat had given leaves the same of th able ruin, brought upon me by a mad woman!'

leaned upon the table, scattering the Indian chess { morning, long before Letitia's awakening, breathmen with his elbow. He did not weep. That og out innocent thanksgiving for the happiness relief—terrible relief though it is for a man's hat overflowed her fresh young heart. A wobreast was denied him. He sat there with his man had need to be country-bred, and to have face covered, moaning aloud. That helpless over reared in the narrow circle of a happy man was something the first and the sat there with his man had need to be country-bred, and to have face covered, moaning aloud. That helpless open reared in the narrow circle of a nappy moan was scarcely like the complaint of a man home, to feel as Belinda Lawford felt. Such it was rather like the hopeless, dreary utterance; ove as hers is only given to bright and innocent of a brute's anguish; it sounded like the miser-spirits, untarnished even by the knowledge of sin. able howling of a beaten cur.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

BELINDA'S WEDDING-DAY.

THE sun shone upon Belinda Lawford's wed-

a baby's rattle, and a broken horse.

Paul Marchmont looked about him; a little back of the house, with deep window-seats and diamond-paned casements.

'Mrs. Brown!' he cried, in a loud voice, hurtheir summer glory. 'Twas in the time of roses,' rying across the room toward an inner door as he as gentle-minded Thomas Hood so sweetly sang: surely the time of all others for a bridal morning. The girl looked out into the sunshine, with her loose auburn hair falling about her shoulders, and looking woman, with a hard face and bare, lingered a little, looking at the familiar garden,

with a half-pensive smile.

'Oh, how often, how often,' she said, 'I have walked up and down by those laburnums, Letty!' There were two pretty white curtained bedsteads in the old-fashioned room, and Miss Arundel had shared her friend's apartment for the last week. 'How often mamma and I have sat under the dear old cedar, making our poor children's frocks! People say monotonous lives are not happy: mine has been the same thing over and over again; and yet how happy I have been! And to think that Paul clutched the woman by the arm, and we'-she paused a moment, and the rosy color in her cheeks deepened by just one shade; it was so 'Are you mad?' he cried, with an oath. 'Are sweet to use that simple monosyllable 'we' when you mad or drunk? Who gave you leave to let Edward Arundel was the other half of the prothat woman go? Who—?'

| Compare to wat half. 'Are sweet to use that simple monosyllable 'we' when the woman go? Who—?'

| Compare to wat half. 'Are sweet to use that simple monosyllable 'we' when you mad or drunk? Who gave you leave to let the compare to think that we shall be in Paris to-more.

'Driving in the Bois,' exclaimed Miss Arundel, 'dining at the Maison Dorée, or the Café de Paris. Property Sin's archiment to fetch my patient slow dining at one's hotel. And you'll be a young away, Sir,' exclaimed the woman, looking fright- married woman, and can do any thing, you know. If I were a young married woman I'd ask my She is a liar; and you are a fool or a cheat. husband to take me to the Mabille, just for half She paid you, I dare say! Can't you speak wo- an hour, with an old bonnet and a thick veil. I man! Has the person I left in your care, whom knew a girl whose first cousin married a cornet you were paid, and paid well, to take care of—{in the Guards, and they went to the Mabille one have you let her go? Answer me that.' {in the Guards, and they went to the Mabille one have have you let her go? Answer me that.'

'I have, Sir,' the woman faltered—she was big and brawny, but there was that in Paul March, at once and let me commence operations.'

More and let me commence operations.'

Miss Arundel had stipulated that, upon this ing—'seeing as it was your orders.'

That will do treied Paul Marchmont, holding hair; and she turned up the frilled sleeves of her white dressing-gown, and set to work in the ortho-ghastly smile; 'that will do. You have ruined dox manner, spreading a net-work of shining au-me; do you hear? You have undone a work that burn tresses about Miss Lawford's shoulders, prior has cost me—. Oh, my God! why do I waste to the weaving of elaborate plaits that were to my breath in talking to such a creature as this? All my plots my difficulties my struggles and tangen went as fast as her fingers; but Belinda

She was thinking of the bounteous Providence hat had given her the man she loved for her hus-He sat down in the chair by the window, and and. She had been on her knees in the early

Down stairs Edward Arundel was making a wretched pretense of breakfasting téte-àrtête with

his future father-in-law.

The Major had held his peace as to the unlooked-for visitant of the past night. He had given particular orders that no stranger should be admitted to the house, and that was all. But, heing of a naturally frank, not to say loquacious ding-day. The birds were singing in the garden terrible burden to the honest half-pay soldier. In the word lattice is not a poetical every now and then, in the perpetual expectation disposition, the weight of this secret was a very

of beholding that barrier burst open by mad (pretty, irregular old place, lying in a little nook Olivia Marchmont.

therefore. I don't suppose any ante-nuptial poplars, black against the blue summer sky; and breakfast ever is very jovial. There was the state banquet—the wedding breakfast—to be gray, moss-grown porch there was an avenue of eaten by-and-by; and Mrs. Lawford, attended grood old elms. The rooks were calling to each the formula of the catablishment was en-other in the topmost branches of the trees as by all the females of the establishment, was en-gaged in putting the last touches to the groups Vajor Lawford's carriage drew up at the church-of fruit and confectionery, the pyramid of flowers, yard gate.

Mrs. Lawford said to her confidential maid, as twined about the stout oaken gate-posts. The she gave a nervous last look at the table. 'I was school-children were gathered in clusters in the at a breadfast once where a Champagne-cork hill schurch-yard, with their pinafores full of fresh the bridegroom on the bridge of his nose at the flowers from shadowy lanes and from prim cotvery moment he rose to return thanks; and being { tage gardens-bright, homely blossoms, with the a pervous man, poor fellow !- in point of fact, he was a curate, and the bride was the rector's daughter, with two hundred a year of her ownit quite overcame him, and he didn't get over it { there were groups of well-dressed people dotted all through the breakfast. And now I must run fabout here and there in the drowsy sheltered and put on my bonnet.

There was nothing but putting on bonnets and pinning lace shawls, and wild outcries for hairpins, and interchanging of little feminine services, ? upon the bedroom floor for the next half-hour.

Major Lawford walked up and down the hall, putting on his white gloves, which were too large } for him-elderly men's white gloves always are too large for them—and watching the door of the citadel. Olivia must pass over a father's body, the old soldier thought, before she should annoy Belinda on her bridal morning.

By-and-by the carriages came round to the door. The girl bridemaids came crowding down the stairs, hustling each other's crisped garments and disputing a little in a sisterly fashion; ther Letitia Arundel, with nine rustling flounces of white silk ebbing and flowing and surging about her, with a pleased simper upon her face; and then followed Mrs. Arundel, stately in silver-gray moire, and Mrs. Lawford, in violet silk-untithe hall was a show of bonnets and bouquets and } muslin.

And last of all, Belinda Lawford, robed in cloud-like garments of spotless lace, with brida any not be lawfully joined together in matriflowers trembling round her hair, came slowly anny, we do now confess it. For be ye well asdown the broad old-fashioned stair-case, to see sured—' her lover loitering in the hall below.

He looked very grave; but he greeted his bride } with a tender smile. He loved her, but he could not forget. Even upon this his wedding-day the haunting shadow of the past was with him: not to be shaken off.

He did not wait till Belinda reached the bottom of the staircase. There was a sort of ceremonial law to be observed, and 'he was not to speak to Miss Lawford upon this special morning until he met her in the vestry at Hillingsworth Church lit? so Letitia and Mrs. Arundel hustled the young man into one of the carriages, while Major Lawfored ran to receive his daughter at the foot of the stairs.

The Arundel carriage drove off about five } minutes before the vehicle that was to convey Major Lawford, Belinda, and as many of the girl bridemaids as could be squeezed into it without detriment to lace and muslin. The rest { went with Mrs. Lawford in the third and last { carriage. Hillingsworth Church was about threequarters of a mile from the Grange. It was a Heaven's name-

inder the shadow of a great yew-tree. Behind The breakfast was not a very cheerful meal, the square Norman tower there was a row of

and that crowning glory, the wedding-cake.

Remember, the still Hock and Madeira are Hillingsworth parish, and the place had put on a to go round first, and then the sparkling; and tell gala-day aspect in honor of her wedding. Gar-Gogram to be particular about the corks Martha, lands of honey-suckle and wild clematis were morning dew still upon them.

The rector and his curate were standing in the porch waiting for the coming of the bride; and pews near the altar. There were humbler specators clustered under the low ceiling of the galtery-tradesmen's wives and daughters, radiant with new ribbons, and whispering to one another n delighted anticipation of the show.

Every body round about the Grange loved oretty, genial Belinda Lawford, and there was universal rejoicing because of her happiness.

The wedding party came out of the vestry presently in appointed order; the bride with her head drooping, and her face hidden by her veil; the bridemaids' garments making a fluttering noise as they came up the aisle, like the sound of a sumner breeze faintly stirring a field of corn.

Then the grave voice of the rector began the service with the brief preliminary exordium; and then, in a tone that grew more solemn with the ncreasing solemnity of the words, he went on to hat awful charge which is addressed especially to the bridegroom and the bridé 🕫

'I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye

The rector read no further; for a woman's voice from out the dusky shadows at the further and of the church cried 'Stop!'

There was a sudden silence; people stared at ach other with pale, scared faces, and then urned in the direction whence the voice had come. The bride lifted her head for the first ime since leaving the vestry, and looked round

about her, ashy pale and trembling.
'Oh Edward, Edward!' she cried, 'what is

The rector waited, with his hand still upon the open book. He waited, looking toward the other end of the chancel. He had no need to wait long: a woman, with a black veil thrown back from a white, haggard face, and with dusty garments dragging upon the church-floor, came slowly up the aisle.

Her two hands were clasped upon her breast, and her breath come in gasps, as if she had been running.

'Olivia!' cried Edward Arundel, 'what, in

But Major Lawford stepped forward, and spoke to the rector.

'Pray let her be got out of the way,' he said, said, close in the rector's ear.

The whisper was like whispering in generalmore distinctly audible than the rest of the

speech. Olivia Marchmont heard it.

'Mad until to-day,' she cried; 'but not mad to-Oh, Edward Arundel! a hideous wrong has been done by me and through me. Your wifeyour wife-

'My wife! what of her? She-'

from here. I came on toot. I was tired, and I came slowly. I thought that I should be in time? to stop you before you got to the church; but I am very weak. I ran the last part of the way-

'I thought I should have spared her this,' she She must bear-

poor sorrowful darling-alive?

Belinda turned away, and buried her face upon

any thing better than this.

His heart—that supreme treasure, for which she had rendered up thanks to her God-had never been hers, after all. A word, a breath, and she was forgotten; his thoughts went back to that other one. There was unutterable joy, there was unspeakable tenderness in his tone, as he spoke Lawford, and come with me. I must see the end of Mary Marchmont, though she stood by his side, of this. It may be all a delusion; but I must see in all her foolish bridal finery, with her heart the end of it. If there is any truth in instinct, I newly broken.

'Oh, mother,' she cried, 'take me away! take

me away, before I die!

Olivia flung herself upon her knees by the altar-rails, where the pure young bride was to have knett by her lover's side; this wretched sinner cast herself down, sunk far below all common thoughts in the black depth of her despair.

hands lifted up above her head. 'Will God ever as you can go.' forgive my sin? will God ever have pity upon The man dre me? Can He pity, can He forgive, such guilt as? jealous of her; I was jealous!' Earthly passion was still predominant in this miserable breast.

She rose suddenly, as if this outburst had never been, and laid her hand upon Edward Arundel's

'Come!' she said; 'come!' 'To her-to Mary-my wife?'

They had taken Belinda away by this time; but Major Lawford stood looking on. He tried to draw Edward aside; but Olivia's hand upon the young man's arm held him like a vice.

'She is mad,' whispered the Major. 'Mr. Marchmont came to me last night, and warned me of all this. He told me to be prepared for any thing; she has all sorts of delusions. Get her away, if you can, while I go and explain matters to Belinda. Edward, if you have a spark of manly feeling, get this woman away.

But Olivia held the bridegroom's arm with a

tightening grasp. 'Come!' she said; 'come!' Are you turned to in a low voice. 'I was warned of this. I was stone, Edward Arundel? Is your love worth no quite prepared for some such disturbance.' He more than this? I tell you, your wife, Mary sonk his voice. sank his voice to a whisper. 'She is mad!' he Marchmont, is alive. Let those who doubt me come and see for themselves.

The eager spectators, standing up in the pews or crowding in the narrow aisle, were only too

ready to respond to this invitation.

Olivia led her cousin out into the church-yard; she led him to the gateswhere the carriages were waiting. The crowd Esched after them; and the people outside began to cheer as they came out. That cheer was the signal for which the school-'She is alive!' gasped Olivia; 'an hour's walk children had waited; and they set to work scattering flowers upon the narrow pathway, before they looked up to see who was coming to tread upon the rosebuds and jasmine, the woodbine and seringa. But they drew back, scared and won-She dropped her hands upon the altar-rails, dering, as Olivia came along the pathway, sweepand seemed as if she would have fallen. The ing those tender blossoms after her with her trailrector put his arm about her to support her, and ling black garments, and leading the pale bridegroom by his arm.

She led him to the door of the carriage beside said, pointing to Belinda; 'but I can't help it. which Major Lawford's gray-haired groom was She must bear her misery as well as others. It waiting, with a big white-satin favor pinned upon can't be worse for her than it has been for others. his breast, and a bunch of roses in his buttonhole. There were favors in the horses' ears, and 'My wife!' said Edward Arundel; 'Mary, my favors upon the breasts of the Hillingsworth trades-people who supplied bread and butcher's meat and grocery to the family at the Grange. her mother's shoulder. She could have borne The bell-ringers up in the church-tower saw the crowd flock out of the porch, and thought the marriage ceremony was over. The jangling bells pealed out upon the hot summer air as Edward stood by the church-yard gate, with Olivia

Marchmont by his side.

'Lend me your carriage,' he said to Major believe that I shall see my wife—alive.

He got into the carriage without further ceremony, and Olivia and Major Lawford followed

'Where is my wife?' the young man asked, letting down the front window as he spoke. 'At Kemberling, at Hester Jobson's.'

'Drive to Kemberling,' Edward said to the 'Oh, my sin, my sin!' she cried, with clasped coachman—'to Kemberling High Street, as fast

The man drove away from the church-yard gate. The humbler spectators, who were remine? Even this work of to-day is no atonement strained by no niceties of social etiquette, hurto be reckoned against my wickedness. I was ried after the vehicle raising white clouds of dust upon the high-road with their eager feet. The higher classes lingered about the churchyard, talking to each other and wondering

Very few people stopped to think of Belinda Lawford. 'Let the stricken deer go weep.' A stricken deer is a very uninteresting object when there are hounds in full chase hard by, and an-

other deer to be hunted.

Since when has my wife been at Kemberling? Edward Arundet asked Olivia, as the carriage drove along the high-road between the two villages.

'Since daybreak this morning.'

'Where was she before then:

'At Stony-Stringford Farm.' 'And before then?'

'In the pavilion over the boat-house at Marchmont.'

'My God! And-"

The young man did not finish his sentence. He wife up to the clean, airy chamber. put his head out of the window looking toward back to the parlor to fetch the child. He carried earliest sight of the straggling village street.

coachman; 'faster!'

at which it had left the church-yard gate the car- Hester should bring him fresh tidings of his wife. riage stopped before the little carpenter's-shop. Olivia Marchmont stood by the window, with her Mr. Jobson's doorway was adorned by a painted eyes fixed upon Edward. representation of two very doleful-looking nates bined the more aristocratic avocation of under- to the case your hatred of me? Is that why you taker with the homely trade of carpenter and are silent? joiner.

woman's mind. Her purpose never faltered; lain-is an unfathomable mystery to me. I thank from the momentshe had left Marchmont Towers' God that your conscience was aroused this day,

wavering of intention.

back as she stood upon the threshold of Mr. Job-place of Paul Marchmont's crime—is more than I son's door; 'and you too,' sue added, turning to can even attempt to guess. Major Lawford—'follow us, and see whether I am MAD.'

She passed through the shop, and into that prim, smart partor in which Ldward Arundel had;

lamented his lost wife.

warm summer sunshine filled the room.

falling about her face, was sitting on the floor, I will speak, Edward Arundel. I hope and believe looking down at a beautiful fair-haired nursling that I have not long to live, and that all my shame of a twelvemonth old.

child was Edward Arundel's son. It was his dream. O God, have mercy on my waking, and childish cry that the young man had heard upon

'I give you back your husband!

fell into her husband's arms. Edward carried Iknow what it is. I have loved. For ten years her to a sofa and laid her down, white and sense-/-for ten long, dreary, desolate, miserable years,

so much a'ready this morning.'

his head from the pillow upon which his wife's the gifts and graces that have made him dear. It pale face lay, half-hidden amidst the tangled hair. is to hate every creature upon whom his eyes look But when he did look up, he turned to Major, with greater tenderness than they look on you; to Lawford and stretched out his hand.

much I esteem her, how much I regret that—that all your dreams. Love! How many people upon The instinct of my heart would have kept me true hideous word. I have learned it until my soul to the past; but it was impossible to know your loathes the lesson. They will tell you that I am daughter and not love her. The villain who has mad, Edward, and they will tell you something brought this sorrow upon us shall pay dearly for near the truth; but not quite the truth. My madhis in amy. Go back to your daughter; tell her ness has been my love. From long ago, Edward, every thing. I know her heart, and I know that she will open $\{$ member, don't you, the long days at the Rectory? her arms to this poor ill-used child.'

about bringing restoratives and pillows, stopping of your changing face—you were the first bright every now and then in an outburst of affection by thing that came across my barren life; and I loved the slippery horse-hair couch on which Mary lay. you. I married John Marchmont—why, do you the slippery horse-hair couch on which Mary lay. you. I married John Marchmont—why, do you Mrs. Jobson had prepared her best bedroom for think?—because I wanted to make a barrier be-

her beloved visitor, and Edward carried his young He went Kemberling, and straining his eyes to catch the the fair-haired little one up stairs in his own arms; but I regret to say that the infant showed an in-'Faster!' he cried every now and then to the clination to whimper in his newly-found father's embrace. Edward Arundel went back to the sit-In little more than half an hour from the time ting room presently, and sat down, waiting till

'Why don't you speak to me?' she said, presstanding at a door; for Hester's husband com-entry. Can you find no words that are vile enough

'No, Olivia,' answered the young man, calmly. Olivia Marchmont got out of the carriage be- I am silent, because I have nothing to say to you. fore either of the two men could alight to assist. Why you have acted as you have acted—why you her. Power was the supreme attribute of this have chosen to be the tool of a black-hearted viluntil now she had known neither rest of body nor and that you have at least hindered the misery of an innocent girl. But why you have kept my wife 'Come.' she said to Fdward Arundel, looking hidden from me-why you have been the accom-

> 'Not yet?' said Olivia, looking at him with a strange smile. 'Even yet I am a mystery to you?'

'You are, indeed, Olivia.'

She turned away from him with a laugh.

'Then I had better remain so till the end, she The latticed windows were wide open, and the said, looking out into the garden. But after a moment's silence she turned her head once more A girl, with loose traces of hazel-brown hair toward the young man. 'I will speak,' she said; and misery, my obstinate wickedness, my guilty The girl was John Marchmont's daughter; the passion, will come to an end, like a long feverish make it brighter than this dreadful sleep! I loved that October night in the pavilion by the water. you, Edward Arundel. You don't know what 'Mary Arundel,' said Ólivia, in a hard voice, 'that word ''love'' means, do you? You think you give you back your husband!' love that childish girl yonder, don't you? but I he young mother got up from the ground and can tell you that you don't know what love is. less, and then knelt down beside her, crying over fifty-two weeks in every year, fifty-two Sundays, her, and sobbing out inarticulate thanksgiving to with long idle hours between the two church serthe God who had given his lost wife back to him. vices—I have loved you, Edward. Shall I tell 'Poor, sweet lamb!' murmured Hester Jobson; you what it is to love? It is to suffer, to hate.—
'she's as weak as a baby; and she's gone through? Yes, to hate even the object of your love, when that love is hopeless; to hate him for the very at-It was some time before Edward Arundel raised (tributes that have made you love him; to grudge watch one face until its familiar lines become a 'Have pity upon me,' he said. 'I have been perpetual torment to you, and you can not sleep the dupe of a villain. Tell your poor child how because of its eternal presence staring at you in we should have loved each other as we have. this great earth know the real meaning of that Tell her what you have seen here. when you were little more than a boy-you rer arms to this poor ill-used child.'

I remember every word you ever spoke to me,
The Major went away. Hester Jobson bustled every sentiment you ever expressed, every look

tween you and me. I wanted to make my love presence of my child! I was so near them, not for you impossible by making it a sin. I did not once, but several times—so near, and I never think it was in my nature to sin. But since then knew-I never guessed!'

compass of Heavenly mercy to forgive such a sin gentle darling, my broken lily!' as hers?

CHAPTER XL.

MARY'S STORY

When the sun sank upon the summer's day wretch who, for nearly two years had condemned that was to have been the day of Belinda's bridal, an innocent girl to cruel suffering and shame? To Edward Arundel thought that it was still early in shame; for Edward knew now that one of the the morning. He wondered at the rosy light all most bitter tortures which Paul Marchmont had gold dropping down below the horizon. He was disbelief in her marriage. fain to look at his watch, in order to convince; himself that the low light was really the familiar (himself. sun, and not some unnatural appearance in the personal chastisement worse than that which he

of the day, with a strange inconsistency his mind (cur! What can I do to him? I can only repeat could scarcely grapple with the idea that only that shameful degradation, and I will repeat it. last night he had sat by Belinda Lawford's side, This time he shall howl under the lash like some her betrothed husband, and had pondered, Heaven beaten hound. This time I will drag him through only knows with what sorrowful regret, upon the the village street, and let every idle gossip in unknown grave in which his dead wife lay.

'I only knew it this morning,' he thought; 'I (honest man's whip. I willonly knew this morning that my young wife still lives; and that I have a son.

He was sitting by the open window in Hester Jobson's best bedroom. He was sitting in an oldlashioned easy-chair, placed between the head of up, staring at his new parent. the bed and the open window—a pure cottage? the child's head nestled on his mother's breast, seals. one flushed cheek peeping out of a tangled confusion of hazel-brown and babyish flaxen hair.

cery upon the sunlit counterpane. Mary slept could have lived even for him, if he hadn't been with one arm folded round her child, and with her so like you. I used to look at his face sometimes face turned to her husband. She had fallen for hours and hours together, crying over him and asleep, with her hand clasped in his, after a sucthinking of you. I don't think I ever cried excession of fainting-fits that had left her terribly cept when he was in my arms. Then something prostrate.

with a smile of ineffable affection.

subject more subline. On, my darling wife, given the river rusning down the street dode will-back to me out of the grave, restored to me, and dows. I heard Mr. Weston tell his wife that it not alone restored! My little son! my baby son! was a miracle I lived through that time. was a miracle I lived through that time. Hester Johson came in presently with a teanight! To think that I was so wretched a dupe. tray, that made itself heard, by a jingling of teathink that my dull ears could hear that sound and rattling of curs and saucers, all the way. To think that my dull ears could hear that sound, spoon and rattling of cups and saucers, all the way and no instinct rise up in my heart to reveal the up the narrow staircase.

-oh, I hope I have been mad since then; I hope that God may forgive my sins because I have been band thought, as he looked at his wife's wan face, mad!'

The short that God may forgive my sins because I have been band thought, as he looked at his wife's wan face, upon which the evidence of all that past agony Her thoughts wandered away to that awful was only too painfully visible—'how bitterly we question which had been so lately revived in her two have suffered! But how more terrible mind—Could she be forgiven? Was it within the must have been your suffering than mine, my poor

> In his rapture at finding the wife he had mourned , as dead, the young man had for a time almost forgotten the villainous plotter who had kept her hidden from him. But now, as he sat quietly by the bed upon which Mary and her baby lay, he had

bleisure to think of Paul Marchmont.

What was he to do with that man? geance could he wreak upon the head of that over the western sky, and that great ball of molten inflicted upon his cousin had been his pretended

'What can I do to him?' the young man asked mself. 'What can I do to him?' There is no has endured already at my hands. And yet, although he wondered at the closing drel! the heartless villain! the false, cold-blooded Kemberting see how a scoundrel writhes under an

> Edward Arundel's wife woke while he was thinking what chastisement he should inflict upon her deadly foe; and the baby opened his round innocent blue eyes in the next moment, and sat

Mr. Arundel took the child in his arms, and window, with diamond panes of thin greenish held him very tenderly, though perhaps rather glass, and a broad painted ledge, with a great jug awkwardly. The baby's round eyes opened wiof homely garden flowers standing on it. The der at sight of the golden absurdities dangling young man was sitting by the side of the bed upon at his father's watch-chain, and the little pudgy which his newly-found wife and son lay asleep; hands began to play with the big man's locket and

'He comes to me, you see, Mary!' Edward

said, with naive wonder.

The white dimity curtains overshadowed the 'isn't he like you, Edward?' she whispered. 'It loving sleepers. The pretty fluffy knotted fringe was only for his sake that I bore my life all—neat Hester's handiwork—made fantastical tra-through that miserable time; and I don't think I seemed to soften my heart, and the tears came to Edward Arundel watched that tender picture my eyes. I was very, very, very ill, for a long time before my baby was born; and I didn't know 'I can understand now why Roman Catholics how the time went, or where I was. I used to worship the Virgin Mary,' he thought. 'I can fancy sometimes I was back in Oakley Street, and comprehend the inspiration that guided Raphael's that papa was alive again, and that we were hand when he painted the Madonna de la Chaise. quite happy together, except for some heavy ham-In all the world there is no picture so beautiful! mer that was always beating, beating, beating From all the universe he could have chosen no upon both our heads, and the dreadful sound of subject more sublime. Oh, my darling wife, given the river rushing down the street under our wing the man out of the grave restant the most of the grave restant to the street under our wing th

husband's. She had been busy all the afternoon, nothing but a phantom. preparing that elegant little collation of cake and

ment by and-by; for neither of her guests was wasted face; something that reminded him of the in a condition to do justice to her hospitality. countenance of a martyr who has ceased to suffer Mary got up and sat in the roomy easy-chair, the anguish of death in a foretaste of the joys of propped up with pillows. Her pensive eyes kept heaven. a loving watch upon the face of her husband, turned toward her own, and slightly crimsoned cruelty that Paul Marchmont or his tools inflicted by that rosy flue's fading out in the western sky, upon you; tell me every thing, and I will never She sat up and sipped a cup of tea; and in that speak of our mi-erable separation again. I will lovely summer twilight, with the scent of the only punish the cause of it,' he added, in an unflowers blowing in through the open window, dertone. 'Tell me, dear. It will be painful for and a stupid moth doing his best to beat out his you to speak of it; but it will be only once. brains against one of the diamond panes in the There are some things I must know. Remember, lattice, the tortured heart, for the first time since darling, that you are in my arms now, and that the ruthless close of that brief honey-moon, felt inothing but death can ever again part us.

He was at her feet, half-kneeling, half-sitting? on a hassock of Hester's handiwork, with both Mary said, in a solemn whisper. 'Death would his wife's hands clasped in his, and his head lean- not come to me when I was very miserable. I ing upon the arm of her chair. Hester Jobson used to pray that I might die, and the baby too; had carried off the baby, and these two were for I could not have borne to leave him behind. quite alone, all in all to each other, with a crued I thought that we might both be buried with you, gap of two years to be bridged over by sorrow Edward. I have dreamed sometimes that I was full memories, by tender words of consolation. Lying by your side in a tomb, and I have stretched They were alone, and they could talk quite freely out my dead hand to clasp yours. I used to beg now, without fear of interruption; for although and entreat them to let me be buried with you in purity and beauty an infant is first cousin to when I died; for I believed that you were dead, the angels, and although I most heartily concur in Edward. I believed it most firmly. I had not all that Mr. Bennett and Mr. Buchanan can say even one lingering hope that you were alive. If or sing about the species, still it must be owned I had felt such a hope, no power upon earth that a baby is rather a hindrance to conversation, would have kept me prisoner. and that a man's eloquence does not flow quite so smoothly when he has to stop every now and then set teeth; 'the dastardly wretches! the foul liars!' to rescue his infant son from the imminent peril of strangulation, caused by a futile attempt at pain in my heart when I hear you speak like swallowing one of his own fists.

life's drama.

was to come back perpetually in the midst of my of them; I only want you to love me; I only joy, as it does now, even now, when I am so want you to smile at me, and tell me again and happy—so happy that I dare not speak of my again and again that nothing can part us now—happiness.' happiness.'

husband's clustering hair.

'You are crying, Mary!'
'Yes, dear. There is something painful in to him, with a slight shiver. 'Yes, dear. happiness when it comes after such suffering.

The young man lifted his head, and looked in ? his wife's face. How deathly pale it was, even { in that shadowy twilight; how worn and hag-{ 'The present—all this joy. Oh, Edward, is gard and wasted since it had smiled at him in his treal? Is it—is it? Or am I only dreaming? brief honey-moon! Yes, joy is painful when it Shall I wake presently and feel the cold air blowcomes after a long continuance of suffering; it is ing in at the window, and see the moonlight on painful because we have become skeptical by the wainscot at Stony Stringford? Is it all reason of the endurance of such anguish. We real?

The friendly carpenter's wife had produced her have lost the power to believe in happiness. It best china and her silver tea-pot-an heir-loom comes, the bright stranger; but we shrink apinherited from a wealthy maiden aunt of her palled from its beauty, lest, after all, it should be

Heaven knows how anxiously Edward Arundel fruit which accompanied the tea-tray; and she looked at his wife's altered face. Her eyes shone spread the lavender-scented table-cloth, and ar- upon him with the holy light of love. She smiled ranged the cups and saucers, the plates and at him with a tender, reassuring smile; but it dishes, with mingled pride and delight. seemed to him that there was something al-But she had to endure a terrible disappoint- most supernal in the brightness of that white

'Mary,' he said, presently, 'tell me every

the heavenly delight of repose.

Oh, Edward! murmured the young wife, He felt, rather than heard, a low, plaintive sigh how strange it seems to be happy!

as he spoke those last words.
'Nothing but death, Edward; nothing but death,'

'The wretches!' muttered Edward between his

'Don't Edward; don't, darling. There is a Vallowing one of his own fists. that. I know how wicked they have been; how Mary and Edward were alone; they were to-cruel—how cruel. I look back at all my suffergether once more, as they had been by the trout-ing as if it were some one else who suffered; for, stream in the Winchester meadows. A curtain now that you are with me, I can not believe that had fallen upon all the wreck and ruin of the miserable, lonely, despairing creature was really past, and they could hear the soft, mysterious (me-the same creature whose head now rests music that was to be the prelude of a new act in upon your shoulder; whose breath is mixed with yours. I look back and see all my past misery, 'I shall try to forget all that time,' Mary said, and I can not forgive them, Edward; I am very presently; 'I shall try to forget it, Edward. I wicked, for I can not forgive my cousin Paul and think the very memory of it would kill me, if it his sister—yet. But 1 don't want you to speak

She stopped, and her face drooped upon her? She paused for a few moments, exhausted by having spoken so long. Her head lay upon her husband's shoulder, and she clung a little closer

'What is the matter, darling?'

'I feel as if it couldn't be real.'

'What, dear?'

'It is, my precious one. As real as the mercy Paul said. He always seemed very, very kind to of God, who will give you compensation for all you have suffered; as real as God's vengeance, which will fall most heavily upon your persecutors. And now, darling, tell me-tell me all. I must know the story of these two miserable years during which I have mourned for my lost love.

Mr. Arundel forgot to mention that during those two miserable years he had engaged himself to become the husband of another woman. But perhaps, even when he is best and truest, a man is always just a shade behind a woman in

the matter of constancy.

was very, very miserable,' Mary began, in a low voice; 'but I knew that it was selfish and wicked of me to think only of myself. I tried to think of your poor father, who was ill and suffering; and I prayed for him, and hoped that he would recover, and that you would come back to me very The people at the inn were very kind to me. I sat at the window from morning till night } upon the day after you left me, and upon the day after that; for I was so foolish as to fancy, every time I heard the sound of horses' hoofs or carriage-wheels upon the high-road, that you were coming back to me, and that all my grief was I sat at the window and watched the road } till I knew the shape of every tree and housetop, every ragged branch of the hawthorn-bushes in the hedge. At last-it was the third day after you went away-I heard carriage wheels, that slackened as they came to the inn. A fly stopped at the door, and oh, Edward, I did not wait to see who was in it; I never imagined the possibility of its bringing any body but you. I ran down stairs, with my heart beating so that I could hardly breathe, and I scarcely felt the stairs under my feet. But when I got to the door-obmy love, my love!—I can not bear to think of it; I can not endure the recollection of it-

She stopped, gasping for breath, and clinging to her husband; and then, with an effort, went on

res, I will tell you, dear; I must tell you. My cousin Paul and my step-mother were standing in the little hall at the foot of the stairs. I think I fainted in my step-mother's arms; and when my consciousness came back, I was in our sitting room-the pretty rustic room, Edward, in which

you and I had been so happy together.

I must not stop to tell you every thing. I would take me so long to speak of all that hap pened in that miserable time. I knew that some thing must be wrong, from my cousin Paul's manner; but neither he nor my step-mother would tell me what it was. I asked them if you were dead; but they said, 'No, you were not dead. Still I could see that something dreadful had hap pened. But by-and-by, by accident, I saw your name in a newspaper that was lying on the table with Paul's hat and gloves. I saw the description of an accident on the railway by which I knew you had traveled. My heart sank at once, and I think I guessed all that had happened. I, reac your name among those of the people who had been dangerously hurt. Paul shook his head when I asked him if there was any hope.

implored them to let me come to you again and me. You had not married me; he persisted in again, on my knees at their feet. But neither of saying that. them would listen to me. It was impossible, I was delirious again after this—almost mad,

me; always spoke softly; always told me that he pitied me, and was sorry for me. But though my step-mother looked sternly at me, and spoke, as she always used to speak, in a harsh, cold voice, I sometimes think she might have given way at last and let me come to you, but for him-but for my cousin Paul. He could look at me with a smile upon his face when I was almost mad with my misery; and he never wavered; he never hes-

'So they took me back to the Towers. I let them take me; for I scarcely felt my sorrow any longer. I only felt tired; oh, so dreadfully tired; When you left me in Hampshire, Edward, I and I wanted to lie down upon the ground in some quiet place, where no one could come near me. I thought that I was dying. I believe I was very ill when we got back to the Towers. My step-mother and Barbara Simmons watched by my bedside day after day, night after night. Sometimes I knew them; sometimes I had all sorts of fancies. And often—ah, how often—darling!— I thought that you were with me. My cousin aul came every day and stood by my bedside. I can't tell you how hateful it was to me to have nim there. He used to come into the room as si-ently as if he had been walking upon snow; but however noiselessly he came, however fast asleep I was when he entered the room, I always knew that he was there, standing by my bedside, smiling at me. I always woke with a shuddering orror thrilling through my veins, as if a rat had run across my face.

'By-and-by, when the delirium was quite gone, I felt ashamed of myself for this. It seemed so wicked to feel this unreasonable antipathy to my lear father's cousin; but he had brought me bad news of you, Edward, and it was scarcely strange that I should hate him. One day he sat down by ny bedside, when I was getting better, and was trong enough to talk. There was no one besides surselves in the room, except my step-mother, and she was standing at the window, with her read turned away from us, looking out. My ousin Paul sat down by the bedside, and began o talk to me in that gentle, compassionate way hat used to torture me and irritate me in spite of

nyself.

·He asked me what had happened to me after ny leaving the Towers on the day after the ball. I told him every thing, Edward—about your coming to me in Oakley Street—about our mariage. But oh! my darling, my husbaud, he vouldn't believe me-he wouldn't believe. No-ning that I could say would, make him believe Though I swore to him again and againy my dead father in heaven, as I hoped for he mercy of my God—that I had spoken the ruth, and the truth only, he wouldn't believe me -he wouldn't believe. He shook his head, and aid he scarcely wondered I should try to deceive im; that it was a very sad story, a very miserale and shameful story, and my attempted falsegood was little more than natural.

'And then he spoke against you, Edwardagainst you. He talked of my childish ignorance, ny confiding love, and your villainy. Oh, Edward, he said such shameful things-such shameful, horrible things! You had plotted to become They brought me back here. I scarcely know master of my fortune; to get me into your power, how I came, how I endured all that misery. I because of my money; and you had not married

I think. All through the delirium I kept telling [was sitting, not reading, not even thinking—only my cousin Paul of our marriage. Though he was very seldom in the room, I constantly thought that he was there, and told him the same thingthe same thing-till my brain was on fire. I don't know how long it lasted. I know that, once in the middle of the night, I saw my step-mother lying upon the ground, sobbing aloud and crying out about her wickedness; crying out that God would never forgive her sin.

'I got better at last, and then I went down { stairs; and I used to sit sometimes in poor papa's study. The blind was always down, and none of the servants, except Barbara Simmons, ever came into the room. My cousin Paul did not live at the Towers; but he came there every day, and often staid there all day. He seemed the master of the house. My step-mother obeyed him in every thing, and consulted him about every thing.

'Sometimes Mrs. Weston came. She was like her brother. She always smiled at me with a grave, compassionate smile, just like his; and she always seemed to pity me. But she wouldn't believe in my marriage. She spoke cruelly about you, Edward—cruelly, but in soft words, that seemed only spoken out of compassion for me. No one would believe in my marriage.

'No stranger was allowed to see me. I was never suffered to go out. They treated me as if I was some shameful creature, who must be hid-

den away from the sight of the world.

'One day I entreated my cousin Paul to go to London and see Mrs. Pimpernel. She would be able to tell him of our marriage. I had forgotten the name of the clergyman who married us, and the church at which we were married. And I could not tell Paul those; but I gave him Mrs. Pimpernel's address. And I wrote to her, begging her to tell my cousin all about my marriage; and I gave him the note unsealed.

'He went to London about a week afterward; and when he came back he brought me my note. He had been to Oakley Street, he said; but Mrs. Pimpernel had left the neighborhood, and no one \

knew where she was gone.

'A lie! a villainous lie! muttered Edward 'Oh, the scoundrel! the infernal Arundel. scoundrel!'

'No words would ever tell the misery of that time; the bitter anguish; the unendurable suspense. When I asked them about you they would tell me nothing. Sometimes I thought that you had forgotten me; that you had only married me out of pity for my loneliness; and that you were glad to be freed from me. Oh, forgive me, Edward, for that wicked thought; but I was so very miserable, so utterly desolate. At other times I fancied that you were very ill, helpless, and unable to come to me. I dared not think that you were dead. I put away that thought from me with all my might; but it haunted me day and } night. It was with me always like a ghost. I tried to shut it away from my sight; but I knew that it was there.

'The days were all alike-long, dreary, and } desolate; so I scarcely knew how the time weht. My step-mother brought me religious books, and for an hour or two, and it was frozen; and once told me to read them; but they were hard, diffi- at midnight! heard the Kemberling Church bells cult books, and I couldn't find one word of com-ringing in the New Year. I was very ill, but I fort in them.

about in the quadrangle, when my step-mother care of me when my cousins were away. They sent for me one afternoon to my room, where I were kind to me, and took great care of me.'

sitting with my head upon my hands, staring stupidly out at the drifting leaves and the gray, cold sky. My step-mother was in papa's study, and I was to go to her there. I went, and found her standing there, with a letter crumpled up in her clenched hand, and a slip of newspaper lying on the table before her. She was as white as death, and she was trembling violently from head to foot.

"See," she said, pointing to the paper; "your lover is dead. But for you he would have received the letter that told him of his father's illness upon an earlier day; he would have gone to Devonshire by a different train. It was by your doing that he traveled when he did. If this is true, and he is dead, his blood be upon your head; his blood be upon your head!"

'I think her cruel words were almost exactly those. I did not hope for a minute that those horrible lines in the newspaper were false. thought they must be true, and I was mad, Edward-I was mad; for utter despair came to me with the knowledge of your death. I went to my own room; and put on my bonnet and shawl; and then I went out of the house, down into that dreary wood, and along the narrow pathway by the river-side. I wanted to drown myself; but the sight of the black water filled me with a shuddering horror. I was frightened, Edward; and I went on by the river, scarcely knowing where I was going, until it was quite dark; and I was tired, and sat down upon the damp ground by the brink of the river, all among the broad green flags and the wet rushes. I sat there for hours, and I saw the stars shining feebly in a dark sky I think I was delirious; for sometimes I knew that I was there by the water-side, and then the next minute I thought that I was in my bedroom at the Towers; sometimes I fancied that I was with you in the meadows near Winchester, and the sun was shining, and you were sitting by my side, and I could see your float dancing up and down in the sunlit water. At last, after I had been there a very, very long time, two people came with a lantern, a man and woman; and I heard a startled voice say, "Here she is; here, lying on the ground!" And then another voice, a woman's voice, very low and frightened, said, "Alive!" And then two people lifted me up; the man carried me in his arms, and the woman took the lantern. I couldn't speak to them; but I knew that they were my cousin Paul and his sister Mrs. Weston. I remember being carried some distance in Paul's arms; and then I think I must have fainted away; for I can recollect nothing more until I woke up one day and found myself lying in a bed in the pavilion over the boat-house, with Mr. Weston watching by my

'I don't know how the time passed; I only know that it seemed endless. I think my illness was rheumatic fever, caught by lying on the damp ground nearly all that night when I ran away from the Towers. A long time went by: there was frost and snow. I saw the river once out of the window when I was lifted out of bed had no doctor; and all that time I saw no one but 'I don't know what day it was, except that it my cousin Paul, and Lavinia Weston, and a serwas autumn, and the dead leaves were blowing vant called Betsy, a rough country girl, who took

Edward asked, eagerly.

'No; I did not see my step-mother till some the baby's eyes were like yours, and I used to time after the New Year began. She came in think sometimes that your soul was looking out suddenly one evening, when Mrs. Weston was of them and comforting me. with me, and at first she seemed frightened at ? 'Do you remember that poor foolish German taunting her with her love for you. I never un- believe in people's love when they love "wisely," derstood till then why she hated me: but I pitied Edward; the truest love is that which loves "too her after that; yes, Edward, miserable as I was, { well." I pitied her, because you had never loved her.

dying.'

stronger, did you make no effort then to escape consolation. from your persecutors?'

Mary shook her head mournfully.

else. I thought you were dead, Edward; I unkind to me, but she was rather neglectful of thought you were dead, and life held nothing me. I did not mind that, for I wanted nothing more for me. I could do nothing but wait till He except to be alone with my precious boy—your who raised the widow's son should have pity son, Edward; your son. The woman let me walk upon me, and take me to the heaven where I in the garden sometimes. It was a neglected thought you and page had gone before me. thought you and papa had gone before me. I garden, but there were bright flowers growing didn't want to go away from those dreary rooms wild, and when the spring came again my pet over the boat-house. What did it matter to me used to lie on the grass and play with the butterwhether I was there or at Marchmont Towers: cups and daisies that I threw into his lap; and I What did it matter? I thought you were dead, think we were both of us happier and better than and that the world was finished for me. I sat we had been in those two close rooms over the day after day by the window; not looking out; for boat-house. there was a Venetian blind that my cousin Paul \ 'I have told you all now, Edward—all except had nailed down to the window-sill, and I could what happened this morning, when my steponly see glimpses of the water through the long, mother and Hester Jobson came into my room in narrow openings between the laths. I used to sit the early daybreak, and told me that I had been there listening to the moaning of the wind among deceived, and that you were alive. My step-the trees, or the sounds of horses' feet upon the mother threw herself upon her knees at my feet, towing-path, or the rain dripping into the river and asked me to forgive her, for she was a misupon wet days. I think that even in my deepest erable sinner, she said, who had been abandoned misery God was good to me, for my mind sank by God; and I forgave her, Edward, and kissed into a dull apathy, and I seemed to lose even the her; and you must forgive her, too, dear, for I capacity of suffering.

and then talked to his wife in whispers. He me in her arms all the time. And then, darling, seemed terribly frightened, and he trembled all then, after a long time, you came to me.' the time, and kept saying, "Poor thing; poor young woman!" but his wife was cross to him, and wouldn't let him stop long in the room. After that Mr. Weston came very often, always with Lavinia, who seemed cleverer than he was, even as a doctor; for she dictated to him, and ordered him about in every thing. Then, by and-by, when the birds were singing and the warm of the warm and-by, when the birds were singing and the warm the said no more, for there was a footstep on sunshine came into the room, my baby was born. I thought that God, the crevices of the door. Hester Jobson came

'You did not see Olivia, then, all this time?' (who raised the widow's son, had heard my prayer, and had raised you up from the dead; for

seeing me. She spoke to me kindly afterward, woman who believed that the spirit of a dead but in a strange, terror-stricken voice; and she king came to her in the shape of a raven? She laid her head down upon the counterpane of the was not a good woman, I know, dear; but she bed, and sobbed aloud; and then Paul took her must have loved the king very truly, or she never away, and spoke to her cruelly, very cruelly- could have believed any thing so foolish. I don't

'From the time of my baby's birth every thing In all my wretchedness I was happier than her; was changed. I was more miscrable, perhaps, for you had loved me, Edward—you had loved because that dull, dead apathy cleared away, me! Mary lifted her face to her husband's lips, and you, dear, and cried over my little angel's face those dear lips were pressed tenderly upon her as he slept. But I wasn't alone any longer. The pale forehead. world seemed narrowed into the little circle 'Oh my love, my love!' the young man mur- round my darling's cradle. I don't think he is mured; 'my poor suffering angel! Can God ever like other babies, Edward. I think he has known forgive these people for their cruelty to you? of my sorrow from the very first, and has tried in But, my darling, why did you make no effort to his mute way to comfort me. The God who worked so many miracles, all separate tokens of 'I was too ill to move; I believed that I was His love and tenderness and pity for the sorrows of mankind, could easily make my baby different 'But afterward, darling, when you were better, from other children, for a wretched mother's

'In the autumn after my darling's birth, Paul and his sister came for me one night, and took "Why should I try to escape from them?' she me away from the pavilion by the water to a desaid. 'What was there for me beyond that place?' serted farm-house, where there was a woman to It was as well for me to be there as any where wait up to me and take care of me. She was not

know that she has been very, very wretched. And One day—one day in March, when the wind she took the baby in her arms, and kissed him—was howling, and the smoke blew down the nar-oh, so passionately!—and cried over him. And row chimney and filled the room—Mrs. Weston then they brought me here in Mr. Jobson's cart, brought her husband, and he talked to me a little, for Mr. Jobson was with them, and Hester held

into the room with a pair of lighted wax-candles mer's day; and the friendly twilight is slow to rustling silk gown, a tall matronly lady, who cried out:

· 'Where is she, Edward? Where is she? Let

me see this poor ill-used child!'

It was Mrs. Arundel, who had come to Kemberling to see her newly-found daughter-in-law.

'Oh, my dear mother,' cried the young man. 'how good of you to come! Now, Mary, you need never again know what it is to want a protector, a tender womanly protector, who will shelter you from every harm.

Mary got up and went to Mrs. Arundel, who But before she folded Mary to her friendly breast tried to realize his position. she took the girl's two hands in hers, and looked

earnestly at her pale, wasted face.

She gave a long sigh as she contemplated those wan features, the shining light in the eyes, that looked unnaturally large by reason of the girl's hollow cheeks.

'Oh, my dear,' cried Mrs. Arundel, 'my poor. long-suffering child, how cruelly they have treated you!'

Edward looked at his mother, frightened by the earnestness of her manner; but she smiled at him

nurse you, and make you as plump as a partridge, pected; for she had suffered enough to turn a my poor wasted pet. And I'll be a mother to stronger brain than her own. Every thing had you, my motherless child. Oh, to think that been arranged, and so cleverly arranged, that there should be any wretch vile enough to- But! Mary and the child would disappear after dusk I won't agitate you, my dear. I'll take you away one summer evening, and not even Lavinia Wesfrom this bleak horrid county by the first train ton would be told whither they had gone. to morrow morning, and you shall sleep to-morrow night in the blue bed-room at Dangerfield, he had least of all expected betrayal from the with the roses and myrtles waving against your quarter whence it had come. He had made window; and Edward shall go with us, and you Olivia his tool; but he had acted cautiously even sha'n't come back here till you're well and with her. He had confided nothing to her; and strong; and you'll try and love me, won't you, although she had suspected some foul play in the dear? And oh, Edward, I've seen the boy! and matter of Mary's disappearance, she had been he's a superb creature, the very image of what certain of nothing. She had uttered no talsehood you were at a twelvemonth old—and he came to when she swore to Edward Arundel that she did his grandmother; and he has got rive teeth, but, dental discovery of the secret of the pavilion, she I'm sorry to tell you he's cutting them cross- would never have known of Mary's existence wise, the top first instead of the bottom, Hester after that October afternoon on which the girl says.'
'And Belinda, mother dear?' Edward said,

presently, in a grave undertone.

quite as gravely. She has been in her own room habit to wander often in that dreary wood by the all day, and no one has seen her but her mother; water during the winter in which Mary was kept but she came down to the hall as I was leaving prisoner in the pavilion over the boat-house. Lathe house this evening, and said to me, "Dear vinia Weston and Paul Marchmout spent each of Mrs. Arundel, tell him that he must not think I them a great deal of their time in the pavilion: am so selfish as to be sorry for what has hap-tbut they could not be always on guard there. pened. Tell him that I am very glad to think his There was the world to be hoodwinked; and the young wife has been saved." She put her hand surgeon's wife had to perform all her duties as a up to my lips to stop my speaking, and then went matron before the face of Kemberling, and had back again to her room; and if that isn't acting to give some plausible account of her frequent like an angel, I don't know what is.'



CHAPTER XLI.

'ALL WITHIN IS DARK AS NIGHT.'

in white crockery candlesticks. But Hester was come in the early days of July, however a man not alone; close behind her came a lady in a may loathe the sunshine. Paul Marchmont stopped at the deserted farm-house, wandering in and out of the empty rooms, strolling listlessly about the neglected garden, or coming to a dead stop sometimes, and standing stock-still for ten minutes at a time, staring at the wall before him, and counting the slimy traces of the snails upon the branches of a plum-tree, or the flies in a spider's web. Paul Marchmont was afraid to leave that lonely farm-house. He was afraid as yet. He scarcely knew what he feared, for a kind of stupor had succeeded the violent emotions of the past few hours; and the time slipped opened her arms to receive her son's young wife. by him, and his brain grew bewildered when he

He had never expected to be found out. All his plans had been deliberately and carefully prepared. Immediately after Edward's marriage and safe departure for the Continent, Paul had intended to convey Mary and the child, with the grim attendant whom he had engaged for them, far away, to one of the remotest villages in Wales.

Alone he would have done this; traveling by night, and trusting no one; for the hired attendant knew nothing of Mary's real position. She had been told that the girl was a poor relation of with a bright, reassuring look.

Paul's, and that her story was a very sorrowful 'I shall take you home to Dangerfield with me, one. If the poor creature had strange fancies my poor love,' she said to Mary; 'and I shall and delusions, it was no more than might be ex-

Paul had never expected to be found out. But ne, and smiled at me, almost as if he knew I was not know where his wife was. But for her accileft Marchmont Towers.

But here Paul had been betrayed by the careesently, in a grave undertone. Belinda is an angel,' Mrs. Arundel answered, Arundel's jailor and attendant. It was Olivia's visits to the boat-house. Paul liked the place for his painting, Mrs. Weston informed her friends: and he was so enthusiastic in his love of art, that it was really a pleasure to participate in his enthusiasm; so she liked to sit with him, and talk to him or read to him while he painted. This explanation was quite enough for Kemberling, and Mrs. Weston went to the pavilion at Marchmont PAUL MARCHMONT did not leave Stony-String- Towers three or four times a week without causford Farm-house till dusk upon that bright sum- ing any scandal thereby.

But however well you may manage things twice—by her cruelty? Who was it who perseyourself, it is not always easy to secure the caretuted her and tortured her day by day and hour
ful co-operation of the people you employ. Betsy by hour, not openly, not with an uplifted hand
Murrel was a stupid, narrow-minded young peror blows that could be warded off, but by cruel
son, who was very safe so far as regarded the hints and muendoes, by unwomanly sneers and
possibility of any support by with an composition hallich taunts. Look into your heart. Olivie for, Mary Arundel arising in her stolid nature; Marchmont; and when you make atonement for but the stupid solidity which made her safe in your sin I will make restitution for mine. In the one way rendered her dangerous in another. One day, while Mrs. Weston was with the hapless young prisoner, Miss Murrel went out upon Arundel to the pavilion yonder and give him back the water-side to converse with a good-looking his wife; give the lie to all your past life, and young bargeman, who was a connection of her restore these devoted young lovers to each other's family, and perhaps an admirer of the young large. family, and perhaps an admirer of the young arms. lady herself; and the door of the painting-room } being left wide open, Olivia Marchmont wan-{Marchmont might leathe herself, and her sin, dered listlessly into the pavilion—there was a and her life, which was made hideous to her bedismal fascination for her in that spot, on which cause of her sin; but she could not bring herself she had heard Edward Arundel declare his love to restore Mary to her lover-husband; she could for John Marchmont's daughter—and heard not tolerate the idea of their happiness. Every Mary's voice in the chamber at the top of the night she groveled on her knees, and swore to stone steps.

cret; and from that hour it had been the artist's every morning, when her weary eyes opened on business to rule this woman by the only weapon the hateful sunlight, she cried, 'Not to-day; not which he possessed against her—her own secret, to-day.' her own weak folly, her mad love of Edward ?

one, and Paul used it unsparingly.

years of her life had lived without sin, who from back and left her work undone. She could not; the hour in which she had been old enough to she could not. In the dead of the night, under know right from wrong until Edward Arundel's pouring rain, with the bleak winds of winter second return from India had sternly done her blowing in her face, she had set out upon that duty-when this woman, who little by little had (unfinished journey, only to stop midway, and cry slipped away from her high standing-point and out, 'No, no, no; not to-night; I can not endure sunk down into a morass of sin—when this wo-{it yet!'
man remonstrated with Mr. Marchmont he turned { It was only when another and a fiercer jea-

you cannot abide this your sin; and that your evil power of another, so Olivia Marchmont's guilt, in keeping our secret, cries to you in the jealousy of Belinda seemed to blot out and exdead hours of the night; and you call upon me tinguish her hatred of Mary. Better any thing to undo what I have done, and to restore Mary than that Edward Arundel should have a new Marchmont to her rights. Do you remember and perhaps a fairer bride. The jealous woman what her highest right is? Do you remember had always backed upon Mary Marchmont as a that which I must restore to her when I give her despicable right. Better that Edward should be back this house and the income that goes along tied to this girl than that he should rejoice in with it? If I restore Marchmont Travers I must the spiles of a livelier woman worther of his forgotten that, perhaps. If she ever re-enters Olivia's breast, although she was herself half unthis house she will come back to it leaning on his conscious how entirely this was the motive power he will ever forgive you for your part of the con-spiracy? Yes, it is a conspiracy, if you like. If you are not afraid to call it by a hard name, why should I fear to do so? Will he ever forgive you, glimmer of the light of truth; and it was this do you think, when he knows that his young wife that had prompted her to cry out on her knees has been the victim of a senseless, vicious love? before the altar in Hillingsworth Church, and de-Yes, Olivia Marchmont, any love is vicious which clare the sinfulness of her nature. is given unsought, and is so strong a passion, so blind and unreasoning a folly, that honor, mercy, truth, and Christianity are trampled down before the ragged, untrimmed fruit-trees in his purposeit. How will you endure Edward Arundel's contempt for you? How will you tolerate his love of Mary, multiplied twentyfold by all this away from his brain, and he was able to underromantic business of separation and persecution? stand what had happened to him.

You talk to me of my sin. Who was it who first sinned? Who was it who drove Mary watch; but even then he stood for some mo-

possibility of any sympathy with, or compassion hellish taunts. Look into your heart, Olivia

This weapon never failed in its effect; Olivia her offended God that she would do this thing. This was how Olivia had surprised Paul's se-}she would render this sacrifice of atonement; but

Again and again, during Edward Arundel's Arundel and jealous hatred of the woman whom residence at Kemberling Retreat, she had set out he had loved. This weapon was a very powerful from Marchmont Towers with the intention of revealing to him the place where his young wife When the woman who for seven-and-twenty (was hidden; but, again and again, she had turned

upon her and lashed her with the scourge of her lousy was awakened in this woman's breast that own folly.

{she arose all at once, strong, resolute, and un'You come and upbraid me,' he said, 'and daunted, to do the work she had so miserably
you call me villain and arch-traitor, and say that deferred. As one poison is said to neutralize the you cannot abide this your sin; and that your evil power of another, so Olivia Marchmont's with it? If I restore Marchmont Towers I must the smiles of a Rivelier woman, worthier of his restore to her Edward Arundel's love. You have affection. This was the feeling paramount in arm. You will see them together. You will which had given her new strength and resolution. hear of their happiness; and do you think that She tried to think that it was the awakening of

> Paul Marchmont stopped several times before less wanderings in the neglected garden at Stony

His first reasonable action was to take out his Marchmont from this house—not once only, but ments staring at the dial before he remembered why he had taken the watch from his pocket, or somethink of that sound like, which my memory the hob when Paul stared in at her.

the little brown tea-pot in her terror of her of-

fended employer.

But Paul pulled open the window, and spoke? said; 'I want to speak to you; I'll come in.

He went into the house by a door that had? once been the front and principal entrance, which opened into a low wainscoted hall. From this room he went into the parlor, which had been Mary Arundel's apartment, and in which the hired nurse was now preparing her breakfast. 'I thought I might as well get a cup of tea, Sir, shen I began to feel all in a tremble like, for while I waited for your orders,' the woman murmured, apologetically; 'for bein' knocked up so go. early this morning, you see, Sir, has made my had that bad, I could scarcely bear myself; and--'

Paul lifted his hand to stop the woman's talk, as he had done before. He had no consciousness of what she was saying, but the sound of her has gone, your services are no longer wanted. I what a spanned him. His eyebrows contracted with sha'n't act illiberally to you, though I am very a spasmodic action, as if something had hurt his much annoyed by your folly and stupidity. a spasmodic action, as if something had hurt his

head.

There was a Dutch clock in the corner of the room, with a long pendulum swifiging against the replied, in a very insinuating tone: wall. By this clock it was half past eight.

'Is your clock right?' Paul asked.

too slow; but not more.

was said, word for word, remember!

went back to the fire-place and sat down again. You might think sootable, considerin' all things, He was like a man who, in the racking torture and—' of some physical pain, finds a miserable relief in his own restlessness.

'Come,' he said; 'I am waiting.'

'Yes, Sir; which, begging your parding, if you \ wouldn't mind sitting still like, while I'm a-telling of you, which it do remind me of the wild beastes in the Zoological, Sir, to that degree, that the boil, to which I am subjeck, Sir, and have been from a child, might prevent me bein'as truthful as I should wish. Mrs. Marchmont, Sir, she come before it was light, in a cart, Sir, which was a shaycart, and made comfortable with cushions { and straw, and such like, or I should not have let a boy about the place who will carry them for the young lady go away in it; and she bring with you, I suppose.' her a respectable homely-boking young person, 'Yes, Sir; there's a boy by the name of which she call Hester Jobling or Gobson, or William.'

what it was that he wanted to know. By Mr. is treechrous, and I don't wish to tell a story on Marchmont's chronometer it was ten minutes no account; and Mrs. Marchmont she go straight past seven o'clock; but the watch had been un- up to my young lady, and she shakes her by the wound upon the previous night, and had run shoulder; and then the young woman called down. Paul put it back in his waistcoat-pocket, Hester, she wakes up my young lady quite gentle and then walked slowly along the weedy path-like, and kisses her and cries over her; and a man way to that low latticed window in which he had as drove the cart, which looked a small tradesoften seen Mary Arundel standing with her child man well-to-do, brings his trap round to the front in her arms. He went to this window and looked door-you may see the trax of the wheels upon in, with his face against the glass. The room the gravel now, Sir, if you disbelieve me. And was peat and orderly now, for the woman whom Mrs. Marchmont and the young woman called Mr. Marchmont had hired had gone about her Hester, between 'em they gets my young lady work as usual, and was in the act of filling a lit- up, and dresses her, and dresses the child; and the brown earthen-ware tea-pot from a kettle on does it all so quick, and overrides me to such a the hob when Paul stared in at her.

degree, that I hadn't no power to prevent 'em; She looked up as Mr. Marchmont's figure came but I say to Mrs. Marchmont, I say: 'Is it Mr. between her and the light, and nearly dropped Marchmont's orders as his cousin should be took away this morning?' and she stare at me hard, and say, 'Yes;' and she have allus an abrumpt way, but was abrumpter than ordinary this mornto her very quietly: 'Stop where you are,' he ling. And oh, Sir, bein' a pore lone woman, what was I to do?

'Have you nothing more to tell me?'

'Nothing, Sir; leastways except as they lifted my young lady into the cart, and the man got in after 'em, and drove away as fast as his horse would go; and they had been gone two minutes when I began to feel all in a tremble like, for

'You did do wrong,' Paul answered, sternly; 'but no matter. If these officious friends of my poor weak-witted cousin choose to take her away, so much the better for me, who have been burdened with her long enough. Since your charge there any thing due to you?"

Mrs. Brown hesitated for a moment, and then

'Not wages, Sir; there ain't no wages doo to me—which you paid me a quarter in advance 'Yes, Sir. Leastways, it may be five minutes last Saturday was a week, and took a receipt, Sir, for the amount. But I have done my dooty, Mr. Marchmont took out his watch, wound it Sir, and had but little sleep and rest, which my up, and regulated it by the Dutch clock. ('eaith ain't what it was when I answered your 'Now,' he said, 'perhaps you can tell me clearly advertisement requirin' a respectable motherly what happened. I want no excuses, remember; person, to take charge of a invalid lady, not ob-I only want to know what occurred, and what jectin' to the country-which I freely tell you, Sir, if I'd known that the country was a rheu-He sat down, but got up again directly and matic old place like this, with rats enough to walked to the window; then he paced up and scare away a regyment of soldiers, I would not down the room two or three times, and then have undertook the situation; so any present as

'That will do,' said Paul Marchmont, taking a handful of loose money from his waistcoatpocket; 'I suppose a ten-pound note would satisfy you?

'Indeed it would, Sir, and very liberal of you too.

'Very well. I've got a five-pound note here ad five sovereigns. The best thing you can do and five sovereigns. is to get back to London at once; there's a train leaves Milsome Station at eleven o'clock-Milsome's not more than a mile and a half from here. You can get your things together; there's

'He can go with you, then; and if you look tiently, like some slow disease that would be sharp, you can catch the eleven o'clock train.' surely cured in the grave. It had been so easy 'Yes, Sir; and thank you kindly, Sir.'

miss the train; that's all you have to take care of.

Mr. Marchmont went out into the garden again. ranged for getting this woman out of the way.

yet a possibility of keeping the secret of Mary's common law which could apply to it. Was it a

But was there any chance? Mr. Marchmont? sat down on a rickety old garden-seat, and tried to no criminal law, and would be be called upon

No; there was no hope for him. Look which } way he could, there was not one ray of light. With George Weston and Olivia, Betsey Murrel, the servant-girl, and Hester Jobson, to bear witness against him, what could he hope?

The surgeon would be able to declare that the session.

There was no hope. There was no possibility that Olivia should waver in her purpose; for had try, to turn sheep-breeder, and hold his own she not brought with her two witnesses—Hester against a race of agricultural savages. He was Jobson and her husband?

From that moment the case was taken out of \ would see that Mary had her rights.

'It will be a glorious specutation for them,' thought Paul Marchmont, who naturally measured clittle dinners at Greenwich and Richmond, or cut other people's characters by a standard derived (a grand figure at a country house, and collected a from an accurate knowledge of his own.

of a madwoman-or-the thunder-bolt of an of-brilliant inhabitants with hungry, yearning eyes, fended Providence. What should he do? Run through all the days of his poverty and obscurity. away, sneak away by back-lanes and narrow This was the world into which he had pushed himfoot-paths to the nearest railway-station, hide self at last by means of a crime. himself in a third-class carriage going London- He was forty years of age; and in all his life wards, and from London get away to Liverpool, he had never had but one ambition—and that to creep on board some emigrant vessel bound for was to be master of Marchmont Towers. The New York.

out the means of getting so much as the railway-prize, far away in the distance, but so brilliant ticket that should carry him on the first stage of as to blind him to the brightness of all nearer his flight. After having given ten pounds to chances. He was waiting. From the time when Mrs. Brown, he had only a few shillings in his he could scarcely speak plain, Marchmont Towers waistcoat pocket. He had only one article of had been a familiar word in his ears and on his any value about him, and that was his watch, lips. He knew the number of lives that stood which had cost fifty pounds. But the March-between his father and the estate, and had learnmont arms were emblazoned on the outside of ed to say, naively enough then:
the case; and Paul's name in full, and the ad'Oh, pa, don't you wish that Uncle Phillip, dress of Marchmont Towers, were estentatiously and Uncle Marmaduke, and Cousin John would engraved inside, so that any attempt to dispose die soon? of the watch must inevitably lead to the identifi- He was cation of the owner.

this evil day. Supreme in the consciousness of his own talents, he had never imagined discovery and destruction. His plans had been so well arranged. On the very day after Edward's second } marriage Mary and her child would have been conveyed away to the remotest district in Wales; and the artist would have laughed at the idea of The shallow schemer might have been

to deal with this ignorant and gentle victim that 'I don't want any thanks. See that you don't Paul had grown bold and confident, and had ignored the possibility of such ruin as had now come down upon him.

What was he to do? What was the nature of He had done something, at any rate; he had ar- his crime, and what penalty had he incurred? He tried to answer these questions, but, as his If if by any remote chance there might be offense was of no common kind, he knew of no existence, here was one witness already got rid felony, this appropriation of another person's property, this concealment of another person's existence? or was it only a conspiracy amenable to think—tried to take a deliberate survey of his merely to make restitution of that which he had position.

| merely to make restitution of that which he had spent and wasted? What did it matter? Either way there was nothing for him but ruin, irretrievable ruin.

There are some men who can survive discovery and defeat, and begin a new life in a new world, and succeed in a new career. But Paul Marchmont was not one of these. He could not child was Mary's son, her legitimate son, sole stick a hunting-knife and a brace of revolvers in heir to that estate of which Paul had taken pos-}his leathern belt, sling a game-bag across his shoulders, take up his breach-loading rifle, and go out into the back-woods of an uncivilized couna Cockney, and for him there was only one world -a world in which men wore varnished boots; The honest carpenter and his wife and enameled shirt-studs, with portraits of La Montespan or La Dubarry, and lived in chambers in the Albany, and treated each other to gallery of art and a museum of bric a brac. Yes, his ruin was complete. Destruction had was the world upon the outer edge of which Paul come upon him, swift and sudden as the caprice Marchmont had lived so long looking in at the

remote chance of that inheritance had hung be-He could not even do this; for he was with- fore him ever since his boyhood, a glittering

He was two-and-twenty years of age when his father died; and he felt a faint thrill of sat-Paul Marchmont had made no provision for isfaction, even in the midst of his sorrow, at the thought that there was one life the less between him and the end of his hopes. But other lives had sprung up in the interim. There was young Arthur and little Mary; and Marchmont Towers was like a caravanserai in the desert, which seems to be further and further away as the weary traveller strives to reach it.

Still Paul hoped, and watched, and waited. able to manage this poor broken-hearted girl, He had all the instincts of a sybarite, and he whose many sorrows had brought her to look fancied, therefore, that he was destined to be a upon life as a thing which was never meant to be rich man. He watched, and waited, and hoped, joyful, and which was only to be endured pa- and cheered his mother and sister when they

were downcast with the hope of better days. When the chance came he seized upon it, and sickening dread had taken possession of him, and plotted, and succeeded, and reveled in his brief what little manliness there ever had been in his

But now ruin had come to him what was he to do? He tried to make some plan for his own day! the hideous sunshine that scorched Mr. conduct, but he could not. with the effort which he made to realize his own garden!—he had left his hat in the house; but he position.

in the garden until a quarter to ten o'clock; then guish! The sick consciousness of utter defeat, he went into the house, and waited till Mrs. Brown had departed from Stony Stringford Farm, attended by the boy, who carried two bundles, a money that he had lavished on pictures, and decband-box, and a carpet-bag.

swing to after the departure of Mrs. Brown and he never felt one pang of remorse for the ago. her attendant, and then went to look at his horse. nies that he had inflicted upon his innocent vic-The patient animal had been standing in a shed tim; on the contrary, he hated her because of all this time, and had had neither food nor wa-? ter. Paul searched among the empty barns and how she and her young husband would enjoy all outhouses, and found a few handfuls of fodder. the grandeur of Marchmont Towers—all that no-He took this to the animal, and then went back ble revenue which he had hoped to hold till his to the garden—to that quiet garden, where the bees were buzzing about in the sunshine with a lt was growing dusk when Mr. Marchmont drowsy, booming sound, and where a great tabby heard the sound of wheels in the dusty lane out-

till the boy came back.

'I must see Lavinia,' he thought. 'I dare not leave this place till I have seen Lavinia. I could see by her face that she brought him no don't know what may be happening at Hillings | good news. She left her ponies to the care of worth or Kemberling. These things are taken the boy, and went into the garden with her up sometimes by the populace. They may make brother. a party against me, they may—' Well, Lavinia?'

He stood still, gnawing the edges of his nails,

and staring down at the gravel-walk.

He was thinking of things that he had read in the newspapers—cases in which some cruel mo-{ that infernal scoundrel!' cried Paul passionately. ther who had ill-used her child, or some suspected assassin who, in all human probability, had poisoned his wife, had been well nigh torn piece-} meal by an infuriated mob, and had been glad to 'I don't know. I sent for you because I cling for protection to the officers of justice, or wanted your help and advice. What's the good to beg leave to stay in prison after acquittal, for of your coming if you bring me no help? safe shelter from honest men and women's indfgnation.

populace, unable to get at a man's person, tore known. Olivia stopped the marriage publicly in down his house, and vented their fury upon un- Hillingsworth Church; and all the Hillingsworth sentient bricks and mortar.

Mr. Marchmont took out a little memorandum Kemberling. book, and scrawled a few lines in pencil:

I want to know what has happened at Kemberling somewhere. Paul, Paul, what are we to do? and at Hillingsworth. Find out every thing for The people hooted after me as I drove away from me, and come. P. M.'

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the boy returned. Paul gave him this letter and told the trying to get the crowd off the terrace. But what lad to get on his own horse, and ride to Kember-land to get on his own horse, and ride to Kember-ling as fast as he could go. He was to leave the horse at Kemberling, in Mr. Weston's stable, and was to come back to Stony Stringford with Mrs. to live for? You have a little money, I sup-Weston. This order Paul particularly impressed pose; I have none. Do you think I can go back upon the boy, lest he should stop in Kember-ton the log lest he should stop in Kember-ton the log live in that shabby house in Charlotte Street. ling, and reveal the secret of Paul's hiding-and live in that shabby house in Charlotte Street, place.

Mr. Paul Marchmont was afraid. A terrible nature seemed to have deserted him to day.

Oh, the long, dreary hours of that miserable His brain reeled Marchmont's bare head as he loitered about the did not even know that he was bareheaded. Oh, He walked up and down one of the path-ways the misery of that long day of suspense and anthe thought of the things that he might have done, the purse that he might have made with the orations, and improvements, and the profligate Come back here when you have taken those extravagance of splendid entertainments! This things to the station,' Paul said, 'I shall want you.' is what he thought of, and these were the thoughts He watched the dilapidated five-barred gate that tortured him. But in all that miserable day this discovery; and gnashed his teeth as he thought dying day.

cat was sleeping, stretched flat upon its side, on side the garden wall. He went through the one of the flower-beds. Paul Marchmont waited here very impatiently his sister Lavinia at the gate. It was the wheels

of her pony-carriage he had heard.
Mrs. Weston was very pale, and her brother

'Well, Paul, it is a dreadful business,' Mrs. Weston said, in a low voice.

'It's all George's doing! A It's all the work of 'But he shall pay bitterly for-

'Don't lefus talk of him, Paul; no good can come of that. What are you going to do?'

'Don't be cruel, Paul. Heaven knows I will do my best. But I can't see what's to be done—
He remembered one special case in which the except for you to get away, Paul. Every thing's people followed Edward Arundel's carriage to The report spread like wild fire; and oh, Paul! the Kemberling people have taken it up, and our windows have been broken, and 'I am here, at Stony Stringford Farm-house,' there's been a crowd all day upon the terrace of he wrote. 'For God's sake come to me, La-the Towers, and they've tried to get into the vinia, and at once; you can drive here yourself. house, declaring that they know you're hiding the High Street, and the boys threw stones at the ponies. Almost all the servants have left the Towers. The constables have been up there

long stretch of sea; the same low lurid streaks penalty or other for his share in the business, unof light—all the old subjects over again—for the (less he's bought over as a witness to testify to the same starvation prices? Do you think I can identity of Mary's child. I haven't time to think ever tolerate shabby clothes again, or miserable of all this. I want you to promise me that you makeshift dinners—hashed mutton, with ill-cut will take care of your mother and your invalid hunks of lukewarm meat floating about in greasy sister.' slop called gravy, and washed down with flat of will, Paul. I will indeed. But tell me what porter, fetched half an hour too soon from a public house—do you think I can go back to that! going.'

No; I have tasted the cream of life; I have of down, Paul Marchmont answered, in lived; and I'll never go back to the living death the same tone as before; but whatever I do I called poverty. Do you think I can stand in that want you to give me your solemn promise that by an infuriated baker? No, Lavinia; I have done. made my venture, and I have failed.'

'But what will you do, Paul?'

'I don't know,' he answered, moodily.

meant to do; he would kill himself.

kind of courage. He would escape from the mob; when you once get away from this place. But he would get away somewhere or other quietly, remember one thing, Lavinia; if Mary Arundel's and there kill himself. He didn't know how as child should die, and Mary herself should die yet; but he would deliberate upon that point at childless, Clarissa will inherit Marchmont Tow-his leisure, and choose the death that was sup-{ers. Don't forget that. There's a chance far posed to be least painful.

'Where are my mother and Clarissa?' he asked,

presently.

'They are at our house; they came to me directly they heard the rumor of what had hap- try and think of that, Paul, and let the hope pened. I don't know how they heard it; but cheer you.' every one heard of it simultaneously as it seemed. Hope!' cried Mr. Marchmont, with a discord-My mother is in a dreadful state. I dared not ant laugh. 'Yes; I'm forty years old, and for tell her that I had known it all along.'

'She kept saying again and again, "I can't believe it. I can't believe that he could do any darkness of a midsummer's evening; and there thing cruel; he has been such a good son."'

'I was not cruel,' Paul Marchmont cried, vehemently; 'the girl had every comfort. I never grudged money for her comfort. She was a mis-fin getting there; I may be locked out by Mr. Ederable, apathetic creature, to whom fortune was ward Arundel if I don't take care. almost a burden rather than an advantage. If I separated her from her husband-bah!-was that farm-yard. It was sixteen miles from Kembersuch a cruelty? She was no worse off than if ling to Stony-Stringford; and the ponies were accident; and it might have been so.

and a good brother.

'What money have you, Lavinia?'

the money you have given me.'

vinia. I have been a good son, and I have borne habitation. my burdens uncomplainingly. It is your turn now to bear yours. I must get back to Marchmont Towers, if I can, and gather together whatever personal property I have there. It isn't much— only a few trinkets, and such like. You must send me some one you can trust to fetch those tonight; for I shall not stay an hour in the place. I' may not even be admitted into it; for Edward

'I will, Paul; I promise you to do as you have

'You had better leave Kemberling by the first train to-morrow morning; take my mother and Clarissa with you; take every thing that is worth This was a tic. He knew well enough what he taking, and leave Weston behind you to bear the brunt of this business. You can get a lodging in That resolution inspired him with a desperate; the old neighborhood, and no one will molest you away, and unlikely enough; but it is a chance.'

'But you are more likely to outlive Mary and her child than Clarissa is, Mrs. Weston answered, with a feeble attempt at hopefulness;

'Oh, of course not,' answered Paul, with a waited for Marchmont Towers. I can't hope any sneer; 'let me bear the burden of my guilt alone. longer, or wait any longer. I give it up; I've What did my mother say?'

It was nearly dark by this time, the shadowy

were stars shining faintly out of the sky.

'You can drive me back to the Towers,' Paul Marchmont said. 'I don't want to lose any time

Mis. Weston and her brother went back to the Edward Arundel had been killed in that railway steaming, for Lavinia had come at a good rate. But it was no time for the consideration of horse-He didn't waste much time by reasoning on flesh. Paul took a rug from the empty seat and this point. He thought of his mother and sis-/wrapped himself in it. He would not be likely ters. From first to last he had been a good son to be recognized in the darkness, sitting back in the low seat, and made bulky by the ponderous covering in which he had enveloped himself. 'A good deal; you have been very generous to Mrs. Weston took the whip from the boy, gathme, Paul; and you shall have it all back again if ered up the reins, and drove off. Paul had left you want it. I have got upward of two thousand no orders about the custody of the old farm-pounds altogether; for I have been very careful of house. The boy went home to his master, at the other end of the farm; and the night-winds wan-'You have been wise. Now listen to me, La-dered wherever they listed through the deserted

CHAPTER XLII.

'THERE IS CONFUSION WORSE THAN DEATH.'

THE brother and sister exchanged very few Arundel may have already taken possession in words during the drive between Stony-Stringford his wife's name. Then you will have to decide and Marchmont Towers. It was arranged bewhere you are to go. You can't stay in this part tween them that Mrs. Weston should drive by a of the country. Weston must be liable to some back way leading to a lane that skirted the edge of the river; and that Paul should get out at a gate opening into the wood, and by that means the back of the Towers, and under an archway make his way unobserved, to the house which leading into the quadrangle. All about the house had so lately been to all intents and purposes his

He dared not attempt to enter the Towers by to inflict summary vengeance upon the persecutor

of a helpless girl.

It was between nine and ten o'clock when Mr. Marchmont got out at the little gate. All here was as still as death; and Paul heard the croaking of the frogs upon the margin of a little pool in the wood, and the sound of horses' hoofs a mile away upon the loose gravel by the water-

'On yes, dear; but hadn't you better take any { thing of value yourself?' Mrs. Weston asked, } 'You say you have no money. Feranxiously. haps it would be best for you to send me the jew- casements. Lavinia was right, then; almost all elry, though, and I can send you what money you the servants had left the Towers. Paul tried to elry, though, and I can send you what money you want by my messenger.

enough for what I want. What have you done

with your savings:'

'They are in a London bank. But I have plenty of ready money in the house. You must lery-maid, whom Paul could not remember to want money, Paul?'

'I tell you, no. I have as much as I want.'

But tell me your plans, Paul; I must know your plans before I leave Lincolnshire myself. Are you going away?'

'Yes.'

'Immediately?

'Immediately.'

'Shall you go to London?' 'Perhaps. I don't know yet.'

'I'll write to you.'

'Where?'

'At the post-office in Rathbone Place. Don't bother me with a lot of questions to-night, Lavinia; I'm not in the humor to answer them.

Paul Marchmont turned away from his sister impatiently, and opened the gate; but before she

had driven off he went back to her.

my dear; it may be a long time before you and I by tellin' 'em as it warn't your property, Sir, but meet again.'

He bent down and kissed his sister.

messenger directly. He had better come to the | Sir, except Mr. Peterson; and Mr. Gormby give door of the lobby, near Olivia's room. Where is orders as me and mother was to lock all the Olivia, by-the-by? Is she still with the step- doors, and let no one in upon no account whatdaughter she loves so dearly?"

ternoon. A fly was ordered from the Black Bull,

and she went away in it.'

'So much the better,' answered Mr. Marchmont. 'Good-night, Lavinia. mother think ill of me. I tried to do the best I give orders as to who comes in or stops out? I'm could to make her happy. Good-by.

'Good-by, dear Paul; God bless you?'

The blessing was invoked with as much sincerity as if Lavinia Weston had been a good woman, and her brother a good man. Perhaps ? neither of those two was able to realize the extent of the crime which they had assisted each special orders; which were that Paul should, other to commit.

Mrs. Weston drove away; and Paul went up to was as quiet as if the Sleeping Beauty and her

court had been its only occupants.

The inhabitants of Kemberling and the neighany other way; for the indignant populace might borhood were an orderly people, who burnt few still be lurking about the front of the house, eager candles between May and September; and however much they might have desired to avenge Mary Arundel's wrongs by tearing Paul Marchmout to pieces, their patience had been exhausted by nightfall, and they had been glad to return to their respective abodes to discuss Paul's iniquities comfortably over the nine o'clock beer.

Paul stood still in the quadrangle for a few moments, and listened. He could hear no human breath or whisper; he only heard the sound of Good-night, Lavinia, he said. Send for the the corn-crake in the fields to the right of the things as soon as you go back; and be sure you Towers, and the distant rumbling of wagon-send a safe person for them.' of light in one of the windows belonging to the servants' offices-only one dim glimmer, where there had usually been a row of brilliantly-lighted open the half-glass door leading into the lobby; I sha'n't want any money—at least I have but it was locked. He rang a bell; and after about three minutes' delay a buxom country-girl appeared in the lobby carrying a candle. She was some kitchen-maid, or dairy-maid, or sculhave ever seen until now. She opened the door and admitted him, dropping a courtesy as he passed her. There was some relief even in this. Mr. Marchmont had scarcely expected to get into the house at all; still less to be received with common civility by any of the servants, who had so lately obeyed him and fawned upon him.

'Where are all the rest of the servants?' he

asked.

'They're all gone, Sir; except him as you But when shall we see you again, Paul? or brought down from London-Mr. Peterson-and how shall we hear of you?' brought down from London-Mr. Peterson-and me and mother. Mother's in the laundry, Sir;

and I'm scullery-maid.'

'Why did the other servants leave the place?' 'Mostly because they was afraid of the mob upon the terrace, I think, Sir; for there's been people all the afternoon throwin' stones and breakin' the windows; and I don't think as there's a whole pane of glass in the front of the house, Sir; and Mr. Gormby, Sir, he come about four 'Shake hands, Lavinia,' he said; 'shake hands, o'clock, and he got the people to go away, Sir, the young lady's, Miss Mary Marchmont-leastways, Mrs. Airendale—as they was destroyin' of; Drive home as fast as you can, and send the but most of the servants had gone before that, ever; and he's comin' to-morrow mornin' to take 'No; she went to Swampington early in the af- possession, he says; and please, Sir, you can't come in; for his special orders to me and mother was, no one, and you, in particklar.

'Nonsense, girl!' exclaimed Mr. Marchmont, Don't let my decisively; 'who is Mr. Gormby, that he should only coming in for haif an hour, to pack my

portmanteau. Where's Peterson?'

'In the dinin'-room, Sir; but please, Sir, you musn't-

The girl made a feeble effort to intercept Mr. Marchmont, in accordance with the steward's upon no pretense whatever, be suffered to enter

that house. But the artist snatched the candle-) send here for the rest to-morrow morning. stick from her hand, and went away toward the {needn't wait for me now. I'll follow you in hat dining-room, leaving her to stare after him in stu- {

pid amazement.

Paul found his valet Peterson, taking what he called a snack, in the dining room. A cloth was spread upon the corner of the table; and there was a fore-quarter of cold roast lamb, a bottle of French brandy, and a decanter half full of Madeira before the valet. He started as his master entered the room, and looked up, not very respectfully; but with no unfriendly glance.

Give me half a tumbler of that brandy, Pe-

terson," said Mr. Marchmont.

The man obeyed; and Paul drained the fiery spirit as if it had been so much water.

'Why dida't you go away with the rest.' he asked, as he set down the empty glass.

'It's only rats, Sir, that run away from a fall-} ing house. I stopped, thinkin' you'd be going } away somewhere, and that you'd want me.

The solid and unvarnished truth of the matter was that Peterson had taken it for granted that his master had made an excellent purse against } this evil day, and would be ready to start for the Continent or America, there to lead a pleasant life upon the proceeds of his iniquity. The valet life upon the proceeds of his iniquity. never imagined his master guilty of such besotted folly as to leave himself unprepared for this catastrophe.

'I thought you might still want me, Sir,' he said, 'and wherever you're going I'm quite ready to go to. You've been a good master to me, Sir; and I don't want to leave a good master because

things go against him.

Paul Marchmont shook his head, and held out the empty tumbler, for his servant to pour more

brandy into it.

'I am going away,' he said; 'but I want no servant where I'm going; but I'm grateful to you for your offer, Peterson. Will you come up stairs with me? I want to pack a few things.

'They're all packed, Sir. I knew you'd be

leaving, and I've packed everything.'

'My dressing-case?'

'Yes, Sir. You've got the key of that.'

'Yes; I know, I know.'

Paul Marchmont was silent for a few minutes, Every thing that he had in the way of personal property of any value was in the dressing-case of which he had spoken. was five or six hundred pounds worth of jewelry in Mr. Marchmont's dressing-case; for the firsinstinct of the nouveau riche exhibits itself in diamond shirt-studs; cameo rings; malachite death's heads with emerald eyes; grotesque and pleasing charms in the form of coffins, coal-scuttles, and hob-nailed boots; fantastical lockets of ruby and enamel; wonderful bands of massive yellow gold, studded with diamonds wherein to insert \{ the two ends of flimsy lace cravats. Mr. Marchmont reflected upon the amount of his possessions, and their security in the jewel-drawer of his dressing-case. The dressing case was furnished with a Chubb's lock, the key of which he carried

in his waistcoat pocket. Yes, it was all safe.

'Look here, Peterson,' said Paul Marchmont;
'I think I shall sleep at Mrs. Weston's to-night. I should like you to take my dressing-case down

there at once.

'And how about the other luggage, Sir—the

Never mind those. I want you to put the drug that would reduce the agony of death to the dressing-case safe in my sister's hands. I can space of a lightning's flash. There were pistols,

You an hour.'

'Yes, Sir. You want the dressing-case carried to Mrs. Weston's house, and I'm to wait for you there.
Yes; you can wait for me.'

'But is there nothing else I can do, Sir?'
'Nothing whatever. I've only got to collect. few papers, and then I shall follow you.'

The discreet Peterson bowed, and retired to fetch the dressing-case. He put his own construction upon Mr. Marchmont's evident desire to get rid of him, and to be lest alone at the Paul had, of course, made a purse, Towers. and had doubtless put his money away in some very artful hiding-place, whence he now wanted to take it at his leisure. He had stuffed one of his pillows with bank notes, perhaps; or had hidden a cash-box behind the tapestry in his bedchamber; or had buried a bag of gold in the flower-garden below the terrace. Mr. Peterson went up stairs to Paul's dressing-room, put his hand through the strap of the dressing-case, which was very heavy, went down stairs again, met his master in the hall, and went out at the lobby door.

Paul locked the door upon his valet, and then went back into the lonely house, where the ticking of the clocks in the tenantless rooms sounded unnaturally loud in the stillness. All the windows had been broken; and though the shutters were shut, the cold night air blew in at many a crack and cranny; and well-nigh extinguished Mr. Marchmont's candle as he went

from room to room looking about him.

He went into the western drawing-room, and lighted some of the lamps in the principal chandelier. The shutters were shut, for the windows here, as well as elsewhere, had been broken; fragments of shivered glass, great, jagged stones, and handfuls of gravel, lay about upon the rich carpet-the velvet-pile which he had chosen with such artistic taste, such careful deliberation. He lit the lamps and walked about the room, looking for the last time at his treasures. Yes his treasures. It was he who had transformed this chamber from a prim, old-fashioned sitting-room, with quaint, japanned cabinets, and shabby, chintz-cushioned cane-chairs, cracked Indian vases, and a faded carpet, into a saloon that would have been no discredit to Buckingham Palace or Alton Towers.

It was he who had made the place what it was. He had squandered the savings of Mary's minority upon pictures that the richest collector in England might have been proud to own; upon porcelain that would have been worthy of a place in the Vienna Museum or the Bernal Collection. He had done this, and these things were to pass into the possession of the man he hated—the fiery young soldier who had horsewhipped him before the face of wondering Lincolnshire. He walked about the room, thinking of his life since he had come into possession of this place, and of what it had been before that time, and what it must be again, unless he summoned up a desperate courage-and killed himself.

His heart beat fast and loud, and he felt an icy chill creeping slowly through his every vein as he thought of this. How was he to kill himself? He had no poison in his possession-no deadly the buhl-cabinets in that very room; there was a fowling-piece and ammunition in Mr. Marchmont's dressing-room; but the artist was not expert with the use of fire-arms, and he might fail in the attempt to blow out his brains, and only half blocked up with bricks by some former ten-maim or disfigure himself hideously. There was ant as badly off as himself. He could look back maim or disfigure himself hideously. There was the river—the slow, black river; but, then, drowning is a slow death, and Heaven only knows how long the agony may seem to the wretch who endures it! Alas! the ghastly truth of the matter is, that Mr. Marchmont was afraid of death. Look at the King of Terrors how he would be could not discover any pleasing aspect } under which he could meet the grim monarch \ without flinching

He looked at life; but if life was less terrible than death, it was not less dreary. He looked forward with a shudder to see-what? Humiliation, disgrace, perhaps punishment-life-long transportation, it may be; for this base conspiracy might be a criminal offense, amenable to crimina! law. Or, escaping all this, what was there for him? What was there for this man even then? For forty years he had been steeped to the lips in poverty, and had endured his life. He looked back now, and wondered how it was that he had been patient; he wondered why he had not made an end of himself and his obscure trouble twenty years before this night. But after looking back a little longer, he saw the star which had illumined the darkness of that miserable and sordid existence, and he understood the reason of his endurance. He had hoped. Day after day he had got up to go through the same troubles, to endure the same humiliations; but every day, when his life had been hardest to him, he had said, 'Tomorrow I may be master of Marchmont Towers. But he could never hope this any more; he could not go back to watch and wait again, beguiled by the faint hope that Mary Arundel's son might } die, and to hear by-and-by that other children were born to her to widen the great gulf betwixt him and fortune.

He looked back, and he saw that he had lived from day to day, from year to year, lured on by this one hope. He looked forward, and he saw that he could not live without it.

There had never been but this one road to good fortune open to him. He was a clever man, but his was not the cleverness which can transmute itself into solid cash. He could only paint indifferent pictures; and he had existed long enough } by picture painting to realize the utter hopelessness of success in that career.

He had borne his life while he was in it, but he could not bear to go back to it. He had been then he took a cardle and went to the lobby. out of it, and had tasted another phase of existence; and he could see it all now plainly, as if he had been a spectator sitting in the boxes and watching a dreary play performed upon a stage before him. The performers in the remotest provincial theatre believe in the play they are acting. The omnipotence of passion creates dewy { groves and moonlit atmospheres ducal robes and beautiful women. But the metropolitan spectator, in whose mind the memory of better things is still fresh, sees that moonlit trees are poor distemper daubs, pushed on by dirty carpenters, and the moon a green bottle borrowed from a drugand ugly.

So Paul looked at the life he had en-

rare gems of choicest workmanship, in one of dured, and wondered as he saw how horrible it

He could see the shabby lodging, the faded furniture, the miserable handful of fire struggling with the smoke in a shallow grate, that had been at that dismal room, with the ugly paper on the walls, the scanty curtains flapping in the wind that they pretended to shut out; the figure of his mother sitting near the fire-place, with that pale, anxious face, which was a perpetual complaint against hardship and discomfort. He could see his sister standing at the window in the dusky twilight, patching up some worn-out garment, and straining her eyes for the sake of economizing in the matter of half an inch of candle. And the street below the window-the shabby-genteel street, with a dingy shop breaking out here and there, and children playing on the door-steps, and a muffin-bell jingling through the evening fog, and a melancholy Italian grinding 'Home, sweet Home!' in the patch of lighted road opposite the pawnbroker's. He saw it all; and it was all alike sordid, miserable, hopeless.

Paul Marchmont had never sunk so low as his cousin John. He had never descended so far in the social scale as to carry a banner at Drury Lane, or to live in one room in Oakley Street, Lambeth. But there had been times when to pay the rent of three rooms had been next kin to an impossibility to the artist, and when the honorarium of a shilling a night would have been very acceptable to him. He had drained the cup of poverty to the dregs; and now the cup was filled again, and the bitter draught was offered to him.

He must drink that, or another potion-a sleeping draught, which is commonly called Death. He must die! But how? His coward heart sank as the horrible alternative pressed closer upon nim. He must die-to-night-at once-in that house; so that when they came in the morning to eject him they would have little trouble; they would only have to carry out a corpse.

He walked up and down the room, biting his finger-nails to the quick, but coming to no resolution, until he was interrupted by the ringing of the bell at the lobby-door. It was the messenger from his sister, no doubt. Paul drew his watch from his waistcoat pocket, unfastened his chain, took a set of gold studs from the breast of his shirt, and a signet-ring from his finger; then he sat down at a writing-table, and packed the watch and chain, the studs and signet-ring, and a bunch of keys, in a large envelope. He sealed this packet, and addressed it to his sister; Mrs. Weston had sent a young man who was an assistant and pupil of her husband's-a goodtempered young fellow, who willingly served her in her hour of trouble. Paul gave this young man the key of his dressing-case and packet.

'You will be sure and put that in my sister's hands,'he said.

'Oh yes, Sir. Mrs. Weston gave me this letter for you, Sir. Am I to wait for an answer?

'No; there will be no answer. Good-night.'

'Good-night, Sir.'

The young man went away, and Paul Marchthe moon a green bottle borrowed from a drug-mont heard him whistle a popular melody as he gist's shop; the ducal robes, cotton velvet and walked along the cloistered way and out of the tarnished tinsel; and the heroine of the drama old quadrangle by a low archway commonly used by the trades-people who came to the Towers.

The artist stood and listened to the young

ble thrill of anguish, he remembered that he had were; ghastly Germanic demons and witches figures of the two women moving about in a great { gas-lit chamber upon the other side of the quadrangle—a building which had no communication { with the rest of the house. He was to die that night; and he had not yet even determined how How was he to kill himself: he was to die.

He mechanically opened Mrs. Weston's letter. It was only a few lines, telling him that Peterson } had arrived with the portmanteau and dressingcase, and that there would be a comfortable room prepared for Mr. Marchmont. 'I am so glad in every light, and weighed it in every scale-alyou have changed your mind, and are coming to ways with the same result? Yes, I know that me, Paul, Mrs. Weston concluded. 'Your man- there is nothing after the one short pang, any ner when we parted to-night almost alarmed more than there is pain in the nerve of a tooth me.'

his hand. Then he went back to the western body, and the soul is dead. Why should I be drawing room. He heard strange noises in the afraid? One short pain—it will seem long, I empty rooms as he passed by their open doors, dare say—and then I shall lie still for ever and weird, creaking sounds and melancholy moanings in the wide chimneys. It seemed as if all the ghosts of Marchmont Towers were astir tonight, moved by an awful prescience of some coming horror.

Paul Marchmont was an atheist; but atheism, although a very pleasing theme for a critical and argumentative discussion after a lobster supper and unlimited champagne, is but a poor staff to \ lean upon when the worn-out traveler approaches \ the mysterious portals of the unknown land.

The artist had boasted of his belief in annihilation, and had declared himself perfectly satisfied doctrine of purgatory, and that after cycles of with a materialistic or pantheistic arrangement | years of suffering he might rise at last, purified of the universe, and very indifferent as to whether he cropped up in future years as a summercabbage or a new Raphael, so long as the ten stone or so of matter of which he was composed { was made use of some how or other, and did its duty in the great scheme of a scientific universe. But oh! how that empty, soulless creed slipped (away from him now, when he stood alone in this tenantless house, shuddering at strange spirit noises, and horrified by a host of mystic fearsgigantic, shapeless terrors—that crowded in his empty, godless mind, and filled it with their } hideous presence!

He had refused to believe in a personal God. He had laughed at the idea that there was any deity to whom the individual can appeal in his? hour of grief or trouble, with the hope of any? separate mercy, any special grace. He had rejected the Christian's simple creed, and nownow that he had floated away from the shores of life, and felt himself borne upon an irresistible \ current to that mysterious other side, what did he } not believe in?

Every superstition that has ever disturbed the soul of ignorant man lent some one awful featthaginian goddesses, thirsting for the hot blood offended Maker, the words that he tries to speak torn limb from limb by savage beasts; Babylonian mighty mysteries of heaven and hell, but he can abominations; Egyptian Isis and Osiris; classical not pray. divinities, with flaming swords and pale impassi-

man's departing footsteps. Then, with a horri-{ble faces, rigid as the Destiny whose type they seen his last of human kind; he had heard his all the dread avengers that man, in the knowllast of human voices: for he was to kill himself edge of his own wickedness, has ever shadowed that night. He stood in the dark lobby, looking for himself out of the darkness of his ignorant out into the quadrangle. He was quite alone in mind, swelled that ghastly crowd, until the artthe house; for the girl who had let him in was in ist's brain reeled, and he was fain to sit with his the laundry with her mother. He could see the head in his hands, trying, by a great effort of the will, to exorcise these loathesome phantoms.

'I must be going mad,' he muttered to himself.

'I am going mad.

But still the great question was unanswered,

'I must settle that,' he thought. 'I dare not think of any thing that may come afterward. Besides, what should come? I know that there is nothing. Haven't I heard it demonstrated by cleverer men than I am? Haven't I looked at it when the tooth is gone. The nerve was the soul Paul groaned aloud as he crushed the letter in of the tooth, I suppose; but wrench away the ever, and melt slowly back into the elements out of which I was created. Yes; I shall lie stilland be nothing.

Paul Marchmont sat thinking of this for a long time. Was it such a great advantage, after all, this annihilation, the sovereign good of the atheist's barren creed? It seemed to-night to this man as if it would be better to be any thing, to suffer any anguish, any penalty for his sins, than to be blotted out for ever and ever from any conscious part in the grand harmony of the universe. If he could have believed in that Roman Catholic from his sins, worthy to dwell among the angels, how differently would death have appeared to him! He might have gone away to hide himself in some foreign city, to perform patient daily sacrifices, humble acts of self-abnegation, every one of which should be a new figure, however small a one, to be set against the great sum of his sin.

But he could not believe. There is a vulgar proverb which says, 'You can not have your loaf and eat it; or, if proverbs would only be grammatical, it might be better worded, 'You can not eat your loaf, and have it to eat on some future occasion.' Neither can you indulge in rationalistic discussions or epigrammatic pleasantry about the great Creator who made you, and then turn to Him in the dreadful hour of your despair: 'O my God, whom I have insulted and offended, help the miserable wretch who for twenty years has obstinately shut his heart against Thee!' It may be that God would forgive and hear even at that last supreme moment, as He heard the penitent thief upon the cross; but the penitent thief had been a sinner, not an unbeliever, and he could pray. The hard heart of the atheist freezes in ure to that crowd of hideous images uprising in his breast when he would repent and put away this man's mind. Awful Chaldean gods and Car- his iniquities. When he would fain turn to his of human sacrifices, greedy for hecatombs of die away upon his lips; for the habit of blasphemy children flung shricking into fiery furnaces, or is too strong upon him; he can blague upon all the

Paul Marchmont could not fashion a prayer.

Horrible witticisms arose up between him and / Ah, how pretty they were! How elegant he the words he would have spoken-ghast'y bon had made them in his reckless disregard of exriots, that had seemed so brilliant at a lamp-lit perse, his artistic delight in the task of beautifi-dinner-table, spoken to a joyous accompaniment cation! There were no shutters here, and the of champagne-corks and laughter. Ah ne! the summer breeze blew in through the broken win-world was behind this man now, with all its dows, and street the gauzy muslin curtains, the pleasures; and he looked back upon it, and gay chintz draperies, the cloud-like festoons of Sought that, even when it seemed gayest and silk and lace. Paul Marchmont went from room brightest, it was only like a great roaring fair, to room with the flaring candle in his hand, and th flaring lights, and noisy showmen clamoring wherever there were curtains or draperies about forever to a struggling crowd.

and cut his throat?

ture, a girl's face by Millais, locking through the ersed the long corridor, and coming back thus to moonlight, fantastically beautiful. He stood betthe stairs. He went down stairs again, and fore this picture, and he felt one small strarate returned to the western drawing room. Then pang amidst all his misery as he remembered the blew out his candle, turned out the gas, and that Edward and Mary Arundel were now pos-/waited.

sessors of this particular gem.
'They sha'n't have it,' he muttered to himself;

'they sha'n't have this, at any rate.

He took a penknife from his pocket, and ripped? the canvas across and across savagely, till it Paul Marchmont thought. hung in ribbons from the deep-gilded frame.

Then he smiled to himself, for the first time it, and then took the key from the lock. since he had entered that house, and his eyes? Sashed with a sudden light.

napalus!'

There was a fragile piece of furniture near him -an étagère of marqueterie work, loaded with {rate,' he thought. costly bric a brac, Oriental porcelain, Sèvres and Dresden, old Chelsea and crown Derby cups and was as light as day. Mr. Marchmont went away saucers, and quaint tea-pots, crawling vermin in from the window, feeling his way, among the Pallissy ware, Indian monstrosities, and all man-{chairs and tables. He could see the red light ner of expensive absurdities, heaped together in through the crevices of the shutters, and a lurid artistic confusion. Paul Marchmont struck the patch of sky through that one window, the upper slim leg of the étagère with his foot, and laughed half of which he had left open. He sat down, aloud as the fragile toys fell into a ruined heap somewhere near the centre of the room, and upon the carpet. He stamped upon the broken waited.

china; and the frail cups and saucers cracked like The smoke will kill me, he thought. I shall egg-shells under his savage feet.

'I will die like Sardanapalus!' he cried; 'the King Arbaces shall never rest in the palace I

Lave beautified.

"Now order here Fagots, pine-nuts, and wither'd leaves, and such Things as catch fire with one sole spark; Bring cedar, too, and precious drugs, and spices, And mighty planks, to nourish a tell pile; Bring frankincense and myrth, too; for it is For a great sacrifice I build the pyre."

I don't think much of your blank verse, George know whether this was penitence; but looking at Gordon Noel Byron. Your lines end on lame that enacted story, Paul Marchmont thought that syllables; your ten-syllable blank verse lacks the his own part in the play was a mistake, and that fiery ring of your thymes. I wonder whether it was a foolish thing to be a villain. Marchmont Towers is insured? Yes, I remember paying a premium last Christmas. They may have a sharp tussle with the insurance companies a fire-engine out of order, and drawn by whoopthough. Yes, I will die like Saidanapalus—no, ing men and boys, came hurrying up to the Townot like him, for I have no Myrrha to mount the ers, they found a blazing edifice, which looked pile and cling about me to the last. Pshaw! a like an enchanted castle-great stone-framed winmodern Myrrha would leave Sardanapalus to dows vomiting flame; tall chimneys toppling down perish alone, and be off to make herself safe with upon a fiery roof; molten lead, like water turned the new king.

Paul snatched up the candle, and went out into the hall. His gray eyes had a strange light in blazing ruin. them. His manner had that feverish excitement which the French call exaltation. He ran up the which the French can example. He ran up the Kemberling nremen and the Swampington fire-broad stairs leading to the long corridor, out of men, who came by-and-by, were neither sala-which his own rooms, and his mother's and sis-wanders nor Braidwoods. They stood aloof and ter's rooms opened.

the windows, the beds, the dressing-tables, the How should he die? Should he go up stairs low leunging-chairs, and cozy little sofas, he set a light to them He did this with worderful He stood before one of his pictures—a pet pic-trapidity, leaving flames behind him as he trav-

'How soon will it come?' he thought.

The shutters were shut, and the room was quite dark.

'Shall I ever have courage to stop till it comes?'

He groped his way to the door, double-locked

He went to one of the windows, clambered upon a chair, opened the top-shutter, and flung I have lived like Sardanapalus for the last the key out through the broken window. He year,' he cried aloud, 'and I will die like Sarda- heard it strike jingling upon the stone terrace, and then bound away Heaven knows where.

'I sha'n't be able to go out by the door, at any

It was quite dark in the room, but outside it

know nothing of the fire.'

He sat quite still. He had trembled violently while he had gone from room to room doing his horrible work; but his nerves seemed steadier now. Steadier! why, he was transformed to stone! His heart seemed to have stopped heating; and he only knew by a sick anguish, a dull aching pain, that it was still in his breast.

He sat waiting and thinking. In that time all the long story of the past was acted before him, and he saw what a wretch he had been. I do not

When a great flock of frightened people, with ers, they found a blazing edifice, which looked to fire, streaming in flaming cataracts upon the terrace; and all the sky lit up by that vast pile of Only salamanders could have approached Marchmont Towers that night. Kemberling firemen and the Swampington firesquirted water at the flames, and recoiled aghast

gigantic skeleton of red hot stone where March- shire. mont Towers once had been.

lips to hers.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

MARY and Edward Arundel saw the awful light of papa's big steps.
in the sky, and heard the voices of the people. To my mind, it is a great pity that children are in the sky, and heard the voices of the people shouting in the street below, and calling to one not children forever—that the pretty baby-boy by another that Marchmont Towers was on fire.

there is no one in the house. may be no one in the house!'

girl's prayer was heard before the throne of an opposed to Harrow, and was balancing the conawful Judge, pleading for the soul of a wicked flicting advantages of classical Oxford and math-.man!

from Lawford Grange with her confidential maid, bons and sashes fluttering in the breeze, without and carried off her daughter-in-law and the baby thinking of his son's future appearance in the on the first stage of the journey into Devonshire. uniform of his own regiment, gorgeous in the Before she left Kemberling Mary was told that no splendid crash of a levee at St. James's. dead body had been found among the ruins of the Towers; and this assertion deluded her into the happy time, with the baby for the foundation-belief that no unhappy creature had perished. So stone of all of them! The Baby! Why, that she went to Dangerfield happier than she had definite article alone expresses an infinity of foolever been since the sunny days of her honey-ish love and admiration. Nobody says the father, moon, to wait there for the coming of Edward the husband, the mother. It is my father, my Arundel, who was to stay behind to see Richard husband, as the case may be. But every baby, Paulette and Mr. Gormby, and to secure the testimony of Mr. Weston and Betsy Murrel with a St. Luke's, is 'the' baby. The infant's reign is view to the identification of Mary's little son, (short, but his royalty is supreme, and no one prewho had been neither registered nor christened.

I have no need to dwell upon this process of identification, registration, and christening child whose feeble cry he had heard in the Octhrough which Master Edward Arundel had to tober twilight, and had not recognized. He was pass in the course of the next month. I had rather never tired of reproaching himself for this omisskip this dry-as-dust business, and go on to that sion. That baby-voice ought to have awakened a happy time which Edward and his young wife strange thrill in the young father's breast. spent together under the oaks at Dangerfield; That time at Dangerfield was the happiest periods the property of the course o

by-and-by when the roof came down like an ava-/in a pretty pastoral little nook, which was a fair lanche of blazing timber, leaving only a gaunt oasis amidst the general dreariness of Lincoln-

I need scarcely say that the grand feature of this happy time was THE BABY. It will be of When it was safe to venture in among the ru-course easily understood that this child stood ins-and this was not for many hours after the alone among babies. There never had been anfire had burnt itself out—people looked for Paul other such infant; it was more than probable Marchmont; but amidst all that vast chaos of there would never again be such a one. In every smouldering ashes there was nothing found that attribute of babyhood he was a twelvemouth in could be identified as the remains of a human be-}advance of the rest of his race. Prospective ing. No one knew where the artist had been at greatness was stamped upon his brow. He would the time of the fire, or indeed whether he had be a Clive or a Wellington, unless indeed he been in the house at all; and the popular opinion should have a fancy for the Bar and the Woolwas, that Paul had set fire to the mansion, and sack, in which case he would be a little more eruhad fled away before the flames began to spread. I dite than Lyndhurst, a trifle more eloquent than But Lavinia Weston knew better than this. She Brougham. All this was palpable to the meanest knew now why her brother had sent her every capacity in the very manner in which the child scrap of valuable property belonging to him. She crowed in his nurse's arms, or choked himself understood now why he had come back to bid her with farinaceous food, or smiled recognition at good-night for the second time, and press his cold his young father, or performed the simplest act {common to infancy.

I think Mr. Sant would have been pleased to paint one of those summer scenes at Dangerfield The proud soldier-father; the pale young wife; the handsome, matronly grandmother; and, as the mystic centre of that magic circle, the tod-DEAR IS THE MEMORY OF OUR WEDDED LIVES. dling, flaxen-haired baby, held up by his father's hands, and taking caricature strides in imitation

Sant, all rosy, and flaxen, and blue-eyed, should The young mistress of the burning pile had very ever grow into a great, angular, pre-Raphaelite little concern for her property. She only kept hobadahoy, horribly big and out of drawing. But saying, again and again, Oh, Edward! I hope neither Edward, nor Mary, nor, above all, Mrs. God grant there Arundel, were of this opinion. They were as eager for the child to grow up and enter for the And when the flames were highest, and it great races of this life, as some speculative turf seemed by the light in the sky as it all Lincoln- magnate who has given a fancy price for a year-shire had been blazing, Edward Arundel's wife light, and is pining to see the animal a far-famed flore herself were herself when the second races and respectively.

flung herself upon her knees, and prayed aloud three-year-old, and winner of the double event. for any unhappy creature that might be in peril. Before the child had cut a double-tooth Mrs. Oh, if we could dare to think that this innocent Arundel, senior. had decided in favor of Eton as ematical Cambridge; while Edward could not see Early the next morning Mrs. Arundel came the baby-boy rolling on the grass, with blue rib-

> How many airy castles were erected in that Esumes to question his despotic rule.

Edward Arundel almost worshiped the little

that bright second honey moon season, while they riod of Mary's life. All her sorrows had melted were as yet houseless; for a pretty villa-like man-sion was being built on the Marchmont property, mont's suspected fate; they only told her that her far away from the dank wood and dismal river, enemy had disappeared, and that no one knew

whither he had gone. Mary asked once, and ! once only, about her step-mother, and she was clared that this was only a morbid fancy, and that told that Olivia was at Swampington Rectory, she was getting better and stronger every day, living with her father; and that people said she and would live to see her grandchildren playing was mad. George Weston had emigrated to under the maples that sheltered the northern side Australia with his wife, and his wife's mother of the new villa. Edward told his wife this, and and sister. There had been no prosecution for he believed in the truth of what he said. He conspiracy; the disappearance of the principal could not believe that he was to lose this young criminal had rendered that unnecessary.

secutors. She did not wish to hear of them. She had forgiven them long ago. I think that, in the light of a shaded lamp after she had gone to bed inner depths of her innocent heart, she had for—Mary went to bed very early, by order of the berling, and had felt his strong arms clasped her. about her, sheltering her from all harm for ever-

She was very happy; and her nature, always gentle, seemed sublimated by the sufferings she had endured, and already akin to that of the 'You know what we said to-day, Fdward?' angels. Alas, this was Edward Arundel's chief 'What, darling? We say so many things every sorrow! This young wife, so precious to him in day—we are so happy together, and have so much her fading loveliness, was slipping away from to talk about. him, even in the hour when they were happiest together; was separated from him even when they were most united. She was separated from him by that unconquerable sadness in his heart which was prophetic of a great sorrow to come.

Sometimes, when Mary saw her husband looking at her with a mournful tenderness, an almost despairing love in his eyes, she would throw herself into his arms, and say to him:

remember how happy I have been.'

among the Dangerfield oaks, Edward Arundel promise me that Belinda shall be happy by andtook his wife southward, with his mother and the by; for she has suffered so much, poor girl! And inevitable baby in her train. They went to Nice, you will love her, and she will love the baby.

The villa was building all this time in Lincolnsketches for Mrs. Arundel's approval; and every the world to her. evening there was some fresh talk about the arrangement of the rooms and the laying out of gardens. Mary was always pleased to see the mid-summer, but no one took possession of the plans and drawings, and to discuss the progress of the work with her husband. She would talk of the billiard-room, and the cozy little smokingroom, and the nurseries for the baby, which were to have a southern aspect, and every advantage { calculated to assist the development of that rare and marvelous blossom; and she would plan the comfortable apartments that were to be specially who brought a turn-up bedstead, a Dutch clock, kept for dear grandmamma, who would of course and a few minor articles of furniture, and enspend a great deal of her time at the Sycamores camped in a corner of the best bedroom. the new place was to be called the Sycamores. Edward Arundel, senior, was away in India, But Edward could never get his wife to talk of a fighting under Napier and Outram; and Edward certain boudoir opening into a tiny conservatory, which he himself had added on to the original charge of his grandmother. architect's plan. He could never get Mary to speak of this particular chamber; and once, when of the English cemeteries at Nice is that tall he asked her some question about the color of the white marble cross and kneeling figure, before draperies, she said to him, very gently:

'I would rather you would not think of that

room, darling.

'Why, my pet?' 'Because it will make you sorry afterward.'

'Mary, my darling-'
'Oh, Edward! you know-you must know, dearest—that I shall never see that place?'

But her husband took her in his arms, and dewife, restored to him after so many trials. Mary This was all that Mary ever heard of her per- did not contradict him just then; but that night, when he was sitting in her room reading by the inner depths of her innocent heart, she had forgiven them from the moment she had fallen on doctors, and, indeed, lived altogether according her husband's breast in Hester's parlor at Kem- to medical regime-she called her husband to

'I want to speak to you, dear,' she said; 'there is something that I must say to you.

The young man knelt down by his wife's bed.

'What is it, darling?' he asked.

'You know what we said to-day, Fdward?'
'What, darling? We say so many things every

'But you remember, Edward-you remember what I said about never seeing the Sycamores? Ah, don't stop me, dear love,' Mary said reproachfully, for Edward put his lips to hers to stay the current of mournful words; 'don't stop me, dear, for I must speak to you. I want you to know that it must be, Edward darling. I want you to remember how happy I have been, and how willing I am to part with You must remember how happy I have been, you, dear, since it is God's will that we should Edward. Oh my darling! promise me always to be parted. And there is something else that I want to say, Edward. Grandmamma told me When the first chill breezes of autumn blew something-all about Belinda. I want you to and they were very quiet, very happy, in the But you won't love her quite the same way that pretty southern town, with snow-clad mountains you loved me, will you, dear? because you never behind them, and the purple Mediterranean before. knew her when she was a little child, and very knew her when she was a little child, and very poor. She has never been an orphan, and quite Edward's agent sent him plans and lonely, as I have been. You have never been all

> The Sycamores was finished by the following newly-built house; no brisk uphotsterer's men came with three-foot rules and pencils and memorandum-books to take measurements of windows and floors: no wagons of splendid furniture made havor of the gravel-drive before the principal entrance. The only person who came to the new house was a snuff-taking crone from Stanfield,

> Arundel, junior, was at Dangerfield, under the

Perhaps the most beautiful monument in one which strangers pause to read an inscription to the memory of Mary, the beloved wife of Edward Dangerfield Arundel.

+0+

EPILOGUE.

Four years after the completion of that pretty? stuccoed villa, which seemed destined never to be inhabited, Belinda Lawford walked alone up and down the sheltered shrubbery-walk in the Grange garden in the fading September daylight.

looking than she had been on the day of her in- look for her lovely face. And it was on this terrupted wedding. The vivid bloom had left her September afternoon, when Belinda loitered in cheeks; but I think she was all the prettier be-{the garden after her round of small duties was cause of that delicate pallor, which gave a pen-ifinished, and she was free to think or dream at sive cast to her countenance. She was very grave, and gentle, and good; but she had never forgotten the shock of that broken bridal ceremonial in Hillingsworth Church.

The Major had taken his eldest daughter abroad almost immediately after that July day; and Belioda and her father had traveled together very peaceful, exploring quiet Belgian cities, looking at celebrated altar-pieces in dusky cathedrals, and wandering round battle-fields, which the intermingled blood of rival nations had once made | waited while Edward came toward her. one crimson swamp. They had been nearly a a lingering pulmonary complaint at Nice.

She was told this, and she was told how Olivia? Marchmont still lived with her father at Swampington, and how day by day she went the same round from cottage to cottage, visiting the sick; teaching little children, or sometimes roughbearded men, to read and write and cipher; reading to old decrepit pensioners; listening to long histories of sickness and trial; and exhibiting an unwearying patience that was akin to sublimity. Passion had burned itself out in this woman's breast, and there was nothing in her mind now but remorse, and the desire to perform a long penance by reason of which she might in the end be förgiven.

But Mrs. Marchmont never visited any one one. Wherever she went Barbara Simmons accompanied her, constant as her shadow. The Swampington people said this was because the rector's daughter was not quite right in her mind; and there were times when she forgot where she was, and would have wandered away in a purposeless manner, Heaven knows where, had she not been accompanied by her faithful servant. Clever as the Swampington people and the Kemberling people might be in finding out the business of their neighbors, they never knew that by Thalberg, all octaves and accidentals, and Olivia Marchmont had been consentient to the who twisted herself round upon her music-stool Olivia Marchmont had been consentient to the hiding away of her step-daughter. They looked to address her sister. 'I suppose you are not upon her, indeed, with considerable respect, as a heroine by whose exertions Paul Marchmont's (del, who has done all manner of splendid things villainy had been discovered. In the hurry and in the Punjaub? Papa told us all about it five confusion of the scene at Hillingsworth Church, minutes ago.' nobody had taken heed of Olivia's incoherent; self-accusations. Hubert Arundel was therefore the clamorous felicitations of her sisters, espedaughter's sin.

present at her sister's wedding; and the old life window in which Edward Arundel and Belinda began again for her, with all the old duties that had once been so pleasant. She went about them; very cheerfully now. She worked for her poor That evening was very peaceful, very happy, pensioners, and took the chief burden of the and there were many other evenings like it behousekeeping off her mother's hands. But though fore Edward and Belinda completed that cereshe jingled her keys with a cheery music as she monial which they had left unfinished more than went about the house, and though she often sang \ five years before.

to herself over her work, the old happy smile rarely lit up her face. She went about her duties rather like some widowed matron who has lived her life, than a girl before whom the future lies, mysterious and unknown.

It has been said that happiness comes to the sleeper—the meaning of which proverb I take to Miss Lawford was taller and more womanly be, that Joy generally comes to us when we least her leisure, that happiness came to her-unexpected, unhoped for, supreme; for turning at one end of the sheltered alley, she saw Edward Arundel standing at the other end, with his hat in his hand, and the summer wind blowing among his

Miss Lawford stopped quite still. The oldfashioned garden reeled before her eyes, and the hard graveled path seemed to become a quaking She could not move; she stood still and

'Letitia has told me about you, Linda,' he twelvemonth absent, and then Belinda returned said; she has told me how true and noble you to assist at the marriage of a younger sister, and have been; and she sent me here to look for a to hear that Edward Arundel's wife had died of wife, to make new sunshine in my empty home a young mother to smile upon my motherless

> Edward and Belinda walked up and down the sheltered alley for a long time, talking a great deal of the sad past, a little of the far-seeming future; and it was growing dusk before they went in at the old-fashioned half-glass door leading into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Lawford and her younger daughters were sitting, and where Lydia, who was next to Belinda, and had been three years married to the Curate of Hillingsworth, was nursing her second baby.
> 'Has she said yes?' this young matron cried

> directly; for she had been told of Edward's errand to the Grange; 'but of course she has. What else should she say, after refusing all manner of people, and giving herself the airs of an old maid. Yes, um pressus Pops, um Aunty Lindy's going be marriedy-parriedy,' concluded the curate's wife, addressing her three-months' old baby in that peculiar patois which is supposed to be intelligible to infants by reason of being unintelligible to every body else.

> 'I suppose you are not aware that my future brother-in-law is a Major?' said Belinda's third sister, who had been struggling with a variation aware that you have been talking to Major Arun-

It was as much as Belinda could do to support spared the misery of knowing the extent of his cially the unmarried damsels, who were eager to exhibit themselves in the capacity of bridemaids; but by-and-by, after dinner, the curate's Belinda Lawford came home in order to be wife drew her sisters away from that shadowy were sitting, and the lovers were left to themselves.

That evening was very peaceful, very happy,

The Sycamores were very prettily furnished under Belinda's superintendence; and as Regi- room one day, when young Edward was eight or nald Arundel had lately married, Edward's mo- nine years old, and showed the boy his mother's ther came to live with her younger son, and brought with her the idolized grandchild, who was now a tall, yellow-haired boy of six years old.

There was only one room in the Sycamores which was never tenanted by any one of that little household except Edward himself, who kept the key of the little chamber in his writing-desk, intervals to keep every thing bright and orderly

in the apartment.

This shut-up chamber was the boudoir which; Edward Arundel had planned for his first wife. He had ordered it to be furnished with the very furniture which he had intended for Mary. The rosebuds and butterflies on the walls, the guipure curtains lined with pale blush-rose silk, the few chosen books in the little cabinet near the fireplace, the Dresden breakfast-service, the statu- to be wise and virtuous men and women in the ettes and pictures, were things he had fixed upon days that are to come. I leave him, above all, long ago in his own mind as the decorations for with the serene lamp of faith forever burning in his wife's apartment. He went into the room his soul, lighting the image of that other world in now and then, and looked at his first wife's pic- which there is neither marrying nor giving in ture—a crayon sketch taken in London before marriage, and where his dead wife will smile Mary and her husband started for the south of upon him from amidst the vast throng of angel France. He looked a little wistfully at this picture, faces—a child for ever and ever before the throne even when he was happiest in the new ties that of God. bound him to life, and all that is brightest in life.

Major Arundel took his eldest son into this portrait.

'When you are a man this place will be yours, Edward,' the father said. 'You can give your wife this room, although I have never given it to mine. You will tell her that it was built for your mother, and that it was built for her by a husband who, even when most grateful to God and only allowed the servants to go in at stated for every new blessing he enjoyed, never ceased to be sorry for the loss of his first love.

And so I leave my soldier-hero to repose upon laurels that have been hardly won, and secure in that modified happiness which is chastened by the memory of sorrow. I leave him with bright children crowding round his knees, a loving wife smiling at him across those fair childish heads. I leave him happy, and good, and useful. filling his place in the world, and bringing up his children

THE END.

GUIDE FOR CLAIMANTS

OF

DECEASED SOLDIERS;

BEING

Instructions to Army Officers and to Claimants, with a Collation of the Laws of Congress and the Orders from the War Department, and the Rules of Practice in the Offices of the Second Auditor and Comptroller of the Treasury, concerning the settlement of the Claims of Deceased Officers and Soldiers. By Col. W. H. Fowler, Superintendent Army Records and Agent to adjust the Claims of Deceased Soldiers for the State of Alabama. Revised and approved by the Second Auditor and Comptroller of the Treasury, and adapted to general use.

ENDORSEMENT.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT CONFEDERATE STATES. Comptroller's Office, August 1st, 1864.

Col. W. H. Fowler:—The rules and principles embraced in your work relative to the Clacceased Officers and Soldiers, embodies, as courately as can be practically illustrated in ablication, the practice of settlement and revision of such claims in accordance with my left the LEWIS CRUGER, Comptrolled

TREASURY DEPARTMENT. CONFEDERATE STATES Second Auditor's Office, Aug. 2d, 1864.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined and collated the compilation herewith, prepare of Col. W. H. Fowler, Agent of the State of A abama, of the existing laws, rules, orders, and dulations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of devalutations governing the settlement of claims for arrears of pay, bounty, and allowances of the confidence of the confi

THIS WORK,

sto Army Officers and to Claimants, with a Collation of the Laws of Congress the War Department, and the Rules of Practice in the Offices of the Second aptroller of the Tressury, concerning the settlement of the Claims of Deceased sicers and Soldiers, and adapted to general use, is equally valuable in one State as another. It braces a complete collation of the laws and orders relating to Deceased Officers and Soldiers, and investinctly "Who Can Claim" for the pay and allowances doe to such from the government; with a claim is to be made and perfect d; the "Evidence Required," and how to obtain the idence; with special instructions concerning Final Statements; who is to make them and how by are to be made: with the "Pay and Allowances of the Army," including Bounty. Commutation for Transportation in lieu of Furlough; Commutation for Clothing; Commutation for Subsistic. Fuel, Forage, Quarters. & Horses lost in service; Arms and Equipments; and treats recoil and how to obtain them; with many matters of interest respecting the rights of Soldiers treof, and how to obtain them; with many matters of interest respecting the rights of Soldiers certain allowances, valuable to the living as well as to the representatives of the deceased.

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